

Best of All

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By

Samuel W. Beazley and James H. Ruebush

—Associates—

George S. Ware

J. D. Pitts

H. D. Blackwell

H. D. Ellzey

J. B. Rushing

J. M. Canterbury

G. W. Smith, Jr.

C. C. Cunningham

S. G. Simmons

H. C. Wriston

P. M. Cordell

G. W. Lassiter

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DAYTON, VIRGINIA.

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18

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BEST OF ALL

A superior and varied collection of Gospel Songs and Hymns
for Sunday Schools, Church Services, Prayer Meetings
Revival Meetings, Young People's Societies
and all kinds of Religious Work

BY

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PREFACE

I WILL PRAISE THEE, O LORD, WITH MY WHOLE HEART:

I WILL SHEW FORTH ALL THY MARVELOUS WORKS

*I WILL BE GLAD AND REJOICE IN THEE: I WILL SING
PRAISE TO THY NAME, O THOU MOST HIGH.*

—9th Psalm.

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Best of All.

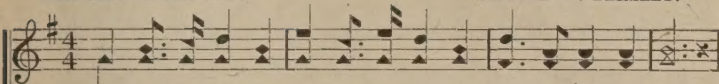


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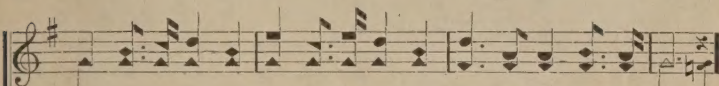
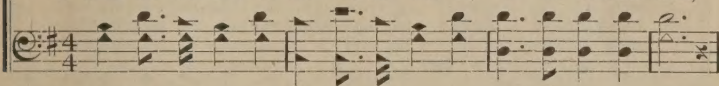
LOYAL TO JESUS.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

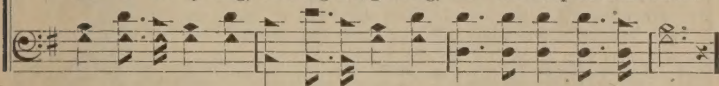
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



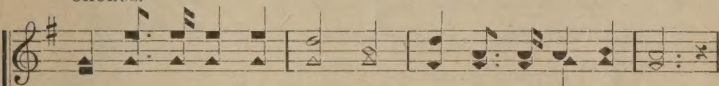
1. Loy - al to Je - sus, loy - al to Je - sus, List'ning for His voice;
2. Faith - ful to Je - sus, tho' He may lead us Where the way is steep;
3. E'en tho' we stum - ble He will sus - tain us, If we trust His arm;



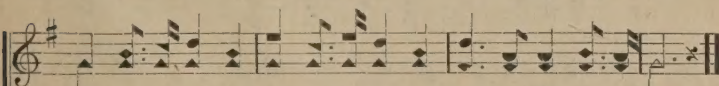
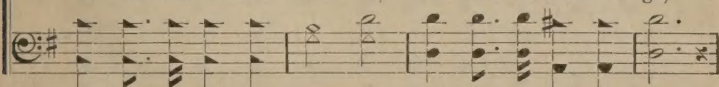
If we o - bey Him, trusting His wisdom, He will make us re - joice.
He knows each stone on life's rugged pathway, Close be - side us He'll keep.
On it re - ly - ing, trusting His guiding, He will keep us from harm.



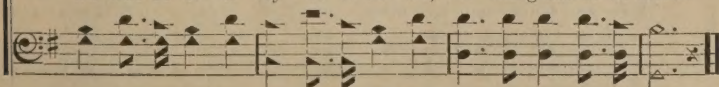
CHORUS.



Je - sus shall be our Lead - er, As thro' the world we go;



We will be ev - er loy - al to Je - sus, He will guide us we know.



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 2.

FISHERS OF MEN.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Why stand ye i - dle on the shores of life's ocean, When before you the
 2. Feel now the thrill of the command He has giv-en, Launch ye forth at the
 3. Why stand ye i - dle, looking down at life's pebbles? Lift your eyes to the

deep sea is spread? A-rouse you! He who can rule the waves and
 bid-ding of Christ; Oh, has-ten! Your's is a serv-ice that shall
 great trackless main; Be read-y! Prompt,loy-al serv-ice ev-'ry

D.S.—Cast in your nets, no lon-ger

FINE.

still their commotion, Has ap-point-ed you fish-ers of men.
 bring souls to heaven, Do not wait, but be fish-ers of men.
 joy of life tre-bles, Go ye forth and be fish-ers of men.
 wise fish-ers of men.

stand i - dly dreaming, Go ye forth and be fish-ers of men.

CHORUS.

Launch you forth on the deep, be wise fish-ers of men,

There are souls you can bring to the Lord; Oh, has-ten!

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 3.

JESUS HATH RISEN.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

GEORGE S. WARE.

1. Je-sus hath ris - en, the might-y Re-deem-er, Ris-en vic-
 2. Vain were the seal and the stone and the watching, Vain were death's
 3. Liv-ing a - gain in His maj - es - ty glorious, Je - sus the

to - rious the world's guiding light; Bro-ken the bands that re-
 thrall and for-biddings to rise; Je-sus came forth from in-
 King of all re-gions a - bove; Done is the work of love's

D. S.—Covered with glo - ry and
 FINE.

lentless-ly bound Him, Ris-en to - day in His wonder-ful might.
 term'na-ble si-lence, Wending His way to a throne in the skies.
 might-y re-demption, Je-sus is reign-ing supreme in His love.

cloth'd in His pow - er, Je-sus hath ris - en the might-y to save.

CHORUS.

Je - sus hath ris - - en, go tell the glad sto - ry,

Ris - en tri - umph - ant o'er death and the grave;

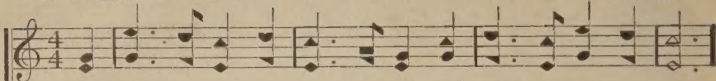
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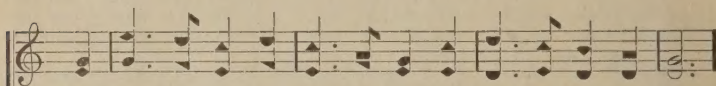
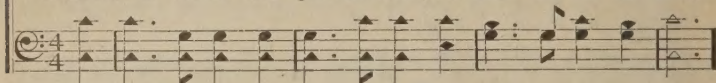
I'M REDEEMED.

Rev. JAMES G. SIBLEY.

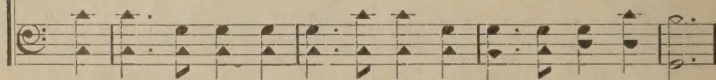
W. P. BLAKENEY.



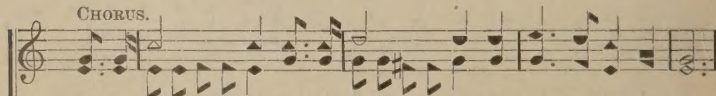
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus name, Let earth and heav - en hear,
2. His prec - ious life was of - fered up; On Cal - v'ry's cru - el tree;
3. There's vir - tue in His prec - ious blood, To save the vil - est soul,



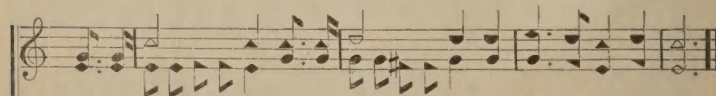
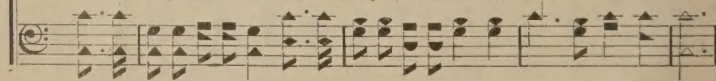
Let ev - 'ry tongue His praise proclaim; And ev - 'ry one draw near.
 He free - ly drank the bit - ter cup, To set the sin - ner free.
 Plunge now be - neath the crim - son flood; And He will make thee whole.



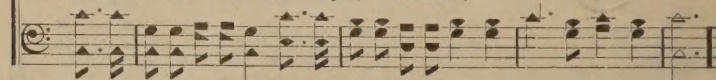
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, He paid the debt for me,
 Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm redeemed, halle-lu-jah, I'm redeemed,



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, His blood has made me free.
 Hal-le-lu-jah, I'm redeemed hal-le-lu-jah, I'm redeemed,



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

JENNIE WILSON

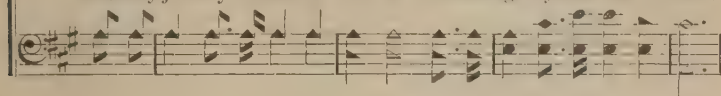
J. B. BIGGERSTAFF.



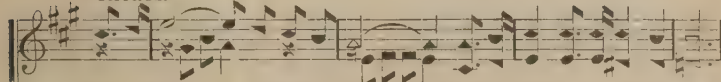
1. "Follow Me," is the call of Je-sus Thro' life's tumult resounding clear;
2. Fol-low Je-sus in paths of ser-vice, Ev-er do-ing the Father's will;
3. Fol-low Je-sus to peace a-bid-ing And to love that will never fail;
4. Fol-low Je-sus to life e-ter-nal, Ev-er heed-ing His voice divine;



Will you walk in His blessed foot-steps As His ac-cents you dail-y hear.
 Tho' the way may grow hard and lonely Be thou faith-ful and trust Him still.
 Win the vic-t'ry in ev-'ry con-flict, Thro' His power thou canst pre-vail.
 When thy journey on earth is end-ed Heaven's glo-ry shall then be thine.



CHORUS.



"Follow Me, O follow Me," 'Tis the Master now calling thee :
 Follow Me, O follow Me,



Glad-ly yield to His in-vi-ta-tion, Safe and kind will His leading be.



E. E. HEWITT.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Find the bright side of the cloud when you can; Try to be hap-py 'tis
 2. Find the bright side: ev-ry thorn has a rose. If to the Mas-ter, the
 3. But if the path-way seems des-o-late still, Car-ry the ti-dings of
 4. Find the bright side; oh, be-lieve it is there; Some day, the sky will be

such a good plan; Or, if no light seems to shine from a-bove, Pol-ish the
 heart humbly goes; Some precious blessing the Lord will prepare; Pol-ish the
 peace and good will; Go to your neighbor with comfort and cheer, Pol-ish the
 cloud-less and fair; Goodness and mer-cy have ordered your ways, Pol-ish the

CHORUS.

dark side with faith and with love.
 dark side with pa-tience and pray'r.
 dark side with kind-ness sin-cere.
 dark side with car-ols of praise. } Seek for the bright side, find-ing the

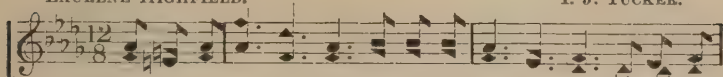
right side, Hope-ful-ly, trust-ful-ly look-ing a-bove; Seek for the

bright side, finding the right side, Pol-ish the dark side with faith and with love.

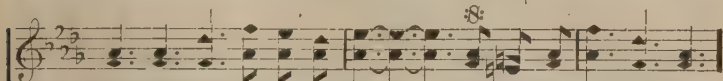
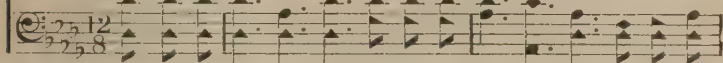
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

I. J. TUCKER.



1. There is a God a - bove, There is a God of love, Un-to His
2. He is not far a - way, This God to whom we pray, Nothing we
3. If from His love we turn, And all His mer-cies spurn, If we re -



throne our pray'rs ev - er as - cend ;..... He hears each fee - ble cry,
ask of Him, will He for - get, ... Tho' He our pray'rs de - ny,
fuse to bow un-to His will, ... We may re - pent and live,

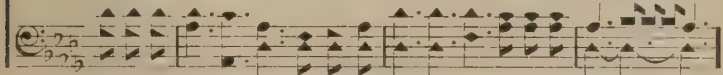


D. S.—In love and ten - der - ness,

FINE.



He will no one de - ny, If we have faith in Him unto the end.....
Still He is ev - er nigh, We know His loving heart cares for us yet.....
Free - ly He will for - give, In love the Father's heart yearns for us still.....
un-til the end.

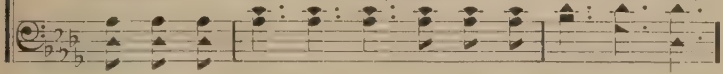


He will His people bless, He will a - bide with us un-til the end.....

CHORUS.



There is a God a - bove, There is a God of love,



On Him our grate - ful hearts ev - er de - pend.....



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 8.

FEAR NOT.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

I. J. TUCKER.

1. A-part from the world..... Christ bur-ied in pray'r,.....
 2. And when He was come..... all dan-ger was past,.....
 3. The Lord of the sea..... can bid it be still,.....

1. Apart from the world Christ buried in pray'r,

Remembered His friends..... were toss'd on the wave;.....
 They knew Him as Lord..... and worship'd Him there,.....
 So why should we doubt..... though tempests may blow,.....

Remembered His friends were toss'd on the wave;

And forth on the sea..... He came to them there,.....
 Life's sea will grow calm,..... no haz-ard can last,.....
 The wind and the wave..... must bow to His will,.....

And forth on the sea He came to them there,

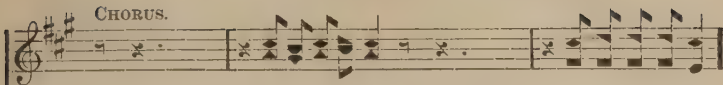
His lov'd ones from storm..... and tem-pest to save,.....
 If Christ walks the wave,..... our tri-als to share,.....
 The Mas-ter will come..... to help us we know,.....

His lov'd ones from storm and tempest to save.

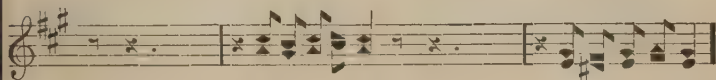
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FEAR NOT.—Concluded.

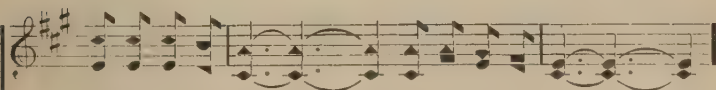
CHORUS.



Fear not, it is I, ... Be thou of good cheer, ...



Fear not, it is I, ... The Master draws near, ...

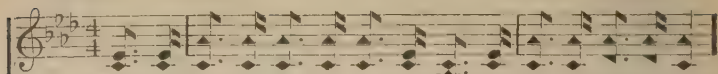


Oh, why will you doubt, ... That Je-sus can save?



The Lord of the sea, ... Is walking the wave.





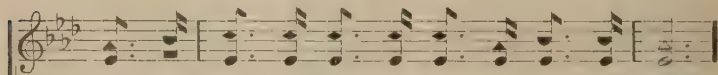
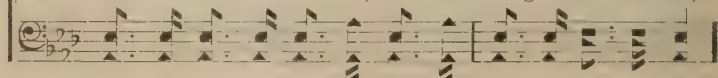
1. You have heard the in - vi - ta - tion which the lov - ing Sav - iour gave,
2. As the hart longs for the wa - ter - brook, the soul of man should long,
3. Come, ac - cept this liv - ing wa - ter as it free - ly flows for all,



Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, come to me, Come, ye
For the heal - ing stream that flow - eth from a - bove; Christ has
He who drinks of it need nev - er thirst a - gain, Like a



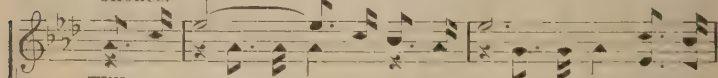
thirst - y, to the fount - ain, free - ly drink and ye shall live,
of - fered liv - ing wa - ter un - to all who care to come
well of life e - ter - nal, it will not grow less nor fail,



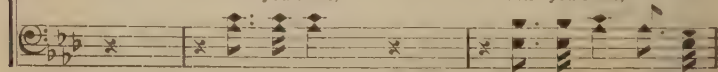
For the fount of heal - ing now is of - fered thee.
To the nev - er - fail - ing fount - ain of His love.
This great gift is of - fered free - ly to all men.



CHORUS.



Will you come..... un - to the Lord, You the
Will you come, will you come,



WILL YOU COME? —Concluded.

precious in - vi - ta - tion oft have heard, Will you come..... un-to the

Will you come

Lord, Will you take the lov - ing Sav - iour at His word?
will you come?

No. 10. LIKE A FATHER.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. God of na - tions, God of men, Thou art just to great and small,
2. "Like a fa - ther pit - i - eth," Peace and hope these words im - part;
3. We should fear to grieve the love, That to us such care has giv'n;
4. Like a fa - ther to us still Though so oft we stray and fall,

At Thy feet we bow a - gain, Fa - ther, hear our fee - ble call;
Thou who rul - eth life and death, Draw us to Thy lov - ing heart.
Care - less of the things a - hove, Fear to be, un - fit for heav'n.
As we strive to do Thy will, Grant Thy pit - y to us all.

As Thy chil - dren we would come, Trusting in Thy heart is room.
May we each that fa - vor know, That a fa - ther's love would show.
Grieve to feel our waywardness, Will the Fa - ther's heart dis - tress.
True and lov - ing we would be, Fa - ther, keep us close to Thee.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

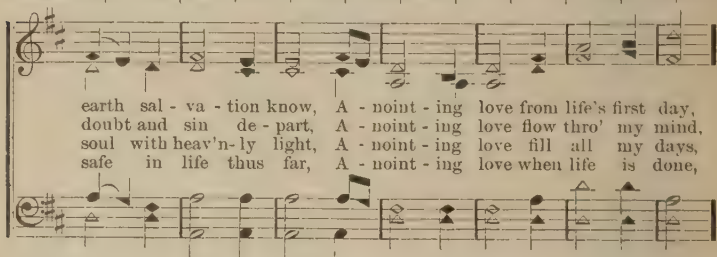
No. 11. ANOINTING LOVE ONWARD FLOW.

Mrs. MARY E. CRIST.

R. E. SMITH.

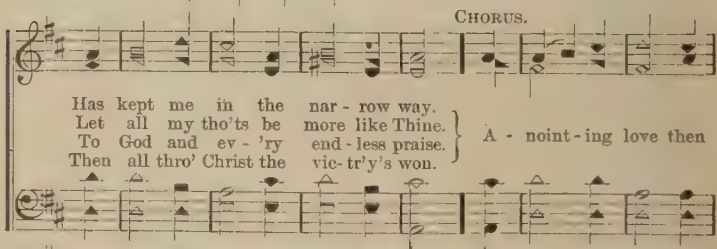


1. A - noint - ing love of Je - sus flow, Till all the
 2. A - noint - ing love flow thro' my heart, Bid all the
 3. A - noint - ing love re - store my sight, Il - lume my
 4. A - noint - ing love has been my star, That's led me

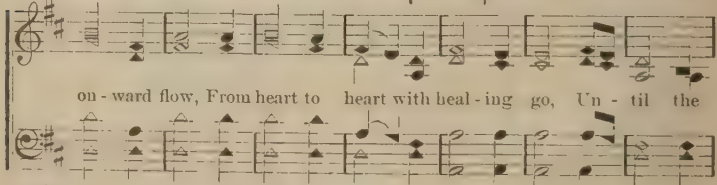


earth sal - va - tion know, A - noint - ing love from life's first day,
 doubt and sin de - part, A - noint - ing love flow thro' my mind,
 soul with heav'n - ly light, A - noint - ing love fill all my days,
 safe in life thus far, A - noint - ing love when life is done,

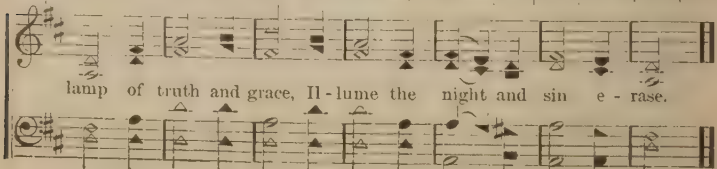
CHORUS.



Has kept me in the nar - row way.
 Let all my tho'ts be more like Thine.
 To God and ev - 'ry end - less praise. } A - noint - ing love then
 Then all thro' Christ the vic - tr'y's won.



on - ward flow, From heart to heart with heal - ing go, Un - til the



lamp of truth and grace, Il - lume the night and sin e - rase.

Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 12. THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

H. D. ELLZEY.



1. Lift your eyes up - on the whit-'ning fields, and view the rip-'ning grain,
 2. It is God's great har-vest field that out be-fore your view now gleams,
 3. Read - y stands the Lord's great harvest for the reap - er's cy - cle bright,



Wav - ing to and fro by gen - tle breez - es blown, While the
 La - den with its pre - cious grain to gar - ner in; Will you
 And a - bund - ant wag - es He'll re - ward to all; Let us



har - vest song is ring - ing o - ver val - ley, hill and plain,
 join the earn - est reap - ers while the sun yet lends its beams,
 then go forth to gath - er for the Mas - ter with our night,

D.S. - call - ing for your serv - ice, an - swer "Mas - ter, here am I,

FINE.



And the reap - er's cy - cle to the field is borne.
 Wait - ing not the night your la - bors to be - gin?
 Gold - en sheaves, be - fore the shades of twi - light fall.

I will glad - ly be a reap - er while I may?"

CHORUS.



I - dle sleep - ers, wont you be reap - ers?
 sleep - ers, i - dle sleep - ers, wont you be reap - ers, wont you be reap - ers?



You are need - ed in the har - vest field to - day, He is
 field to - day,

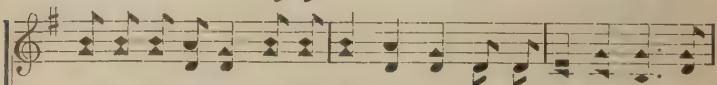
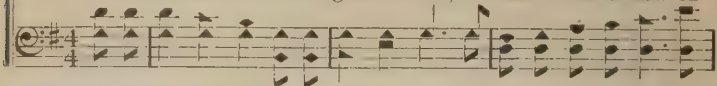
D.S.

JENNIE WILSON.

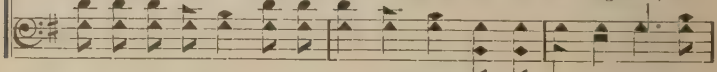
JAS. B. BIGGERSTAFF.



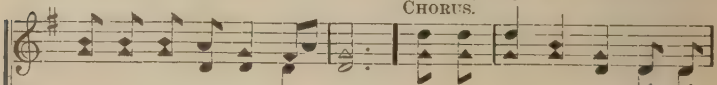
1. In the harvest field where the faithful toil, The Master bids you go and
2. In the harvest field reaching far a - way The grain for reapers true has
3. In the harvest field when the darkness falls, The time for you to serve the
4. In the har-vest field win the great re-ward, The Master will be-stow on



reap the precious grain; Will you now o - bey as you hear His voice, Or
 long been waving white; Fast the day speeds by and the fleet-ing hours, Ere
 Mas-ter will be o'er; Oh, will emp-ty hands and a heav-y heart Be
 ev-'ry faith-ful one; Toil-ing on with love and un - tir - ing zeal, You



CHORUS.



shall His plead-ing be in vain?
 long will bring the shades of night.
 yours when you can work no more?
 soon will hear the word's, well done.

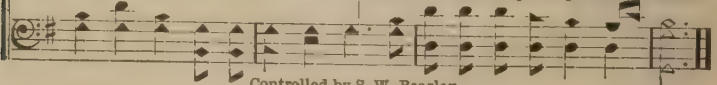
In the har-vest field there are



golden sheaves, That loving hands will lay with joy at Je-sus' feet; Will you



have a part in the bless-ed work, And share the rapture pure and sweet.



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

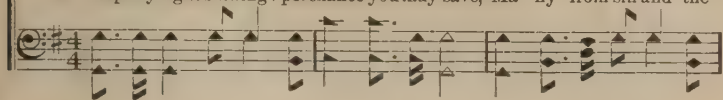
No. 14. KEEP THY LIGHT SHINING.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

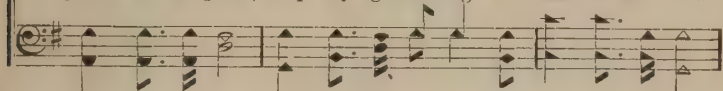
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



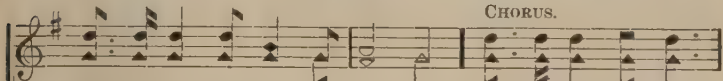
1. Keep thy light shining! the glo - ry divine Beams ev - er brightly on
2. Keep thy light shining! that oth - ers may see, Dangers from which they are
3. Keep thy light shining! perchance you may save, Ma - ny from sin and the



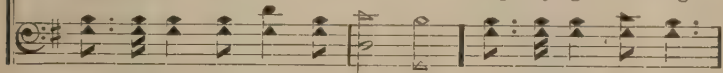
thy path and mine; Je - sus commands us to let our light shine—
bid - den to flee; Keep thy light shin-ing, a beac - on to be,
pow'r of the grave; Keep thy light shin-ing a - cross the dark wave—



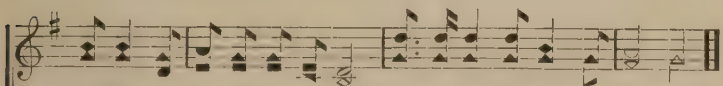
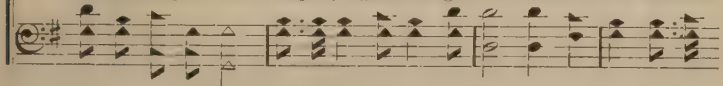
CHORUS.



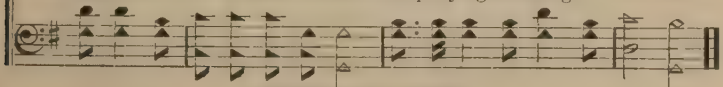
Keep thy light shin - ing for Je - sus! Keep thy light shin - ing!



let it not grow dim; Keep thy light shining for Je - sus! 'Tis Je - sus who

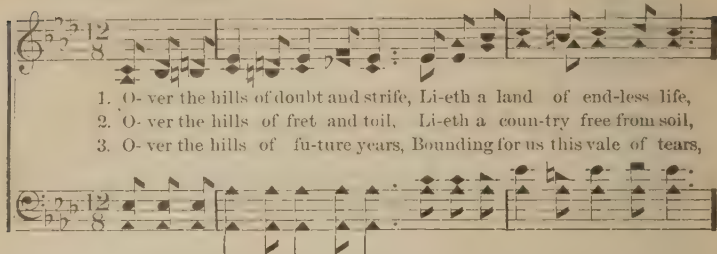


bids thee to let it shine for Him—Keep thy light shining for Je - sus!

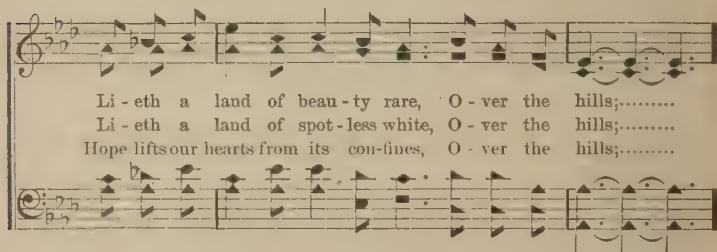


LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

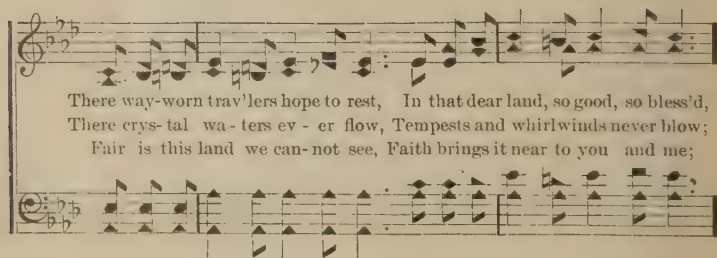
HARVEY B. GREEN.



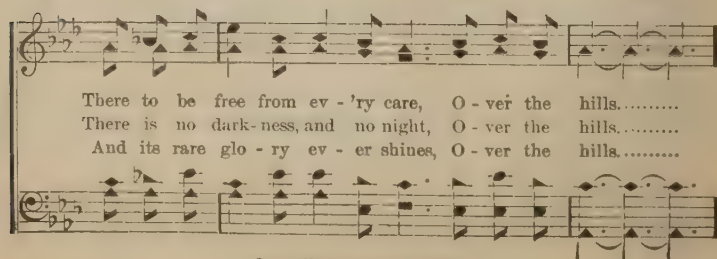
1. O-ver the hills of doubt and strife, Li-eth a land of end-less life,
 2. O-ver the hills of fret and toil, Li-eth a coun-try free from soil,
 3. O-ver the hills of fu-ture years, Bounding for us this vale of tears,



Li-eth a land of beau-ty rare, O-ver the hills;.....
 Li-eth a land of spot-less white, O-ver the hills;.....
 Hope lifts our hearts from its con-fines, O-ver the hills;.....



There way-worn trav'lers hope to rest, In that dear land, so good, so bless'd,
 There crys-tal wa-ters ev-er flow, Tempests and whirlwinds never blow;
 Fair is this land we can-not see, Faith brings it near to you and me;



There to be free from ev-'ry care, O-ver the hills.....
 There is no dark-ness, and no night, O-ver the hills.....
 And its rare glo-ry ev-er shines, O-ver the hills.....

OVER THE HILLS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O-ver the hills, ... O-ver the hills, ...
 O-ver, just o-ver the hills, O-ver, just o-ver the hills,

Long-ing hearts yearn for the land O-ver the hills;
 O-ver the hills;

O-ver the hills, ... O-ver the hills, ...
 O-ver, just o-ver the hills, O-ver, just o-ver the hills,

We can see its glo-ry shine, O-ver the hills, ...

No. 16.

WHY WALK ALONE?

"Lo, I am with thee always."—Matt. 28: 20.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

W. P. BLAKENEY.

1. Why should I walk in darkness a-lone, When ma-ny dan-gers are
 2. Why should I bear my bur-den a-lone? Je-sus will help ev-'ry
 3. Why should I walk in sor-row a-lone? Why keep the light and the

close by the way? Why wan-der, stray-ing far-ther from home,
 tri-al to bear; Why, when His blood for sin doth a-tone?
 joy from my soul? Why reap the har-vest of e-vil sown?

CHORUS.

Deep-er in sor-row each day? } Why walk a-
 Why, when my bur-den He'd share? }
 Why not make heav-en my goal? } Why walk a-lone, why

lone, Life's lone-ly jour-ney through? Why
 walk a-lone, Life's lone-ly jour-ney through? Why

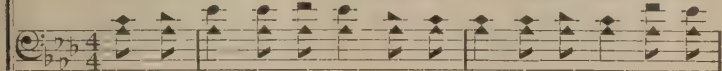
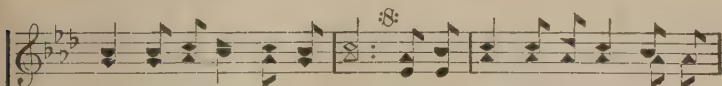
walk a-lone? The Lord will walk with you.
 walk a-lone, why walk a-lone?

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

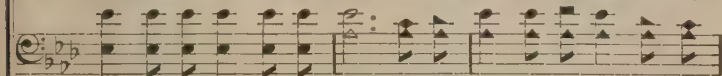
JOS. A. BURKS.



1. See the door of sal - va - tion stands o - pen so wide, All who
 2. Leave the things of the world, leave its sor - row and shame, En - ter
 3. In the king - dom of love Christ has prom - ised to give Ev - 'ry
 4. At the por - tal so wide Christ is wait - ing for you, If you

will may with joy en - ter in; But the soul who would en - ter this
 in - to the king - dom of peace; Earth has noth - ing to give to com -
 good that your soul could de - sire; Will you pass by its door bowed 'neath
 but choose to en - ter, you may; Leave the fears that op - press, ev - 'ry


D.S.—Cast your bur - den a - side, at the

FINE. CHORUS.



por - tal of love, Must lay down all its burden of sin.
 pare with Christ's love, Come and find from its fetters re - lief.
 sin's heavy load, Pressing on thro' the brambles and mire? } Bless - ed por - tal of
 doubt cast aside, En - ter in thro' life's portals to - day.



por - tal so wide, And with joy you may now enter in.



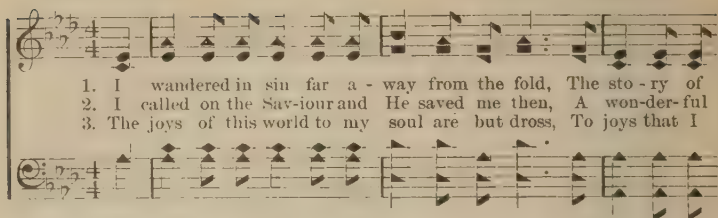
love, where the sin - ner may find. Free sal - va - tion and par - don from sin;



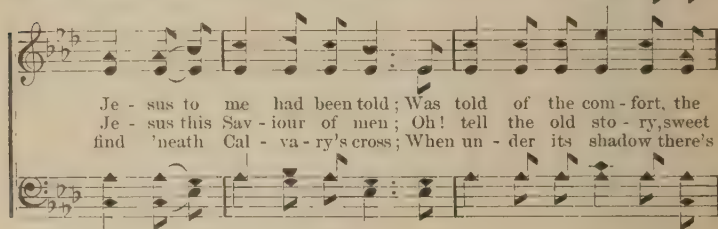
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

W. C. AGAR.

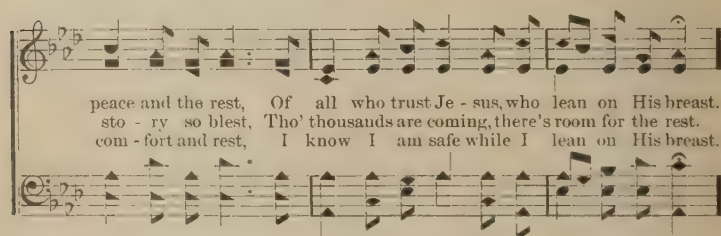
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. I wandered in sin far a - way from the fold, The sto - ry of
 2. I called on the Sav - iour and He saved me then, A won - der - ful
 3. The joys of this world to my soul are but dross, To joys that I

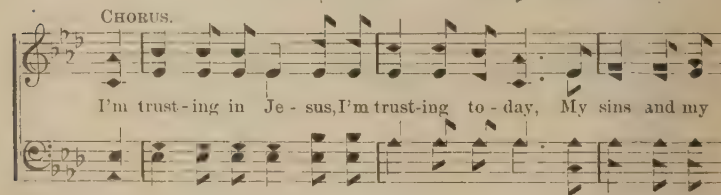


Je - sus to me had been told; Was told of the com - fort, the
 Je - sus this Sav - iour of men; Oh! tell the old sto - ry, sweet
 find 'neath Cal - va - ry's cross; When un - der its shadow there's

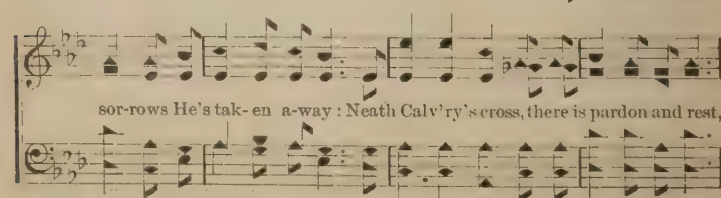


peace and the rest, Of all who trust Je - sus, who lean on His breast.
 sto - ry so blest, Tho' thousands are coming, there's room for the rest.
 com - fort and rest, I know I am safe while I lean on His breast.

CHORUS.



I'm trust - ing in Je - sus, I'm trust - ing to - day, My sins and my



sor - rows He's tak - en a - way: Neath Calv'ry's cross, there is pardon and rest,

TRUSTING TO-DAY.—Concluded.

I'm trust - ing in Je - sus, I lean on His breast.

No. 19. LET JESUS BE YOUR GUEST.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

W. L. FRANKLIN.

1. When wea - ry and op-pressed, When des - o - late and sad,
 2. He drives a - way all gloom, He brings both light and rest,
 3. Make pure your heart and clean, Its door then o - pen wide,
 4. Un - to His words give heed, He knows just what is best,

Let Je - sus be your guest, And He will make you glad.
 With - in your heart make room, And bid Him be your guest.
 That Christ may en - ter in And as your guest a - bide.
 Thrice hap - py be in - deed Who makes the Christ his guest.

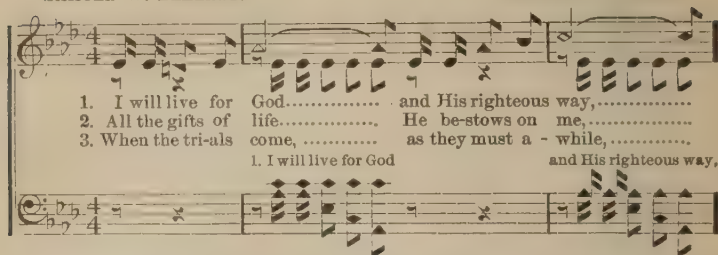
REFRAIN.

Let Je - sus be your guest, He longs your love to win;

Hearts that are pure are blessed, For such He en - ters in.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

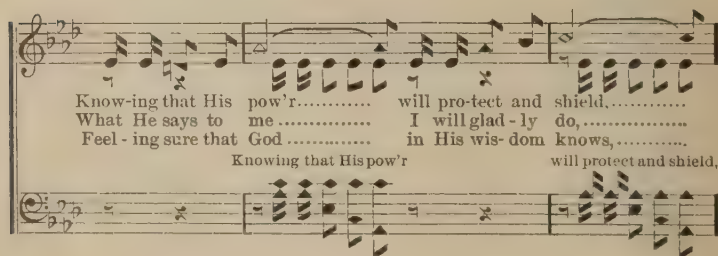
R. SYLVESTER HUGHES.



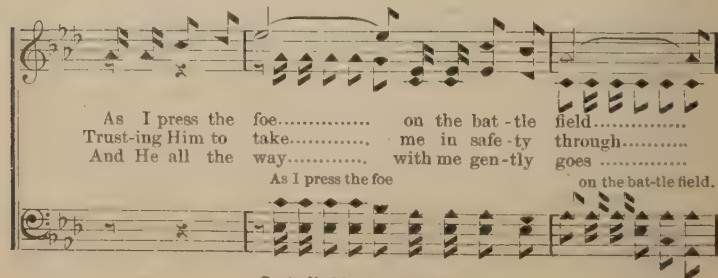
1. I will live for God..... and His righteous way,.....
 2. All the gifts of life..... He be-stows on me,.....
 3. When the tri-als come, ... as they must a - while,.....
 1. I will live for God and His righteous way,



On His mer-cy sure..... ev-'ry sin I'll lay,.....
 I will con-se - crate..... for His own to be,.....
 I can meet them oft..... with a cheer-ful smile,.....
 On His mercy sure ev'ry sin I'll lay,



Know-ing that His pow'r..... will pro-tect and shield,.....
 What He says to me..... I will glad-ly do,.....
 Feel - ing sure that God in His wis-dom knows,.....
 Knowing that His pow'r will protect and shield,



As I press the foe..... on the bat-tle field.....
 Trust-ing Him to take..... me in safe - ty through.....
 And He all the way..... with me gen-tly goes.....
 As I press the foe on the bat-tle field.

I WILL LIVE FOR GOD.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Deep-er in His love I will plunge each day,
 Deep-er in His love..... I will plunge each day,.....

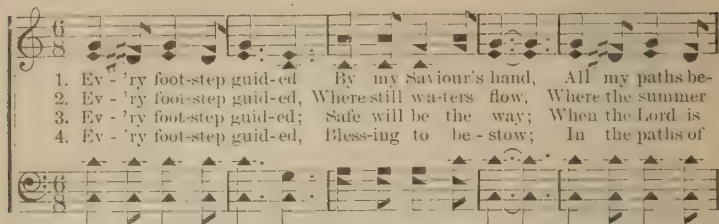
With a purer heart, 'Neath His wings to stay,
 With a pur - er heart..... 'neath His wings to stay,.....

Folded in His care, there to trust, obey,
 Fold-ed in His care,..... there to trust, o - bey,.....

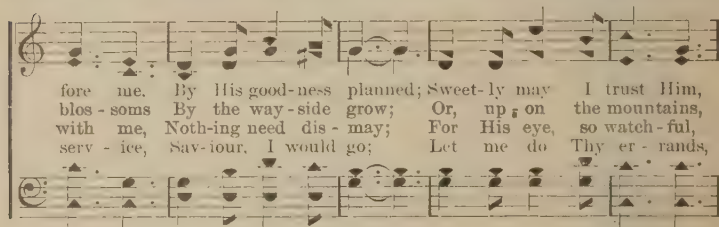
I will live for God..... and His righteous way.....
 I will live for God and His righteous way.

E. E. HEWITT.

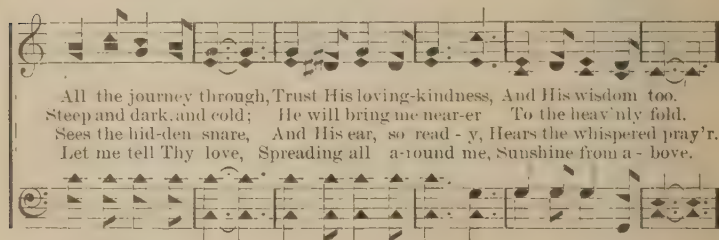
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Ev - 'ry foot-step guid-ed By my Saviour's hand, All my paths be-
 2. Ev - 'ry foot-step guid-ed, Where still wa-ters flow, Where the summer
 3. Ev - 'ry foot-step guid-ed; Safe will be the way; When the Lord is
 4. Ev - 'ry foot-step guid-ed, Bless-ing to be - stow; In the paths of

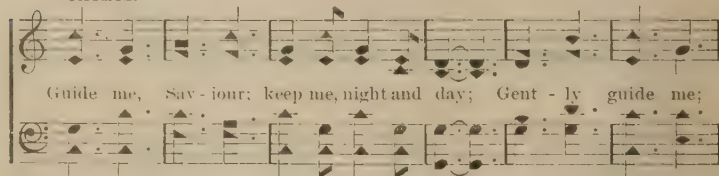


fore me. By His good-ness planned; Sweet-ly may I trust Him,
 blos - soms By the way-side grow; Or, up, on the mountains,
 with me, Noth-ing need dis - may; For His eye, so watch - ful,
 serv - ice, Sav-iour, I would go; Let me do Thy er - rands,

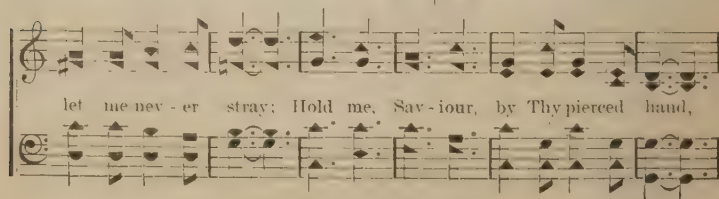


All the journey through, Trust His loving-kindness, And His wisdom too.
 Steep and dark, and cold; He will bring me near-er To the heav'nly fold.
 Sees the hid-den snare, And His ear, so read - y, Hears the whispered pray'r.
 Let me tell Thy love, Spreading all a-round me, Sunshine from a - bove.

CHORUS.



Guide me, Sav-iour; keep me, night and day; Gent - ly guide me;



let me nev - er stray; Hold me, Sav-iour, by Thy pierced hand,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

GUIDED FOOTSTEPS.—Concluded.

Guid - ing ev - 'ry foot - step t'ward the bet - ter land.

No. 22. THE BLESSED PROMISE.

EMMA PITT.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Oh, the bless - ed prom-ise, In the word di - vine—They that
 2. Oh, the bless - ed prom-ise! Hear the Sav - iour say, They that
 3. Oh, the bless - ed prom-ise Cheers the wea - ry breast—They that
 4. Oh, the bless - ed prom-ise, 'Tis the pur - est gold—They that

CHORUS.

gather souls for Christ Like the stars shall shine.
 fol-low in the light See the per-fect day.
 cast their all on me I will give them rest.
 serve the Lord below Shall His face behold.

Oh, the bless-ed promise Sal-

va - tion is to me! 'Twas the blood that Jesus shed That has made me free.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 23.

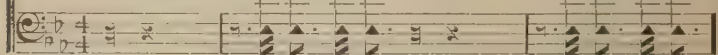
HE IS OUR FRIEND.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

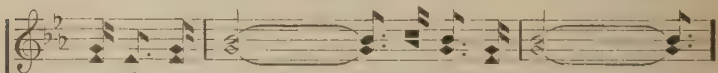
BURL P. CORLEY.



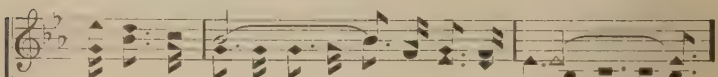
1. We can - not tell..... how much we owe,.....
 2. We can - not tell..... what life would be,.....
 3. We can - not tell..... how much He gave,.....
 4. If un - to us..... He had not giv'n,.....
 1. We can - not tell how much we owe,



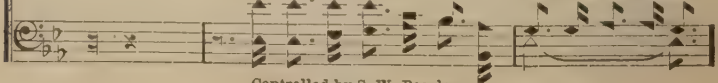

To Him who is..... our dear - est friend;.....
 Had we not heard..... the Mas - ter's voice;.....
 To free from sin..... this world of ours;.....
 The sa - cred hope..... of things di - vine;.....
 To 'Him who is our dear - est friend;

What life with - out..... His love would grow,.....
 But since His grace..... has made us free,.....
 Nor what it meant..... a world to save,.....
 Could life be - reft..... of tho'ts of heav'n,.....
 What life with-out His love would grow,

Our spir - its scarce..... can com-pre - hend.....
 In Him a - lone..... will we re - joice.....
 Such love be - numbs..... our keen-est pow'rs.....
 Fill with con - tent..... your heart or mine?.....
 Our spir - its scarce can com-pre - hend, can com-pre-hend.



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

HE IS OUR FRIEND.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

But this we know,..... He is our friend,.....
But this we know, He is our friend, our dear-est friend,

The dear-est friend..... our hearts can claim;.....
He is the dear-est friend our long-ing hearts can claim, can ev-er claim;

And souls that on..... His love de-pend,.....
And souls that on His love de-pend, in trust de-pend,

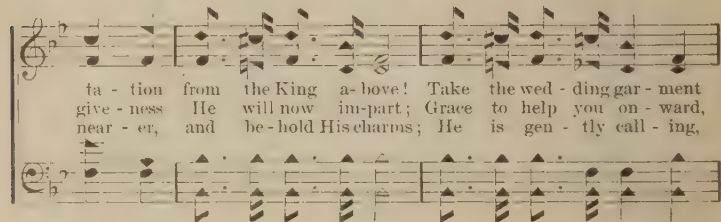
May find sal-va - - - tion in His name.....
May find sal-va-tion, find sal-va-tion, find sal-va-tion in His name.

E. E. HEWITT.

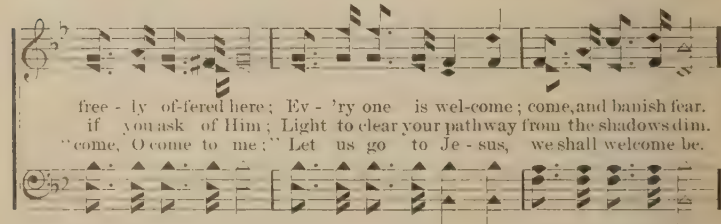
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Ev - 'ry one is wel - come to the feast of love; Here's an in - vi -
 2. Ev - 'ry one is wel - come to the Father's heart; Full and sweet for -
 3. Ev - 'ry one is wel - come to the Saviour's arms; Come a lit - tle

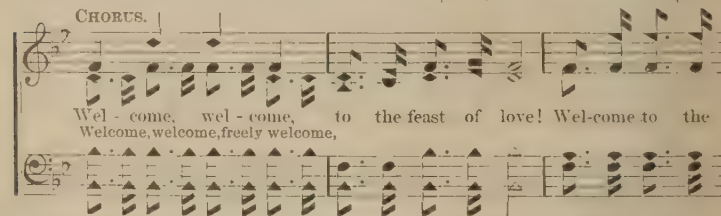


ta - tion from the King a - bove! Take the wed - ding gar - ment
 give - ness He will now im - part; Grace to help you on - ward,
 near - er, and be - hold His charms; He is gen - tly call - ing,

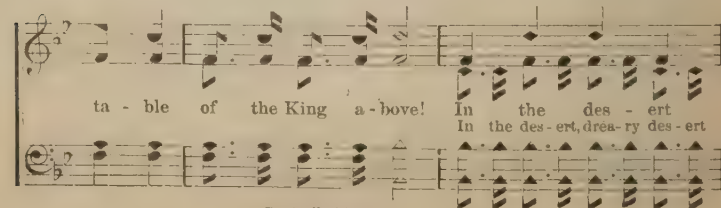


free - ly of - fered here; Ev - 'ry one is wel - come; come, and banish fear.
 if you ask of Him; Light to clear your pathway from the shadows dim.
 "come, O come to me;" Let us go to Je - sus, we shall welcome be.

CHORUS.

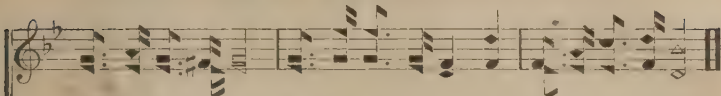


Wel - come, wel - come, to the feast of love! Wel - come to the
 Welcome, welcome, freely welcome,

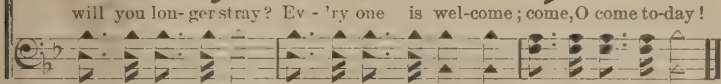


ta - ble of the King a - bove! In the des - ert
 In the des - ert, drear - y des - ert

EVERY ONE IS WELCOME.—Concluded.



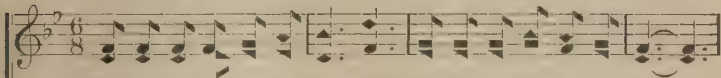
will you lon-ger stray? Ev - 'ry one is wel-come; come, O come to-day!



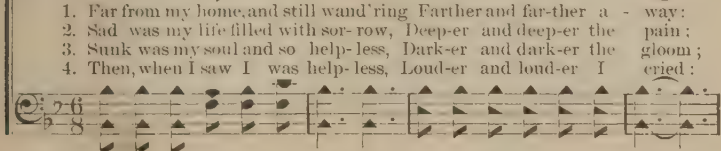
No. 25. THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

J. N. FRIES, A. M.

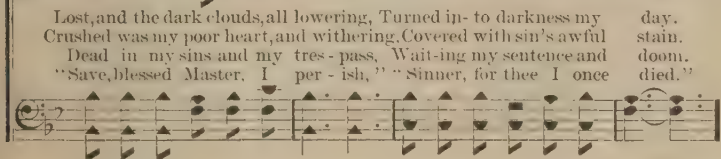
JOHN M. CANTERBURY.



1. Far from my home, and still wand'ring Farther and far-ther a - way:
 2. Sad was my life filled with sor-row, Deep-er and deep-er the pain;
 3. Sunk was my soul and so help-less, Dark-er and dark-er the gloom;
 4. Then, when I saw I was help-less, Loud-er and loud-er I cried:



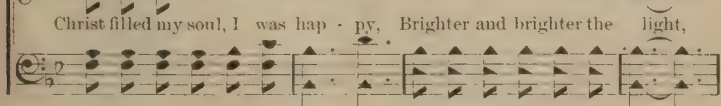

Lost, and the dark clouds, all lowering, Turned in- to darkness my day.
 Crushed was my poor heart, and withering, Covered with sin's awful stain.
 Dead in my sins and my tres- pass, Wait- ing my sentence and doom.
 "Save, blessed Master, I per- ish," "Sinner, for thee I once died."



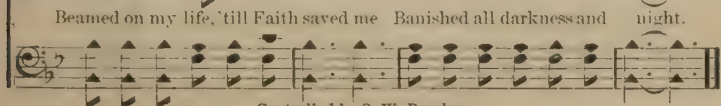
CHORUS.



Christ filled my soul, I was hap - py, Brighter and brighter the light,



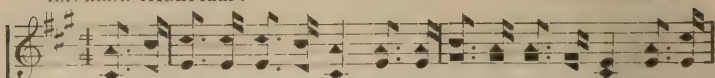

Beamed on my life, 'till Faith saved me Banished all darkness and night.



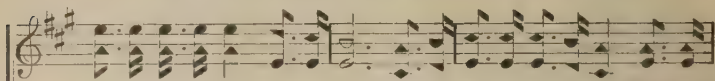
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

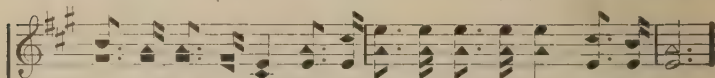
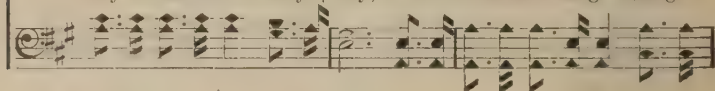
JOE B. DUKES.



1. Praise the Lord who reigns above, Praise Him for His gifts of love, For the
2. Praise the Lord who reigns in heav'n, Praise the Lord whose grace has giv'n, Ev'ry
3. Praise the Lord who reigns in light, Praise the God of truth and right, Pouring



blessings He a-bout you has shed; Praise Him for life-giving pow'r, That made
 good and perfect gift from His hand; Blessings are so richly pour'd, From the
 out your thankful heart day by day; Think of all that He has giv'n, Sing of



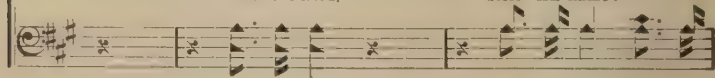
strong your weakest hour, That your hungry soul on man - na has fed.
 store-house of the Lord, Heavens windows ev - er wide o - pen stand.
 life and hope and heav'n, Sing the prais-es of your God all the way.



CHORUS.



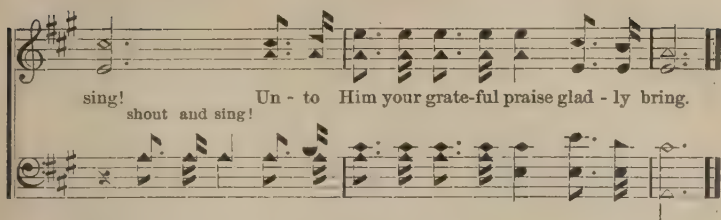
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, bless His name! All His
 Praise the Lord, bless His name!



lov - ing care and grace now proclaim; Praise the Lord, shout and
 Praise the Lord,



PRAISE THE LORD.—Concluded.



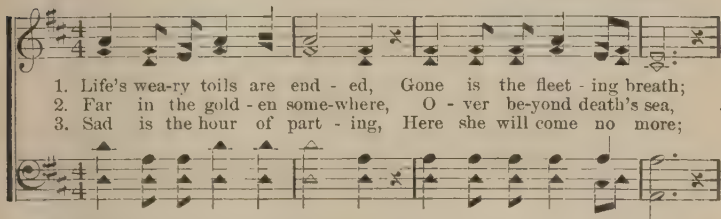
sing! shout and sing! Un - to Him your grate-ful praise glad - ly bring.

No. 27. THE LAST SLEEP.

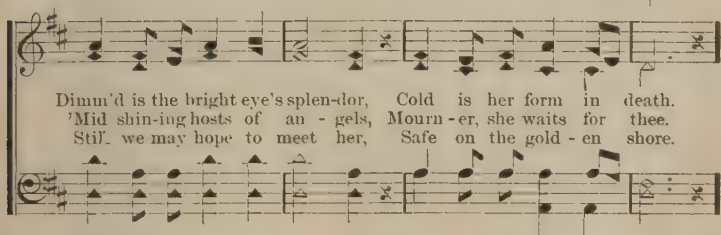
W. L. S.

(In memory of sister Edith.)

WALTER L. SANDS.

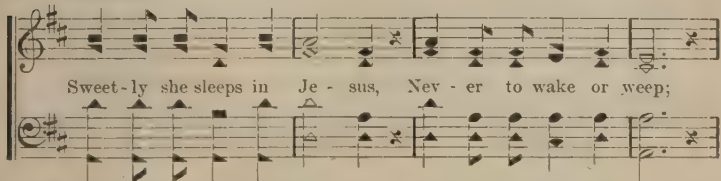


1. Life's wea-ry toils are end - ed, Gone is the fleet - ing breath;
 2. Far in the gold - en some-where, O - ver be-yond death's sea,
 3. Sad is the hour of part - ing, Here she will come no more;

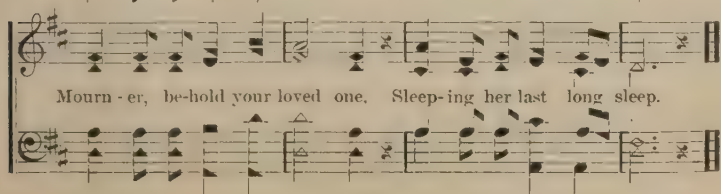


Dimm'd is the bright eye's splen-dor, Cold is her form in death.
 'Mid shin-ing hosts of an - gels, Mourn - er, she waits for thee.
 Still we may hope to meet her, Safe on the gold - en shore.

CHORUS.



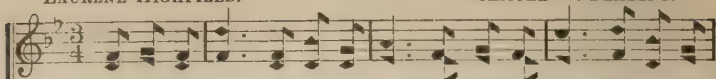
Sweet-ly she sleeps in Je - sus, Nev - er to wake or weep;



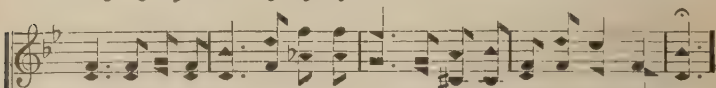
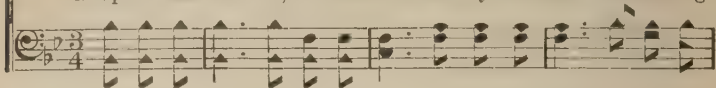
Mourn - er, be-hold your loved one, Sleep-ing her last long sleep.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

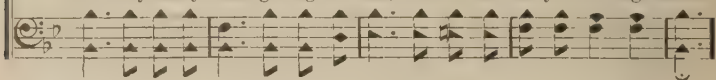
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Up - on a rock, so firm and sure, That naught can shake it from its
2. Up - on this rock our faith shall rest, The man Di - vine is God's own
3. No doubt can take it from our hearts, We brave - ly meet each try - ing
4. Up - on the rock! Oh, who would lose Safe - ty like this for shift - ing



place, Our faith in Je - sus rests se - cure, For He has saved us by His grace.
 Son, And thro' our faith we shall be blessed If we are worthy His "well done."
 hour, This rock to us its strength imparts, For Christ has filled us with His power.
 sand! Why should you His great gift refuse, When on the rock you too might stand!



CHORUS.



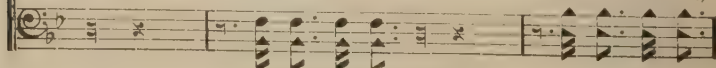
Up - on a rock..... so firm, so sure,.....
 Up - on a rock..... so firm, so sure,



It fears no shock..... of storm or blast,.....
 It fears no shock..... of storm and blast,



Up - on the rock..... that shall en - dure,.....
 Up - on the rock..... that shall en - dure,



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

UPON A ROCK.—Concluded.

Our faith will rest,..... while life shall last.....
Our faith will rest, our faith will rest, while life shall last.

No. 29. MY FEET ARE NOT ON SINKING SAND.

F. L. EILAND.

J. J. BASS.

1. I've placed my trust a-lone in Je-sus, And I am cling-ing to His hand;
2. I now can go, sal-va-tion singing, With it the joy-ful pilgrim band,
3. My hope is cen-tered o-ver you-der, In that fair re-gion, Canaan's land,
4. By faith, I see the prize be-fore me, And gain it, is my Lord's command,

His prom-ise is to ev-er lead me; My feet are not on sink-ing sand!
For I have this, the sweet as-sur-ance, My feet are not on sink-ing sand!
And I'm resolved a-new to reach it; My feet are not on sink-ing sand!
'Tis on this course I am pur-su-ing; My feet are not on sink-ing sand!

CHORUS.

He will lead me, He will keep me, Yes, I'm cling-ing to His hand,

And I'm hap-py here to tell you, My feet are not on sink-ing sand!

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

I. J. TUCKER.



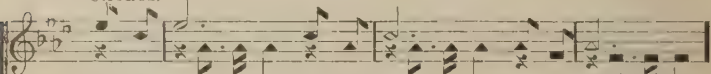
1. In the Father's house are mansions fair, Christ has bidden us all to come,
2. He will never leave us comfortless, Tho' we may not behold His face,
3. We are toil-ing in a for-eyn land, And we know that our stay is brief,
4. Brave-ly toil-ing till the set of sun, Till the light leaves the golden west,



There the happiness of heav'n to share, I'll bid us a welcome home.
 He has promised all His own to bless, And for them has prepared a place.
 Far a-way up-on the shin-ing strand Is our home, dear beyond re-lief.
 We must la-bor till our work is done, Then we're all going home to rest.



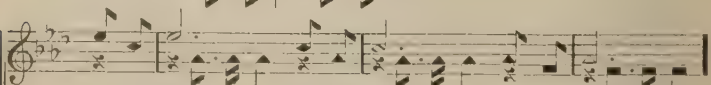
CHORUS.



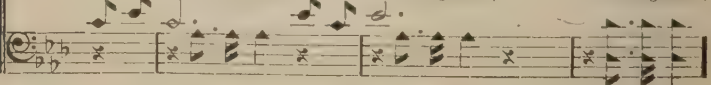
Go-ing home, Go-ing home, Go-ing home, Go-ing home,
 Go-ing home, Go-ing home, Go-ing home, Go-ing home,



Go-ing home, To our home in the land of love,
 Go-ing home,



Go-ing home, Go-ing home, Go-ing home, Go-ing home,
 Go-ing home, Go-ing home, Go-ing home, Go-ing home,



GOING HOME. —Concluded.

Go - ing home, We are bound for our home a - bove.
Go - ing home,

No. 31. HIS GOODNESS OUGHT BE TOLD.

"Praise the Lord for his goodness."—Ps. 107 : 8.

GEO. P. HOTT.

R. SYLVESTER HUGHES.

1. List - en to the sweetest sto - ry, For His good-ness ought be told;
2. Men - tion how the Saviour bought us, For His good-ness ought be told;
3. Ech - o back, ye hills of heav - en, For His good-ness ought be told;

Fill the earth with songs of glo - ry, For His good-ness ought be told.
All the les - sons sweet-ly taught us, For His good-ness ought be told.
Shout, ye ransomed, and for-giv - en, For His good-ness ought be told.

CHORUS.

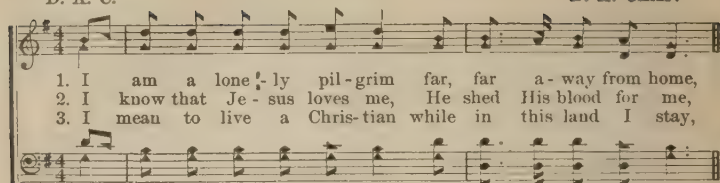
Hal - le - lu - jah, swell the cho - rus, Wake the an-thems, new and old;

Won - der - ful His countless mer - cies—Yes, His goodness ought be told.

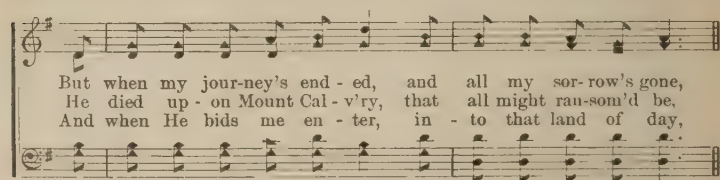
Controlled by The Rnebush-Kieffer Co.

D. A. C.

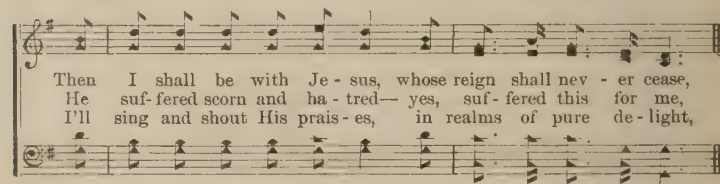
D. A. CAMP.



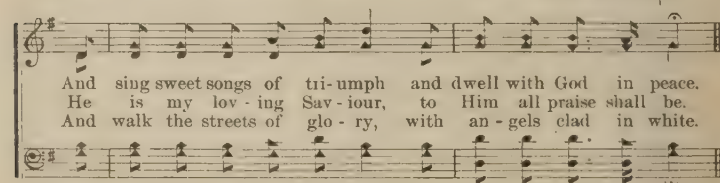
1. I am a lone-ly pil-grim far, far a-way from home,
 2. I know that Je-sus loves me, He shed His blood for me,
 3. I mean to live a Chris-tian while in this land I stay,



But when my jour-ney's end-ed, and all my sor-row's gone,
 He died up-on Mount Cal-v'ry, that all might ran-som'd be,
 And when He bids me en-ter, in-to that land of day,

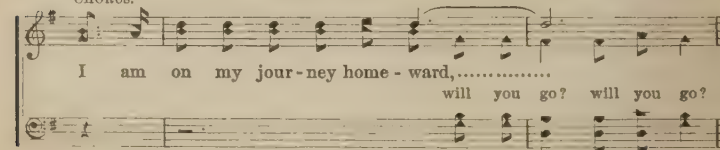


Then I shall be with Je-sus, whose reign shall nev-er cease,
 He suf-fered scorn and ha-tred—yes, suf-fered this for me,
 I'll sing and shout His prais-es, in realms of pure de-light,

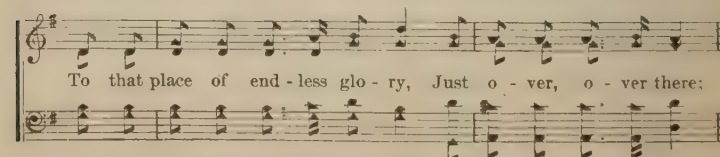


And sing sweet songs of tri-umph and dwell with God in peace.
 He is my lov-ing Sav-iour, to Him all praise shall be.
 And walk the streets of glo-ry, with an-gels glad in white.

CHORUS.



I am on my jour-ney home-ward.....
 will you go? will you go?



To that place of end-less glo-ry, Just o-ver, o-ver there;

I AM A PILGRIM.—Concluded.

I am on my jour-ney home-ward,.....
will you go? will you go?

Where we'll sing glad hal - le - lu - jahs, Just o - ver, o - ver there.

No. 33. CROWNED WITH GLORY.

F. L. EILAND.

H. P. BLACKWELL.

1. Sav-iour, may my long-ing spir - it, Find the rest for which it sighs;
2. Grant to me full res - to - ra-tion, That I shail no doubting know;
3. From Thy hand let down the mer - cy, And the grace I now im-plore,

And the peace for which it su - eth, Let it come be-fore mine eyes.
Fount Thou art of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Lord, my need - ed ones be-stow.
Feed my wait-ing, anxious spir - it, As so oft Thou hast be-fore.

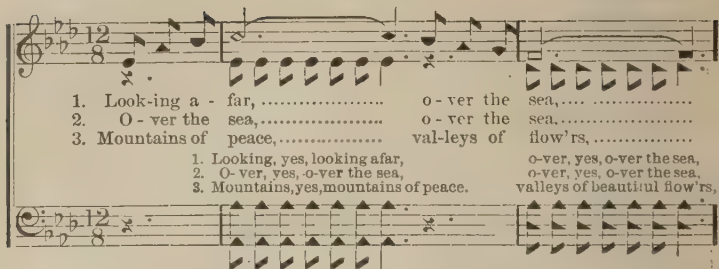
REFRAIN.

Crowned with it, im-mor-tal glo - ry, May I at this ask-ing be;

That I shall a - rise from weeping, Filled with lasting praise for Thee.

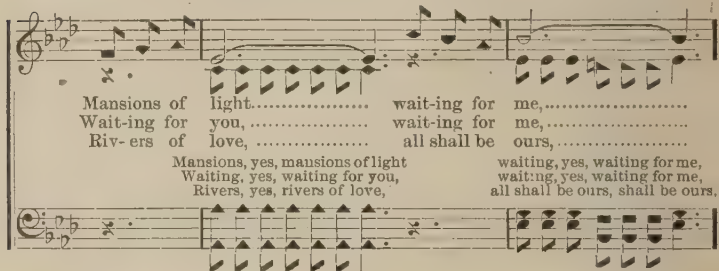
GEO. P. HOTT.

D. N. BEARD.



1. Look-ing a - far, ... o - ver the sea, ...
 2. O - ver the sea, ... o - ver the sea, ...
 3. Mountains of peace, ... val-leys of flow'rs, ...

1. Looking, yes, looking afar, ... o-ver, yes, o-ver the sea,
 2. O-ver, yes, o-ver the sea, ... o-ver, yes, o-ver the sea,
 3. Mountains, yes, mountains of peace. valleys of beautiful flow'rs,



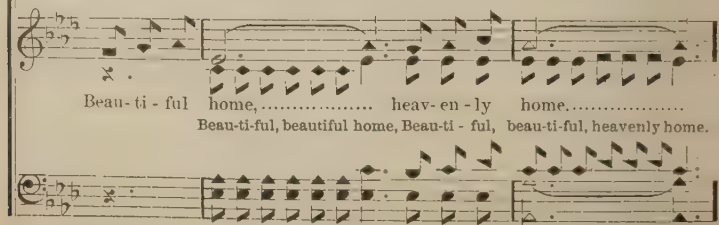
Mansions of light, ... wait-ing for me, ...
 Wait-ing for you, ... wait-ing for me, ...
 Riv-ers of love, ... all shall be ours, ...

Mansions, yes, mansions of light waiting, yes, waiting for me,
 Waiting, yes, waiting for you, ... waiting, yes, waiting for me,
 Rivers, yes, rivers of love, ... all shall be ours, shall be ours,



Homes of the blest, ... there shall we rest, ...
 Lov'd ones so fair, ... wel-come us there, ...
 Streets of pure gold, ... rich-es un - told, ...

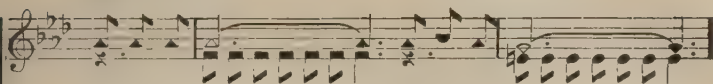
Homes of the fair and the blest, ... there shall we evermore rest,
 Lov'd ones in glory so fair, ... welcome, yes, welcome us there,
 Streets of pure, glittering gold, ... riches, yes, riches, untold,



Beau-ti - ful home, ... heav-en-ly home, ...
 Beau-ti-ful, beautiful home, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful, heavenly home.

BEAUTIFUL HOME —Concluded.

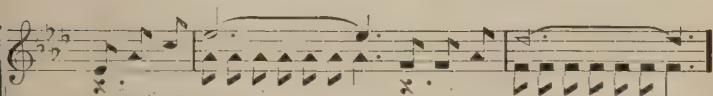
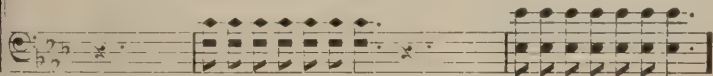
CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful home,..... beau-ti-ful home,.....
 Beau-ti-ful, beautiful home, beau-ti-ful, beautiful home,



Beau-ti-ful home,..... heav-en-ly home,.....
 Beau-ti-ful, beautiful home, beau-ti-ful, heavenly home,



Beau-ti-ful home,..... beau-ti-ful home,.....
 Beau-ti-ful, beautiful home, beau-ti-ful, beautiful home,



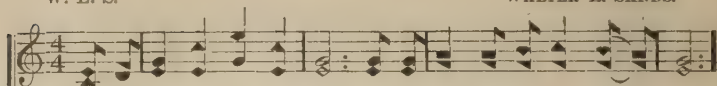
Beau-ti-ful home,..... heav-en-ly home.....
 Beau-ti-ful, beautiful home, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful heavenly home.



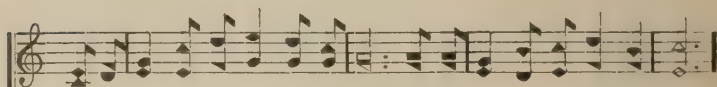
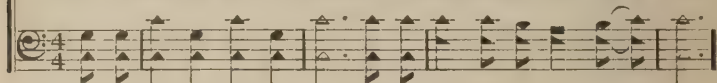
No. 35. WILL THERE BE ANY ROOM FOR ME?

W. L. S.

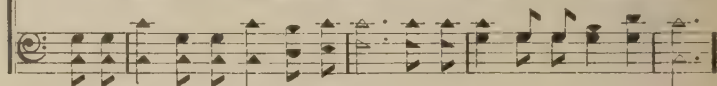
WALTER L. SANDS.



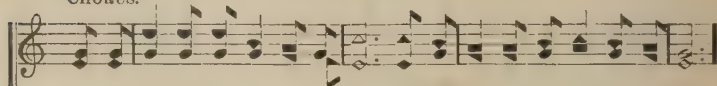
1. 'Mid the heav'nly hosts on high, Who from sor-row and sad-ness are free,
2. But I've sinned 'gainst God's just laws, Is there then an-y hope for me?
3. Lo! I come in sin and shame, He'll receive me and love me I know;



Oft I won-der if when I shall die, Will there be an-y room for me?
For my sins they are ma-ny and great, Will there be an-y room for me?
He will pardon my sins great and small, And He'll make me as white as snow.



CHORUS.



Yes, there's room, there for you and for me, There is room for the great and the small,



For our God loved the world and He gave His dear Son as a ran-som for all.



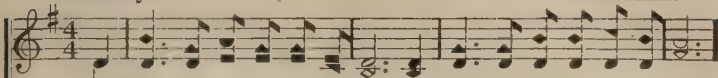
No. 36.

MOTHER'S PRAYER.

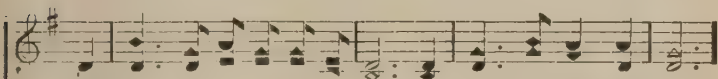
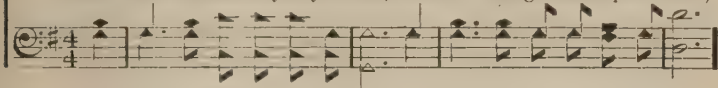
LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

Chorus by C. C. C.

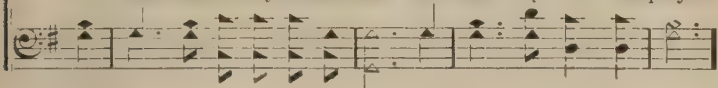
C. C. CUNNINGHAM.



1. When I was but a lit-tle child, My moth-er oft-en used to pray,
2. I sometimes wondered what she meant, And where my childish feet might go;
3. And thro' the years I heard her voice Re-peat this loving prayer for me,
4. When tri-als and temptations came And in for-bid-den paths I trod,
5. As on to heav'n my way I take, And in its glo-ries hope to share,



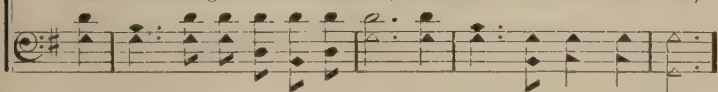
- "Dear Fa-ther, lead my ba-by's feet, For-ev-er in Thy way."
 Yet God seemed ver-y close and dear, Since moth-er loved Him so.
 "My boy may stumble on the way, Guide him, dear Lord, to Thee."
 I still could hear her simple prayer, It turned me back to God.
 I cher-ish, with my mother's face The mem-'ry of her prayer.



CHORUS.



But now she's gone to heav'n a-bove, Where all is rest and love,



And I ex-pect to meet her there, In an-swer to her prayer.

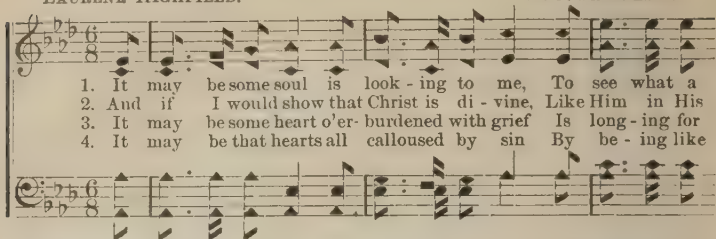


Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

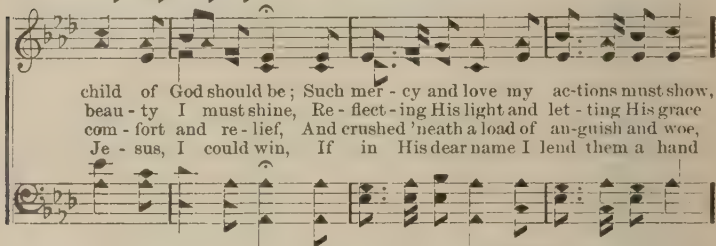
No. 37. SOME SOUL MAY BE LOOKING.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

Rev. J. M. BELEW.

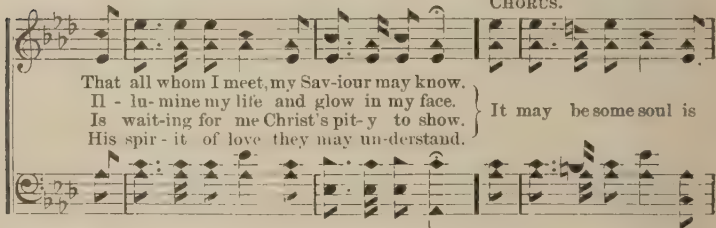


1. It may be some soul is look - ing to me, To see what a
 2. And if I would show that Christ is di - vine, Like Him in His
 3. It may be some heart o'er-burdened with grief Is long - ing for
 4. It may be that hearts all calloused by sin By be - ing like

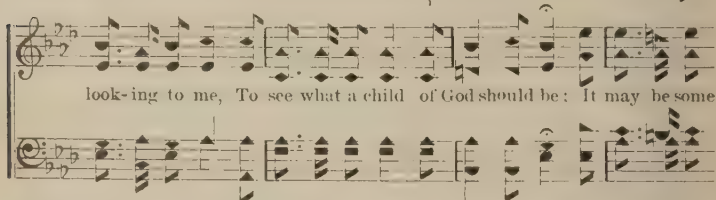


child of God should be; Such mer - cy and love my ac - tions must show,
 beau - ty I must shine, Re - flect - ing His light and let - ting His grace
 com - fort and re - lief, And crushed 'neath a load of an - guish and woe,
 Je - sus, I could win, If in His dear name I lend them a hand

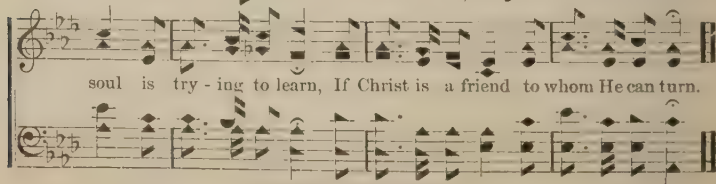
CHORUS.



That all whom I meet, my Sav - iour may know.
 Il - lu - mine my life and glow in my face.
 Is wait - ing for me Christ's pit - y to show. } It may be some soul is
 His spir - it of love they may un - derstand.



look - ing to me, To see what a child of God should be: It may be some



soul is try - ing to learn, If Christ is a friend to whom He can turn.

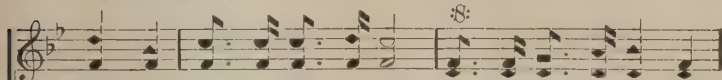
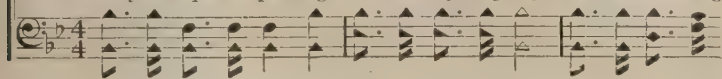
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

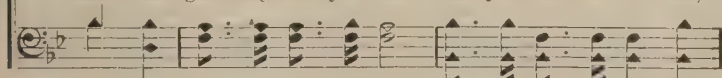
H. D. ELLZEY.



1. When the win-try clouds hang heav-y o-ver head And your long-ing
 2. When the storm as-sails you in its lowering rage, And its sweep-ing
 3. Are your hopes de-part-ing as the dy-ing day And the darkening



spir - it sighs for bright - er days, Lift your heart to Je - sus,
 blast casts o'er your soul a gloom, Fly a-way to Je - sus,
 shad - ows gath-er'ing round you drear? Turn your face to Je - sus,

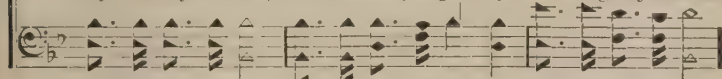


D.S.—He's a blest pro-tec - tor

FINE.

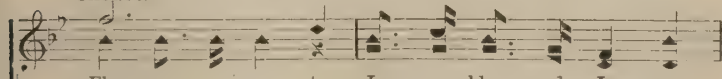


He will clear the sky And will make the sun-shine flood your dreary ways.
 He'll a ref-uge be, Fly a-way to Je - sus, He will make you room.
 Fly a-way to Him, He'll receive you glad - ly and will give you cheer.

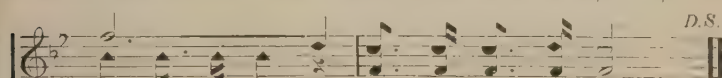
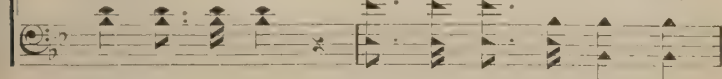


and a shield from sin, He will make His pres-ence fill your soul with-in.

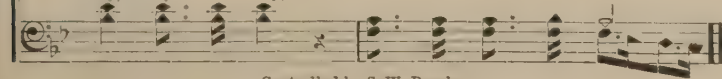
CHORUS.

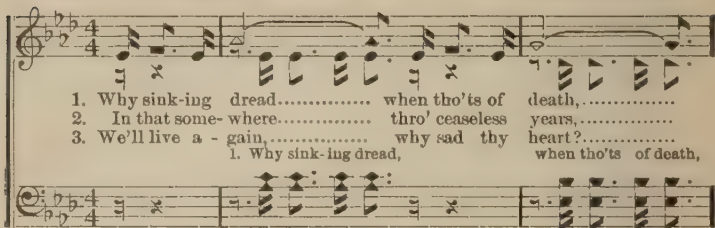


Fly Fly, fly a-way to Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus,
 Fly, fly a-way to Je - sus,

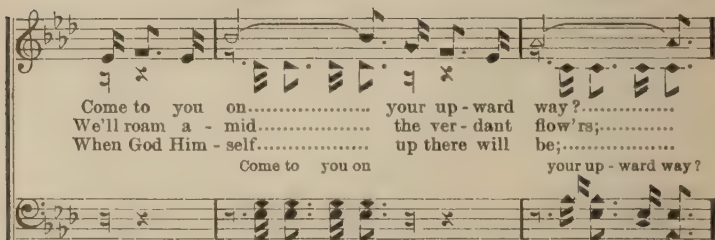


Fly, Fly, fly a-way, fly to His lov - ing arms;

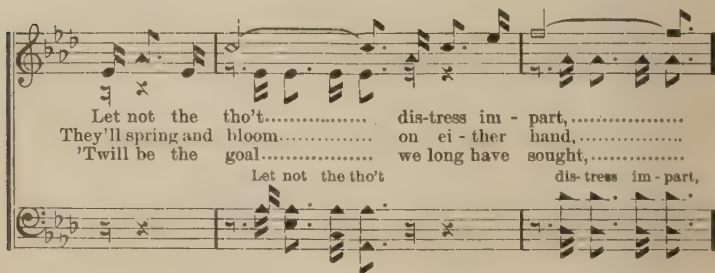




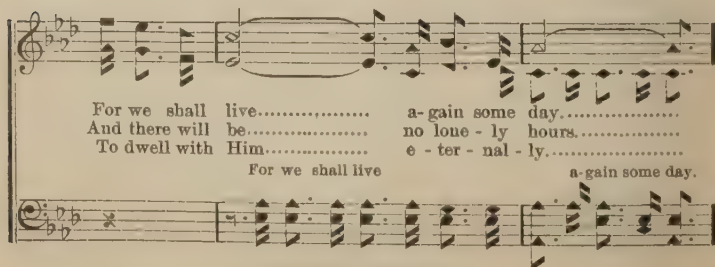
1. Why sink-ing dread..... when tho'ts of death,.....
 2. In that some- where..... thro' ceaseless years,.....
 3. We'll live a - gain,..... why sad thy heart?.....
 1. Why sink-ing dread,..... when tho'ts of death,



Come to you on..... your up - ward way?.....
 We'll roam a - mid..... the ver - dant flow'rs;.....
 When God Him - self..... up there will be;.....
 Come to you on..... your up - ward way?



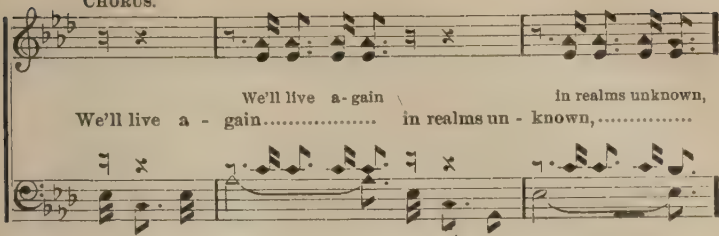
Let not the tho't..... dis-tress im - part,.....
 They'll spring and bloom..... on ei - ther hand,.....
 'Twill be the goal..... we long have sought,.....
 Let not the tho't..... dis-tress im - part,



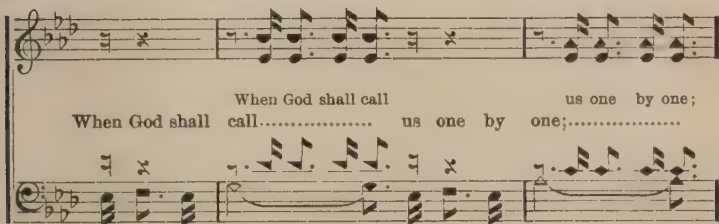
For we shall live..... a - gain some day.....
 And there will be..... no lone - ly hours.....
 To dwell with Him..... e - ter - nal - ly.....
 For we shall live..... a - gain some day.

WE'LL LIVE AGAIN.—Concluded.

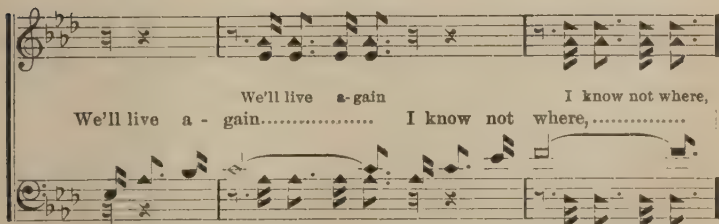
CHORUS.



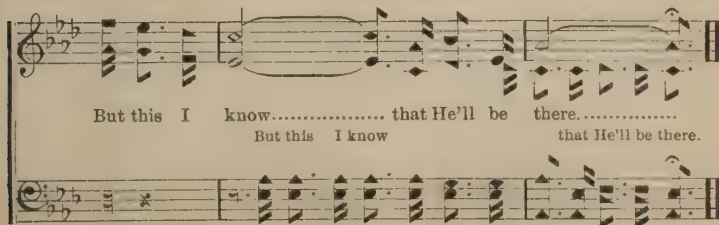
We'll live a - gain \ in realms unknown,
We'll live a - gain..... in realms un - known,.....



When God shall call us one by one;
When God shall call..... us one by one;.....



We'll live a - gain I know not where,
We'll live a - gain..... I know not where,.....



But this I know..... that He'll be there.....
But this I know that He'll be there.

R. E. S.

R. E. SMITH.

1. Come, ye wea-ry one, to-day, And His precious word obey, While the
 2. Bring your troubles, one by one, And then leave them all with Him, While He
 3. Come, ye meek and low-ly ones, For He has prepared a home, And it

Lord in mercy waits for your soul, Hear His ten-der pleading voice,
 says He will forgive ev - 'ry one, Come, and at the al - tar bow,
 is His will for it to be thine, Come, and let us ev - 'ry one
 for your soul.

Saying, make of me your choice, And when all of life is o'er, reach the goal.
 Ask the Lord to save you now, And be-lieve His promise true, then 'tis done.
 Join that great and happy throng, And in heav-en ev - er-more we will shine.

CHORUS.

Come..... ye un - to me,.....
 Come ye un - to me, come ye un - to me,

COME UNTO ME.—Concluded.

I..... will make you free,.....
 I will make you free, yes, I will make you free, Then, oh,

Come,..... and en - ter in,.....
 Come, and en - ter in, yes, come and en - ter in,

I'll..... for-give your sin,..... I've a
 I'll for-give your sin, yes, I'll for-give your sin,

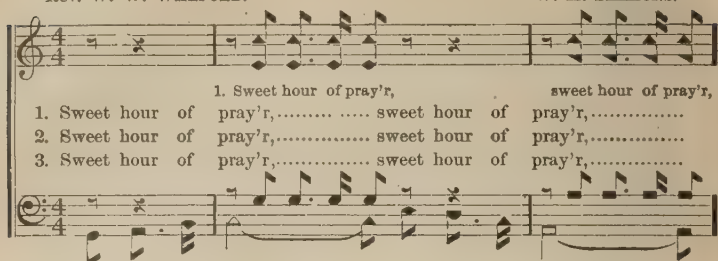
home..... pre-pared for you,.....
 I've a home prepared for you,
 Come then,

Come..... to Je - sus true.....
 Come then to the Sav - iour true, to Je - sus true.

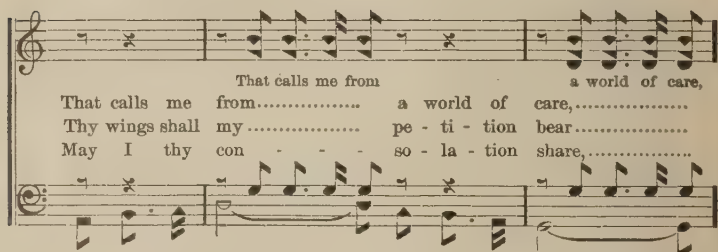
come..... to Je - sus true.....

Rev. W. W. WALFORD.

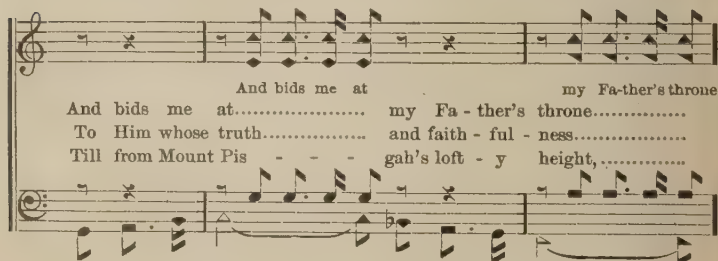
W. H. SIMMONS.



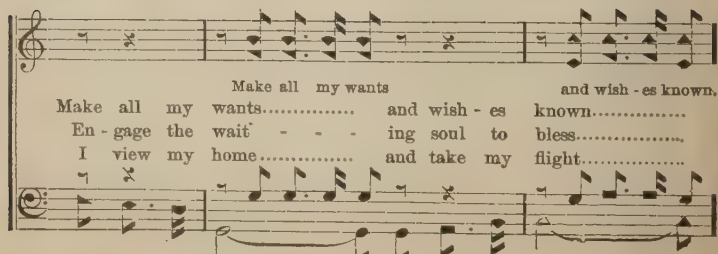
1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
 1. Sweet hour of pray'r,..... sweet hour of pray'r,.....
 2. Sweet hour of pray'r,..... sweet hour of pray'r,.....
 3. Sweet hour of pray'r,..... sweet hour of pray'r,.....



That calls me from..... a world of care,
 That calls me from..... a world of care,.....
 Thy wings shall my..... pe - ti - tion bear.....
 May I thy con - - - so - la - tion share,.....

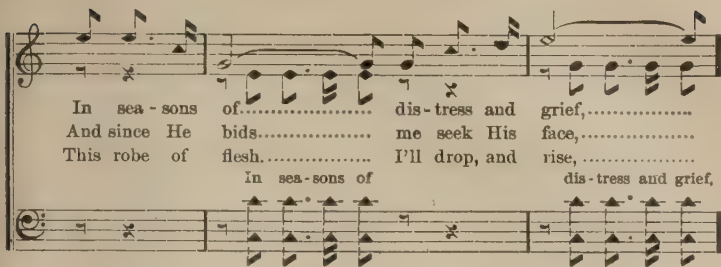


And bids me at..... my Fa-ther's throne
 And bids me at..... my Fa-ther's throne.....
 To Him whose truth..... and faith - ful - ness.....
 Till from Mount Pis - - - gah's loft - y height,.....

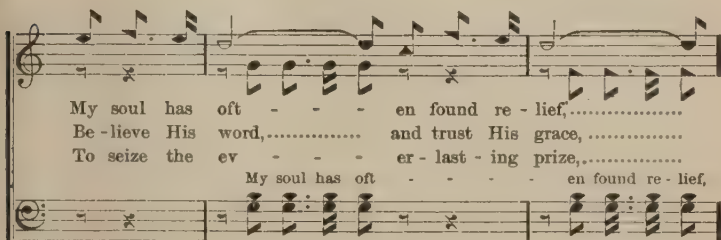


Make all my wants..... and wish - es known.
 Make all my wants..... and wish - es known.....
 En - gage the wait - - - ing soul to bless.....
 I view my home..... and take my flight.....

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.—Concluded.



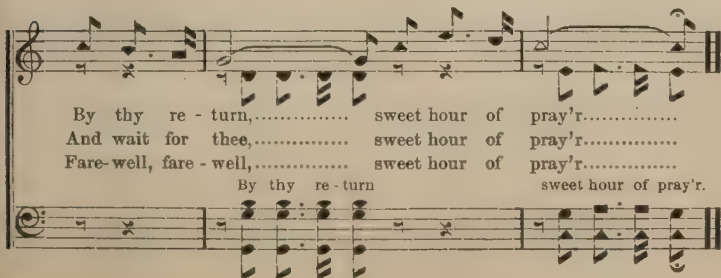
In sea - sons of..... dis - tress and grief,.....
 And since He bids..... me seek His face,.....
 This robe of flesh..... I'll drop, and rise,.....
 In sea - sons of..... dis - tress and grief,



My soul has oft - - - en found re - lief,.....
 Be - lieve His word,..... and trust His grace,.....
 To seize the ev - - - er - last - ing prize,.....
 My soul has oft - - - en found re - lief,



And oft es - caped..... the tempt - er's snare,.....
 I'll cast on Him..... my ev - 'ry care,.....
 And shout, while pass - - - ing thro' the air,.....
 And oft es - caped..... the tempt - er's snare,

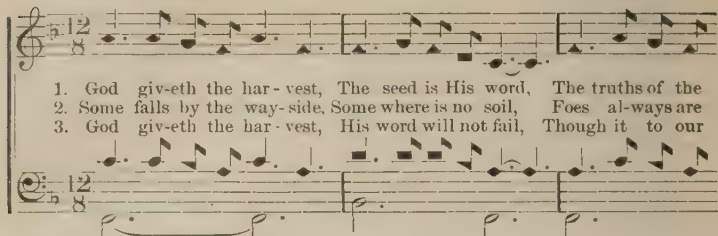


By thy re - turn,..... sweet hour of pray'r.....
 And wait for thee,..... sweet hour of pray'r.....
 Fare - well, fare - well,..... sweet hour of pray'r.....
 By thy re - turn..... sweet hour of pray'r.

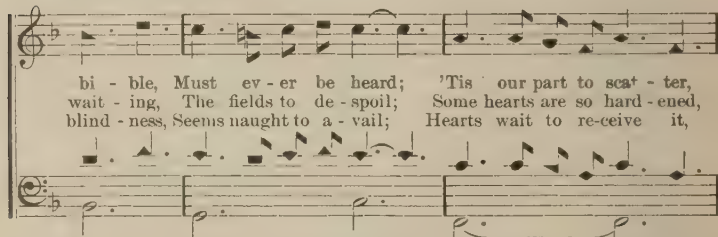
No. 42. GOD GIVETH THE HARVEST.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

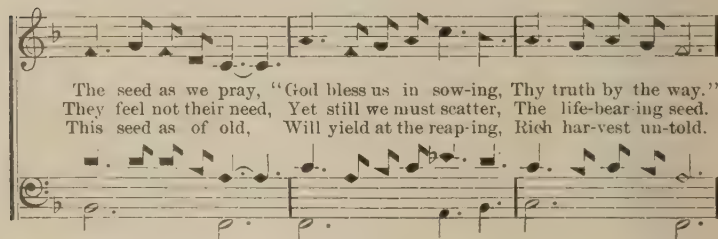
H. B. GRÆN.



1. God giv-eth the har-vest, The seed is His word, The truths of the
 2. Some falls by the way-side, Some where is no soil, Foes al-ways are
 3. God giv-eth the har-vest, His word will not fail, Though it to our

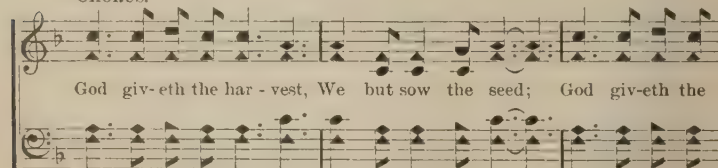


bi-ble, Must ev-er be heard; 'Tis our part to scat-ter,
 wait-ing, The fields to de-spoil; Some hearts are so hard-ened,
 blind-ness, Seems naught to a-vail; Hearts wait to re-ceive it,

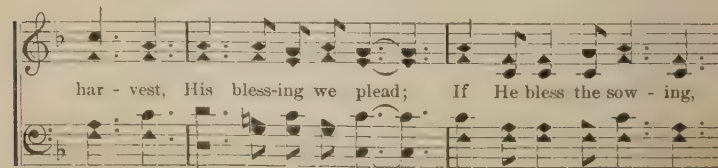


The seed as we pray, "God bless us in sow-ing, Thy truth by the way."
 They feel not their need, Yet still we must scatter, The life-bear-ing seed.
 This seed as of old, Will yield at the reap-ing, Rich har-vest un-told.

CHORUS.



God giv-eth the har-vest, We but sow the seed; God giv-eth the



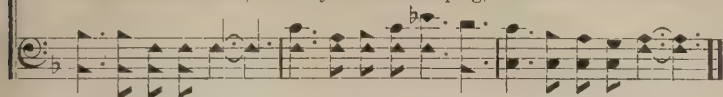
har-vest, His bless-ing we plead; If He bless the sow-ing,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

GOD GIVETH THE HARVEST.—Concluded.



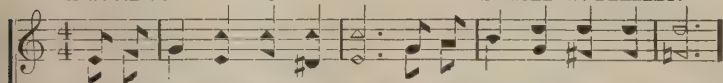
And nurture the seed, 'Twill yield at the reaping, Rich harvest in - deed.



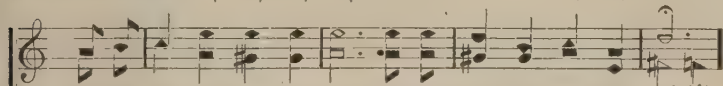
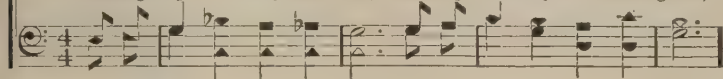
No. 43. WE WILL TOIL FOR CHRIST OUR KING.

IDA L. REED.

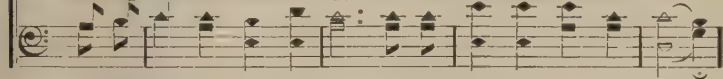
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. We will toil for Christ our King, Striv-ing ev - er - more to bring,
2. Lit - tle deeds with glad-ness done, Lit-tle vic-t'ries brave - ly won,
3. Looking up to Thy dear face, Grow-ing in Thy ten - der grace;



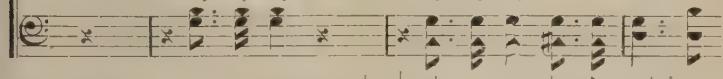
To His roy - al throne a - bove, Gifts, of joy and praise and love.
O - ver sin and self shall be, Lord our of - fer - ings to Thee.
Serv-ing Thee most cheer - ful - ly, All our lives Thine own shall be.



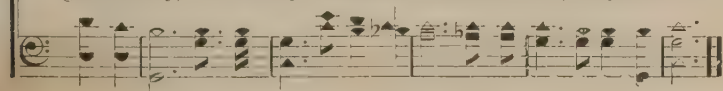
CHORUS.



Day by day, Day by day, day by day, day by day, As the glad years

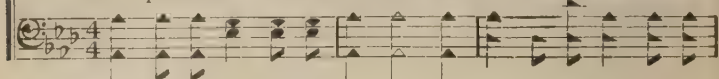


glide a - way, To His roy - al throne a - bove, We will bring our gifts of love.

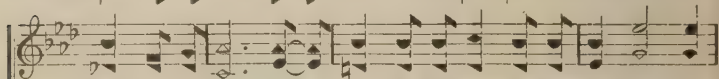




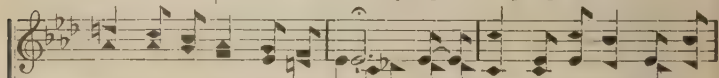
1. O - pen the door to the sun-shine That's flooding God's bright world to-
2. O - pen your life to the sun-shine Of kind words and good deeds, I
3. O - pen the soul to the sun-shine That God's blessed love show-ers



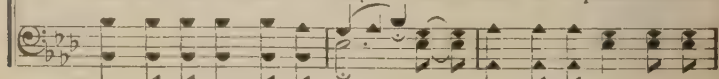
day, Let it drive out the shadows that gath - er And chase all that's
pray, You will find them like flow'rs by the roadside, They wait to be
down, Let it drive a-way fret-ful re - pin - ing, And ban - ish the



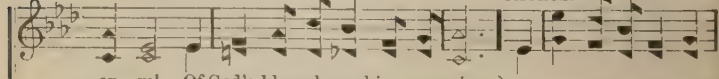
gloom - y a-way. And o - pen the heart's door, my comrade, On
gath-ered to-day. And when your heart brims and runs o-ver With
tear and the frown. Let it flood thro' the heart like a riv - er And



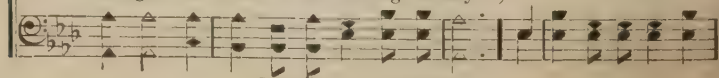
shad-ows of sor-row and sin, And they will depart when the
bless-ings the Fa-ther has giv'n, Share them all with some need-i - er
wash all its driftwood a-way. And make it a place where the



CHORUS.



an - gel Of God's blessed sunshine comes in. }
broth-er And earth will be sun - ny as heav'n. } O beau-ti-ful sunshine,
an - gels Of God will be will - ing to stay. }



SOUL-SUNSHINE.—Concluded.

beau - ti - ful sun-shine, Come in - to the heart's darkened room, And
soon, where sin's shadows have lingered The flow'rs of God's gladness will bloom.

No. 45. THE SINLESS, BRIGHT TO-MORROW.

GEO. P. HOTT.

R. LEWIS GREEN.

1. As I wan-der ev - er on - ward, Long-ings fill this heart of mine;
2. Sep - a - ra - tion, earthly sor - row, How it fills our hearts with pain;
3. Hap - py pilgrim, ev - er has - ten, Heav'n has joys earth can't afford;

So I'm look-ing, ev - er homeward, Wish-ing for the joys di - vine.
Oh, the joy - ous, bright to - mor - row, When we meet our lov'd a - gain.
Ev - 'ry evening brings thee near - er To thy glorious, great re - ward.

D. S. — We shall meet and nev - er sor - row, In our bright e - ter - nal home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

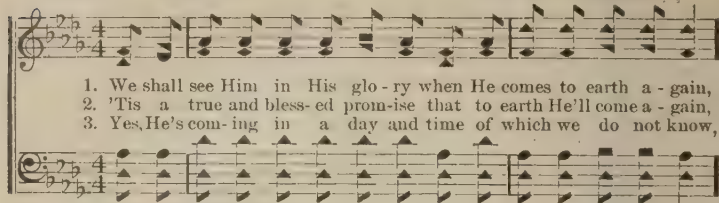
Just beyond the confines nar - row, In the sinless bright to - mor - row,

Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

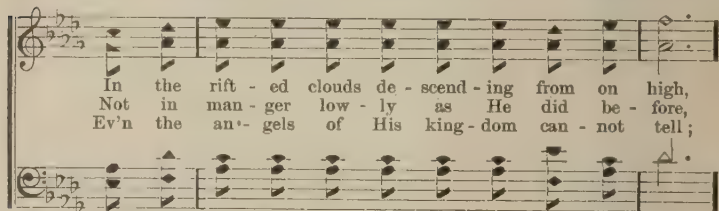
No. 46. WE SHALL SEE HIM IN HIS GLORY.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

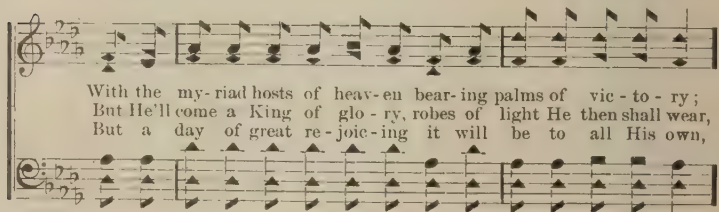
JOHN M. CANTERBURY.



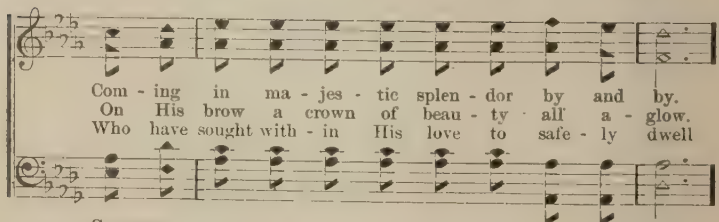
1. We shall see Him in His glo-ry when He comes to earth a - gain,
 2. 'Tis a true and bless-ed prom-ise that to earth He'll come a - gain,
 3. Yes, He's com-ing in a day and time of which we do not know,



In the rift - ed clouds de - scend - ing from on high,
 Not in man - ger low - ly as He did be - fore,
 Ev'n the an - gels of His king - dom can - not tell;

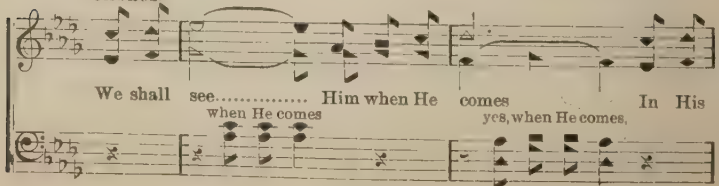


With the my-riad hosts of heav-en bear-ing palms of vic - to - ry;
 But He'll come a King of glo - ry, robes of light He then shall wear,
 But a day of great re-joic-ing it will be to all His own,



Com - ing in ma - jes - tic splen - dor by and by.
 On His brow a crown of beau - ty all a - glow.
 Who have sought with - in His love to safe - ly dwell

CHORUS.



We shall see..... Him when He comes In His
 when He comes yes, when He comes,

WE SHALL SEE HIM, etc.—Concluded.

glo - - ry from on high; On the res - ur - rec - tion morning,
In His glo - ry yes, from on high;

When the dead in Christ shall rise, We shall see..... Him in the skies.
We shall see Him coming in the skies.

No. 47.

PARTING SONG.

D. A. C.

D. A. CAMP.

1. We know that there must part - ings be, While here on earth we roam;
2. Then let us each trust in His name, While here we all re - main,
3. And now, dear friends, both old and young, We bid you now a - dieu,

FINE.

But may we meet some gold - en day, In that bright heav'nly home.
And praise His love in sweet - est songs, Un - til we heav - en gain.
And if we meet on earth no more, In heav'n we shall meet you.

D.S.—Where we shall sing a glad new song And part-ings come no more.

CHORUS.

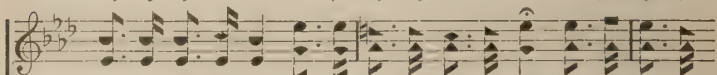
May we meet, may we meet, On that bright heav'nly shore.
May we meet, may we meet, may we meet,

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

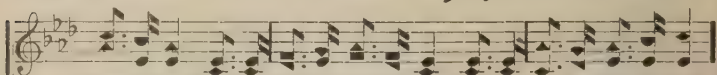
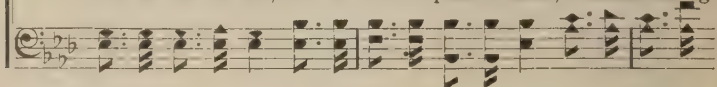
J. D. PITTS.



1. In this world where sin is known, Oft of bet-ter days we dream, When we
2. Know we on - ly here in part, In these low - ly lands of time, What a -
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry we shall sing, When we pass a-cross the line, To be



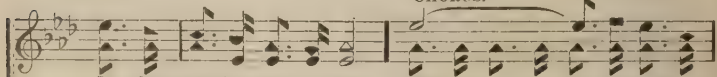
shall have crossed the tide, To a brighter morning gleam; Fair must be the
waits us o - ver there, Where se-raphic strains doth chime; But the day is
ev - er at His feet, And be - fore His presence shine; Priceless blessing



blessed place, Where they feel no pangs of wrong, O - ver on the oth - er shore,
coming soon, Which we've waited for so long, Just to see Him as He is,
it will be, To be numbered with that throng, Praising Him fore - ver - more,

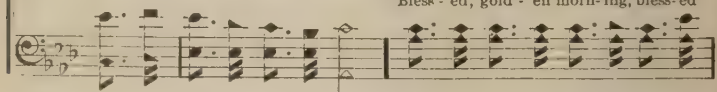


CHORUS.

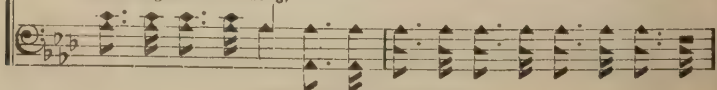


In that morn-ing-land of song.

Bless - ed, gold - en
Bless - ed, gold - en morn-ing, bless - ed



morn - ing, We shall see thy radiant glow some hap - py
morn - ing-land of song,



MORNING-LAND OF SONG.—Concluded.

day;
some hap-py day;

We shall ev-er blessed be, Dwelling with that heav'nly throng,

O - ver on the oth - er side, In that morn-ing-land of song.

No. 49. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

W. G. BROCK.

Slow.

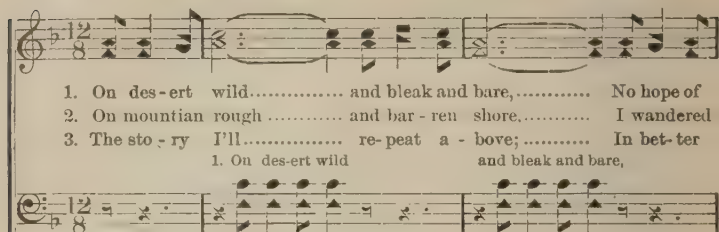
FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }
 2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; }
 { Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. }
 3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find; }
 { Raise the fall - en! cheer the faint! Heal the sick! and lead the blind! }

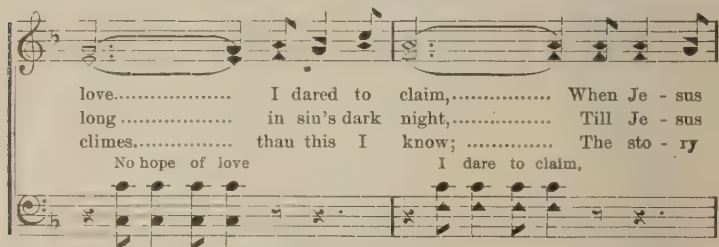
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
D.C.—Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
D.C.—Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

D.C.

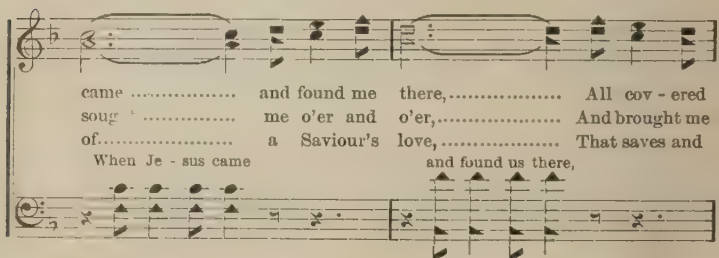
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;



1. On des-ert wild..... and bleak and bare,..... No hope of
 2. On mountain rough and bar-ren shore,..... I wandered
 3. The sto-ry I'll..... re-peat a - bove;..... In bet-ter
 1. On des-ert wild and bleak and bare,

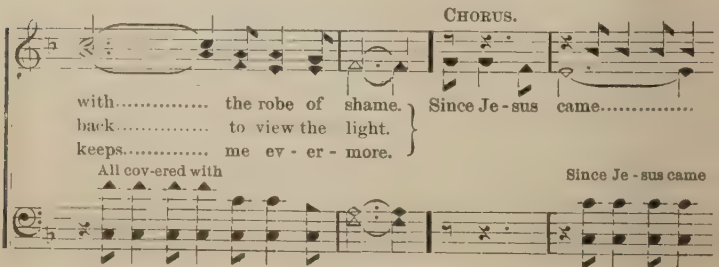


love..... I dared to claim,..... When Je - sus
 long in sin's dark night,..... Till Je - sus
 climes..... than this I know; The sto - ry
 No hope of love I dare to claim,



came and found me there,..... All cov - ered
 soug me o'er and o'er,..... And brought me
 of..... a Saviour's love,..... That saves and
 When Je - sus came and found us there,

CHORUS.



with..... the robe of shame. Since Je - sus came.....
 back..... to view the light. }
 keeps..... me ev - er - more. }
 All cov-ered with Since Je - sus came

SINCE JESUS CAME.—Concluded.

a flood of joy,..... Sweeps o'er my soul..... without al-
 a flood of joy, Sweeps o'er my soul
 loy;..... And now I praise His ho - ly
 with-out al - loy; And now I praise..... His ho - ly
 His holy name. In strains of love..... since Je - sus came.....
 name,..... In strains of love since Je - sus came.

No. 51.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Rev. JAMES G. SIBLEY

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Let all the na-tions on the earth, Come praise the God that gave them birth;
 2. Praise God the Fa-ther's glorious name, Praise God the Son, our Priest and King;
 Let ev-'ry tongue a- wake and sing, Sing praises to our God and King.
 Praise God the Ho-ly Ghost, these Three, Praise, praise them to eter-ni - ty.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

J. D. PITTS.

1. Beau-ti - ful light of love, Coming from Him a - bove, Step in the light of
 2. Prod-i - gal ones in sin, Bet-ter re - solves be - gin, Step in the light of
 3. Nothing but joy 'twill bring, Rapturous songs you'll sing, Step in the light of

God, beauti - ful light ; Beaming in ho - ly rays, Lighting the dreary days,
 God, beauti - ful light ; O - pen the windows wide, Let the light shine inside,
 God, beauti - ful light ; Bet-ter than earthly fame, If He shall call your name,

D.S.—Brighter it shin - eth on, From His il - lum - ed throne,

Step in the light of God, beau-ti - ful light. Step in the light,
 Step in the light,
 Step in the light of God, beau-ti - ful light.

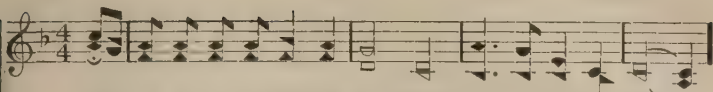
Beau-ti - ful light, Step in the light of God, beau-ti - ful light.
 Beau-ti - ful light,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

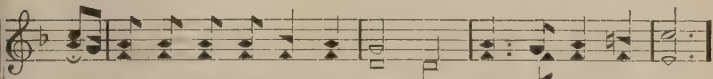
GOD'S CARE.

(Good as Quartet.)

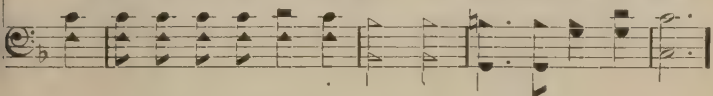
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. O wea-ry, burden'd child of God, With cares and sor-row press'd;
 2. For in His word He bids you cast On Him your need and care;
 3. If God the fowls of heav-en feed, And clothes the lil-ies fair;
 3. O when your heart, with grief is sad Your eyes with tears are dim;



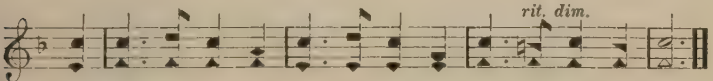
To God com-mit your heav-y load, And He will give you rest.
 Tho' in your life they crowd so fast, Yet all of them he'll bear.
 He sure-ly will sup-ply your need, Much more for you He'll care.
 'Tis God a-lone, can make you glad, Go tell your woes to Him.



CHORUS.



God cares for you, He cares for me, To Him com-mit your care;
 your care;



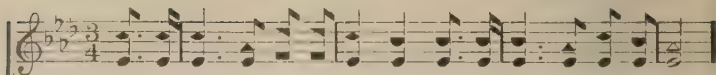
God cares for you, He cares for me, Our burd-ens He will bear.



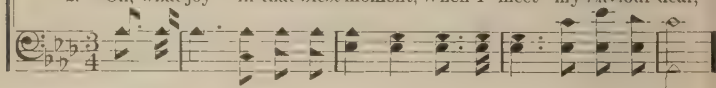
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

W. L. S.

WALTER L. SANDS.



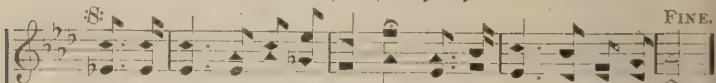
1. When the last fare-well is spok - en, And my eyes have closed in death,
 2. Oh, what joy in that blest moment, When I meet my Saviour dear,



When the sil - ver chord is brok - en, And my spir - it is released;
 And to meet a - gain my lost ones, Whom on earth I loved so dear;



I shall see His smile of wel - come, I shall hear His lov - ing voice,
 Then 'mid shin - ing hosts of an - gels, I'll for - ev - er be at rest,



In the realms of end - less glo - ry, He will bid my soul re - joice.
 Shel - tered from all care and sor - row, Safe - ly on my Saviour's breast

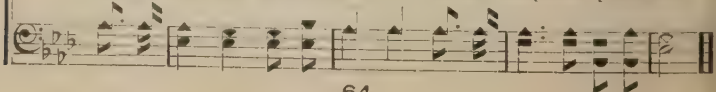


D.S.—And He'll bid my soul be wel - come, To the bright and hap - py land.

CHORUS.

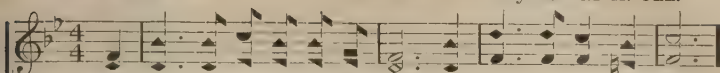


He will meet me, He will greet me, He will clasp me by the hand:

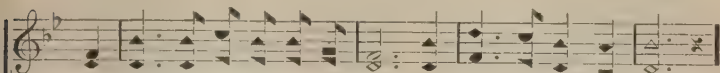
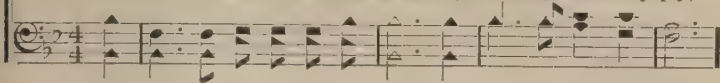


WILLIAM COWPER.

Music and Chorus by ROBERT K. ORR.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Imman-uel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup- ply,



And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ransom'd church of God Are saved to sin no more.
 Re-deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.



CHORUS.



Go wash in that fount-ain to - day,..... Go wash in that



to-day,



fount - ain. to - day;..... That fount - ain doth flow for



~ to - day;



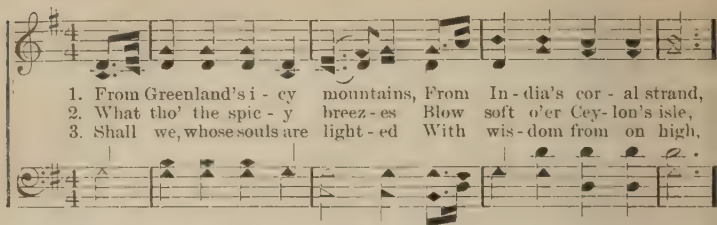
all who will go, And wash in that fount-ain to - day.



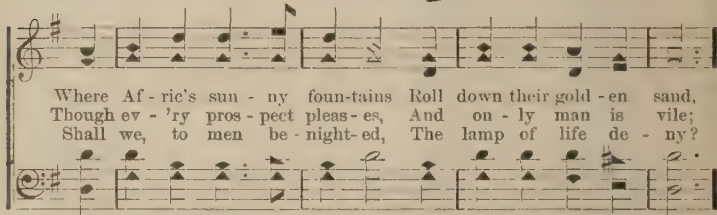
No. 56. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

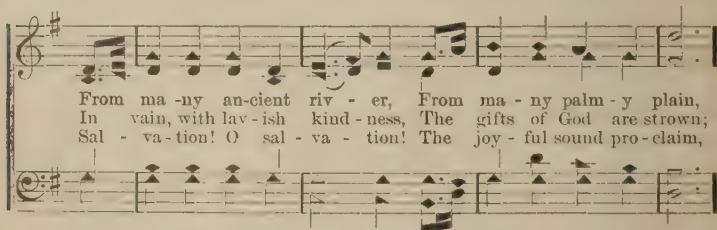
J. D. PURVIS.



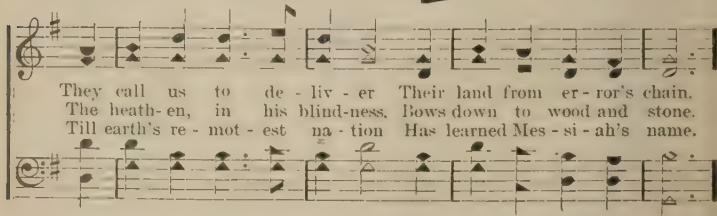
1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 2. What tho' the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle,
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
 Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
 Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?

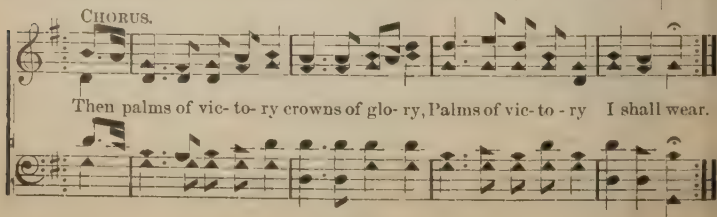


From ma - ny an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny palm - y plain,
 In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown;
 Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The heath - en, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.

CHORUS.

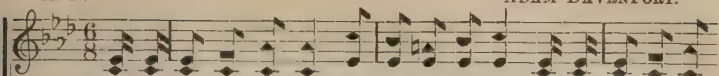


Then palms of vic - to - ry crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry I shall wear.

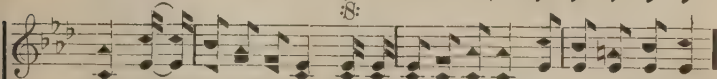
No. 57. THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL STAR.

A. D.

ADAM DAVENPORT.



1. There's a beau-ti-ful star di-rect-ing the soul,Thro' the tri-als of
2. Ma-ny millions have seen the light of this star,'And it's guiding them
3. May the light of this star grow brighter each day, While the world shall roll



earth to its heav-enly goal,Giving light on the way that leads to that home,
to that cit-y a-far, Ma-ny millions are out,still out in the cold,
on, in its wonderful way, Till all nations of earth, in darkness of night,



D. S.—All the nations shall see its won-der-ful light,



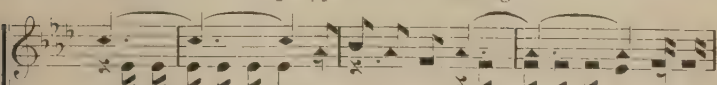
CHORUS.

FINE.

Where there's com-fort and peace and pleasures un-told. }
Of this beau-ti-ful star have nev-er been told. } Oh, this beau-ti-ful
Shall come out of the gloom and walk in its light. }



And it nev-er shall pass, pass out from their sight.



star,..... shall ev-er shine bright,..... While the
Oh, this beau-ti-ful star, shall ev-er shine bright,

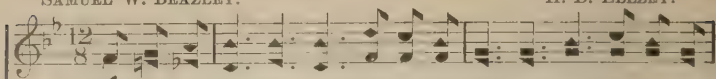


world shall roll on..... In its mys-ti-cal flight,.....
While the world shall roll on, In its mys-ti-cal flight.

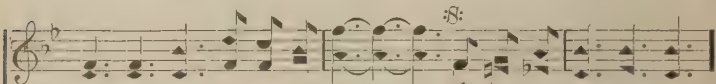
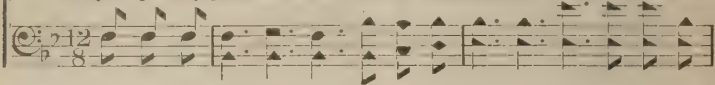


SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

H. D. ELLZEY.



1. Car-ry the gos-pel light, With its pure radiance bright, To the lone
2. Hear ye the wail of woe, Com-ing from their dark shore, Heed the sad
3. Sym-pa-thy pure and true, Du-ty de-mands of you, Send the blest



souls in night o-ver the sea;..... Bow-ing to wood and stone,
cry of need sounding a - far;..... Lend them a help-ing hand,
word of God o-ver the main;..... Tell of the cross He bore,

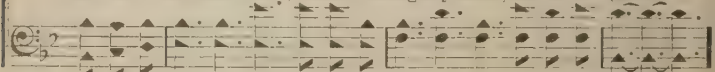


D.S.—Let it give com-fort, too,



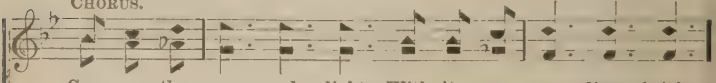
FINE.

Kneel-ing at i-dol's throne, In the be-night-ed lands destined to be.....
While on death's brink they stand, Point them to Jesus the bright morning star....
Tell it till all shall know, Je-sus the might-y saves, tell it a - gain.....

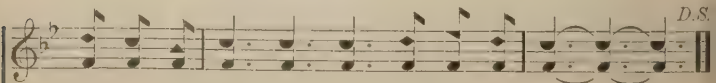
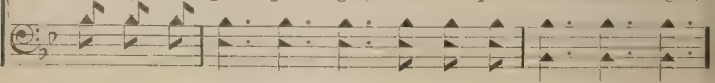


As it has done to you, Tell them of Je - sus love boundless and free.....

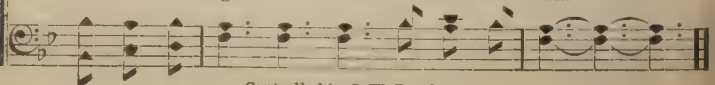
CHORUS.



Car - ry the gos - pel light, With its pure ra - diance bright,



To the be - night - ed ones o - ver the sea.....



No. 59.

TO THE ROCK.

D. N. B.

D. N. BEARD.

1. When pass-ing thro' shadows so dark and so drear, My soul is up-
 2. I've wandered in sin and in dark-ness so long, A - way on the
 3. I'll fly to the rock that is high - er than I The rock that is

lift - ed to Thee, The thought ev - er comes my poor spir - it to cheer;
 mount - ains so cold, But Je - sus so ten - der - ly calls from a - bove;
 cleft there for me, And sing with the an - gels for - ev - er and aye,

CHORUS.

My Sav - iour is pi - lot - ing me. } Fly to the
 Oh, will you not turn to the fold. }
 With Je - sus for - ev - er I'll be. } Fly to the rock, the

rock,..... Fly to the rock,..... And sing with the
 bless - ed rock, Fly to the rock, the rock di - vine,

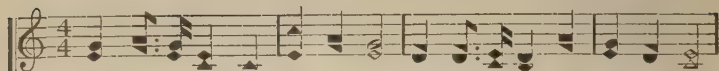
an - gels for - ev - er and aye, With Je - sus for - ev - er I'll be.....

No. 60.

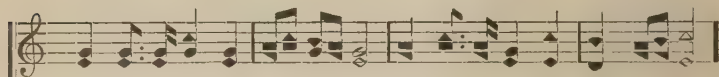
LONGING FOR HOME.

W. G. L.

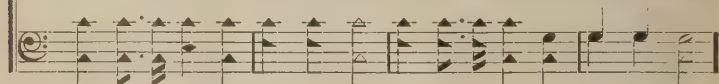
W. G. LAUVER.



1. Je - sus, Thou art so dear to me, Thou all my strength canst make me free;
2. How sweet Thy promis - es, dear Lord, For - ev - er true Thy pre - cious word;
3. Praise God the bells of heav - en ring, So let the earth His prais - es sing,



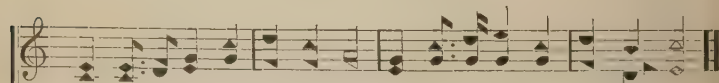
Help me, dear Lord, Thy will to do, For Thou art willing, kind and true.
 Help us, dear Lord, Thy name to praise, And all our footsteps heav'nward raise.
 For it is He and He a - lone, That giv-eth each a heav'n - ly home.



CHORUS.



Guide us, dear Lord, I pray, I pray, On toward Thy kingdom day by day:

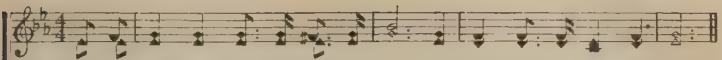


Guide us to Thy most glorious throne, Give us in heav'n a hap - py home.



SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

J. A. BURKS.



- 1. Will you hear what Je - sus says to you? "Come weak, weary one to me;"
- 2. Will you heed love's patient ten - der call, And yield to His fond ea - res?
- 3. Don't you want to go with Him sometime, To live in that glo - rious home?



The day of His grace may pass, And lone - - ly you'll be.
He's wait - ing and long - ing now, Your sad heart to bless.
Then give up your-self to Him, And no lon - ger roam.



lone - ly of heart you will be.
sad, wea - ry heart to bless.
no lon - ger, no lon - ger roam.

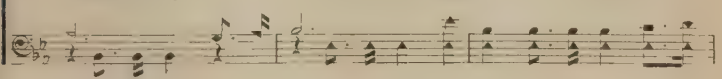
CHORUS,



Will you hear what He says? "Come
Will you hear what He says?



now to the fold;" His won - - der - ful
Come to-day to the fold, His won - der - ful love, His



love can nev - - er be told.
won - der - ful love can nev - er be told, can nev - er be told.



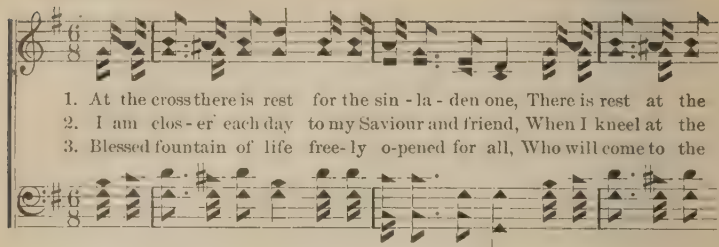
be told.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

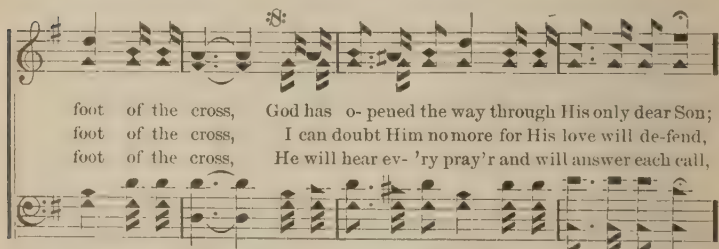
No. 62. AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

N. M. CORDELL.



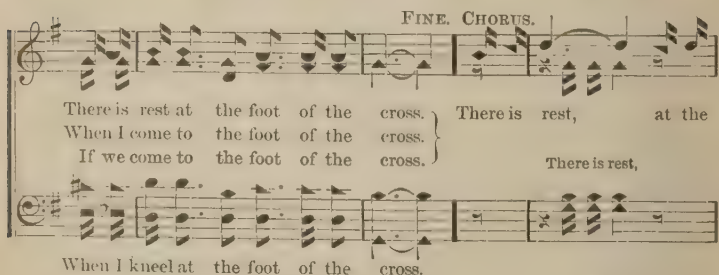
1. At the cross there is rest for the sin - la - den one, There is rest at the
 2. I am clos - er' each day to my Saviour and friend, When I kneel at the
 3. Blessed fountain of life free - ly o - pened for all, Who will come to the



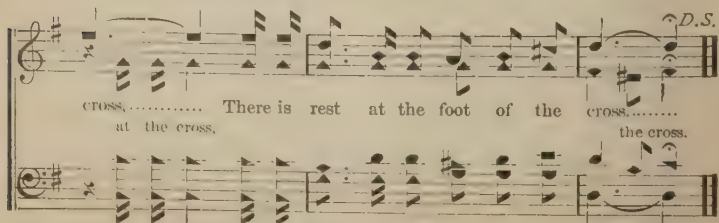
foot of the cross, God has o - pened the way through His only dear Son;
 foot of the cross, I can doubt Him no more for His love will de - fend,
 foot of the cross, He will hear ev - 'ry pray'r and will answer each call,

D.S.—I can share His sweet peace, and He gives me re - lease;

FINE. CHORUS.



There is rest at the foot of the cross. There is rest, at the
 When I come to the foot of the cross. }
 If we come to the foot of the cross. } There is rest,
 When I kneel at the foot of the cross.



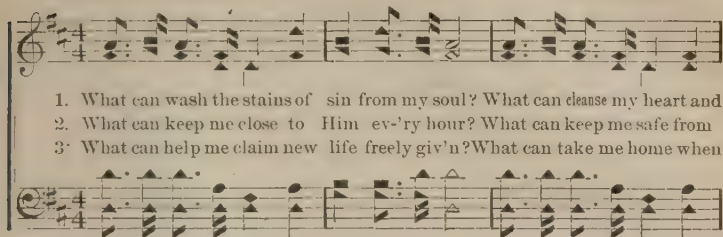
cross,..... There is rest at the foot of the cross,..... *D.S.*
 at the cross, the cross.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

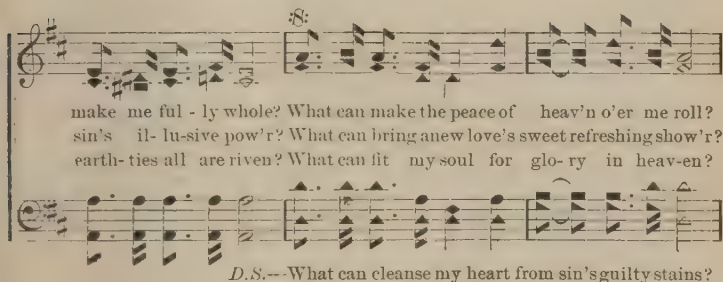
No. 63. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

J. L. MATHEWS.

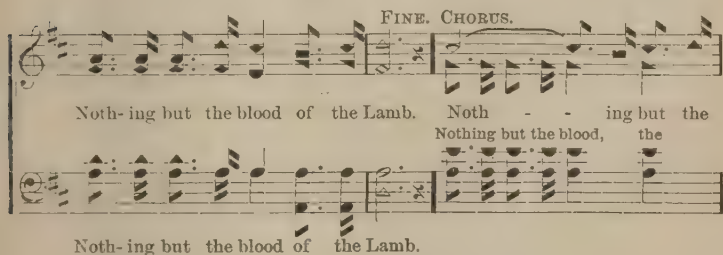


1. What can wash the stains of sin from my soul? What can cleanse my heart and
 2. What can keep me close to Him ev'-ry hour? What can keep me safe from
 3. What can help me claim new life freely giv'n? What can take me home when



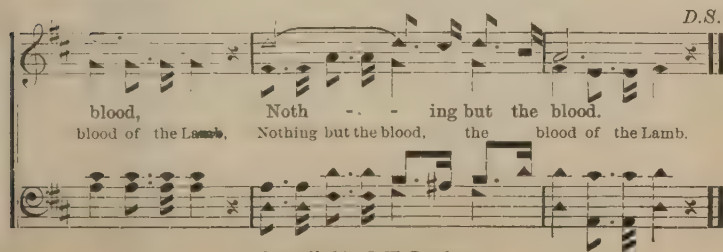
make me ful - ly whole? What can make the peace of heav'n o'er me roll?
 sin's il - lu-sive pow'r? What can bring anew love's sweet refreshing show'r?
 earth-ties all are riven? What can fit my soul for glo-ry in heav-en?

D.S.—What can cleanse my heart from sin's guilty stains?



FINE. CHORUS.

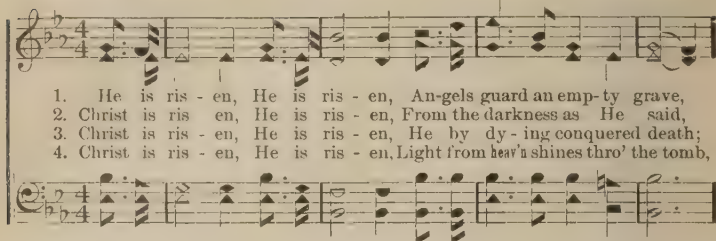
Noth- ing but the blood of the Lamb. Noth - - - ing but the
 Nothing but the blood, the
 Noth- ing but the blood of the Lamb.



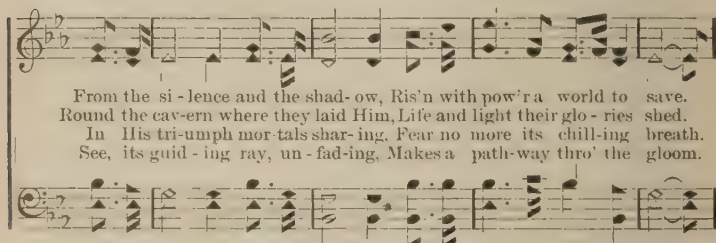
D.S.

blood, Noth - - - ing but the blood.
 blood of the Lamb, Nothing but the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

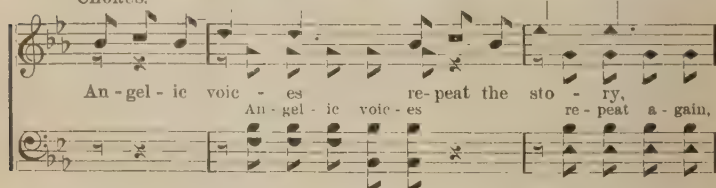


1. He is ris - en, He is ris - en, An-gels guard an emp - ty grave,
 2. Christ is ris - en, He is ris - en, From the darkness as He said,
 3. Christ is ris - en, He is ris - en, He by dy - ing conquered death;
 4. Christ is ris - en, He is ris - en, Light from heav'n shines thro' the tomb,

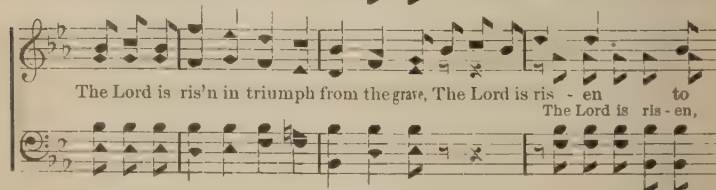


From the si - lence and the shad - ow, Ris'n with pow'r a world to save.
 Round the cav - ern where they laid Him, Life and light their glo - ries shed.
 In His tri - umph mor - tals shar - ing, Fear no more its chill - ing breath.
 See, its guid - ing ray, un - fad - ing, Makes a path - way thro' the gloom.

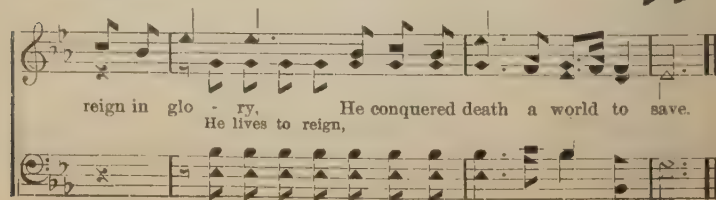
CHORUS.



An - gel - ic voic - es re - peat the sto - ry,
 An - gel - ic voic - es re - peat a - gain,



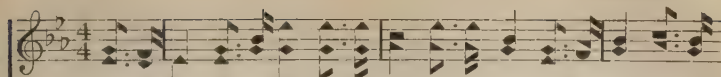
The Lord is ris'n in triumph from the grave, The Lord is ris - en to
 The Lord is ris - en,



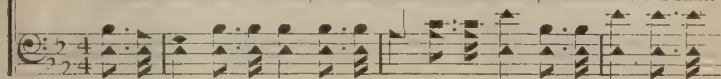
reign in glo - ry, He conquered death a world to save.
 He lives to reign,

W. H. M

W. H. MILFORD.



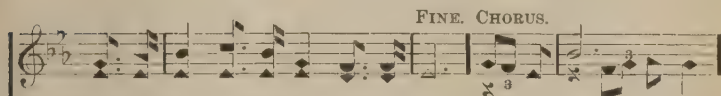
1. We are sail - ing a-way To our beau-ti - ful home, Blessed Je - sus has
2. Tho' our frail bark be toss'd, By sin's wild, reckless foam, Still in Je-sus our
3. Saints of God shout and sing, Sweet deliv'rance He brings To the soul who by
4. In that beau-ti-ful home, Where no sorrow can come, Blessed tho't I shall



gone to pre-pare; Soon on heav-en's bright shore, We will rest ev - er-more,
 faith will a-bide, By His love kept se-cure, By His hand guided o'er,
 faith trusts in Him; May our song ev - er be, Praise the Lord I am free,
 soon reach the shore! There to be with the blest, In the sweet home of rest,



D.S.—Tho' the bil-lows may roll In the home of the soul,



Sweet-ly sing-ing His praise o - ver there. Sail-ing home,
 We will land safe on Canaan's bright shore.
 Saved by grace thro' the dear Saviour's name.
 With my Sav-iour to dwell ev - er-more. sail - ing home,



We'll be land - ed to rest ev - er - more.



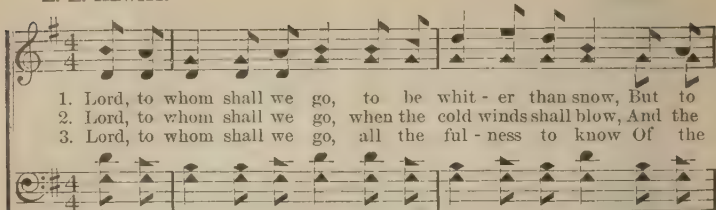
Sail-ing home,..... Safe-ly guid-ed by Je - sus our King;
 sail-ing home,



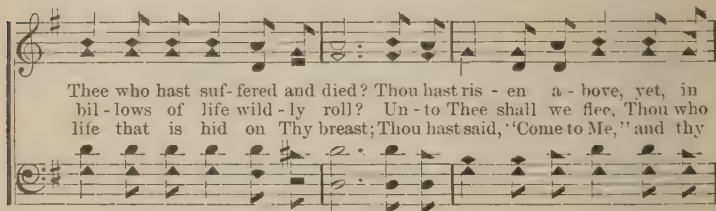
No. 66. LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

E. E. HEWITT.

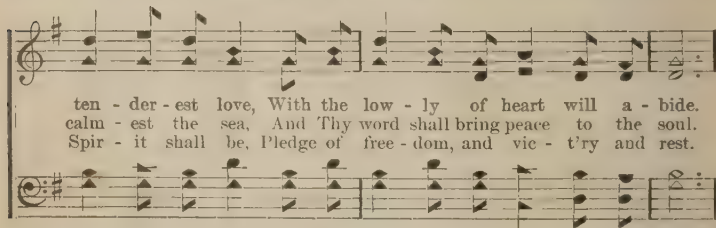
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Lord, to whom shall we go, to be whit - er than snow, But to
 2. Lord, to whom shall we go, when the cold winds shall blow, And the
 3. Lord, to whom shall we go, all the ful - ness to know Of the

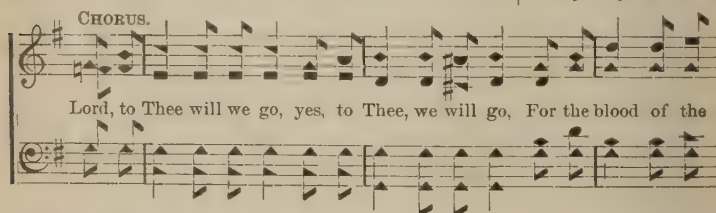


Thee who hast suf - ered and died? Thou hast ris - en a - bove, yet, in
 bil - lows of life wild - ly roll? Un - to Thee shall we flee, Thou who
 life that is hid on Thy breast; Thou hast said, "Come to Me," and thy

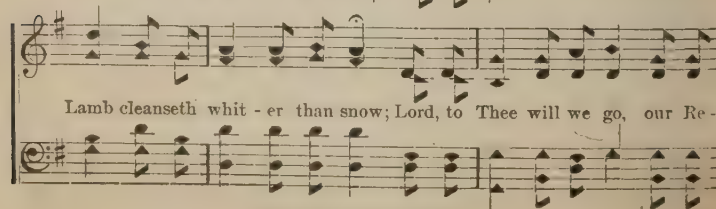


ten - der - est love, With the low - ly of heart will a - bide.
 calm - est the sea, And Thy word shall bring peace to the soul.
 Spir - it shall be, Pledge of free - dom, and vic - t'ry and rest.

CHORUS.



Lord, to Thee will we go, yes, to Thee, we will go, For the blood of the



Lamb cleanseth whit - er than snow; Lord, to Thee will we go, our Re -

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?—Concluded.

deem - er di - vine, For the king - dom and pow'r and the glo - ry are Thine.

No. 67.

OUR SHEPHERD.

Mrs. C. L. SHOCKLOCK.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Robes of light the an - gels wear, Songs of joy they're sing - ing;
2. But for us, the lit - tle ones, He is ev - er plead - ing;
3. He will gath - er in His arms All the meek and low - ly,
4. We would be His lambs in - deed, All His love con - fess - ing,

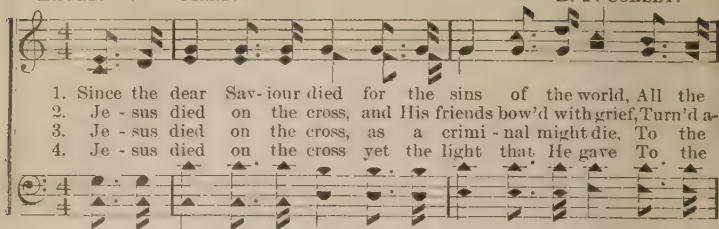
Of - f'rings pure and in - cense rare To the Sav - iour bring - ing.
Gen - tle Shep - herd, true and kind, Who His flock is feed - ing.
Bear - ing them from earth's a - larms, To His king - dom ho - ly.
Guard - ed by His ten - der care, Shield - ed by His bless - ing.

CHORUS.

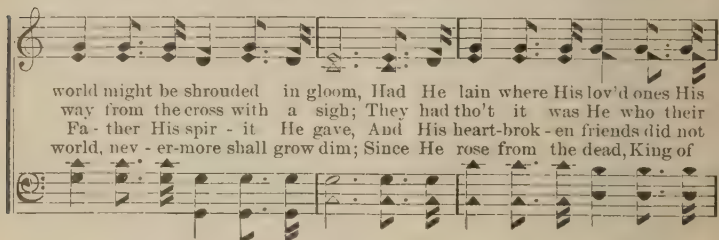
From the gen - tle Shep - herd's fold, Let us wan - der nev - er;

Sa - cred is the tie that binds Us to Him for - ev - er.

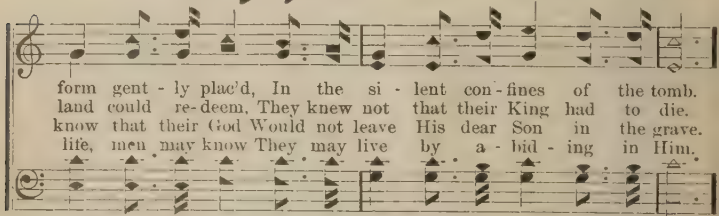
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



1. Since the dear Sav-iour died for the sins of the world, All the
 2. Je - sus died on the cross, and His friends bow'd with grief, Turn'd a-
 3. Je - sus died on the cross, as a crimi-nal might die, To the
 4. Je - sus died on the cross yet the light that He gave To the

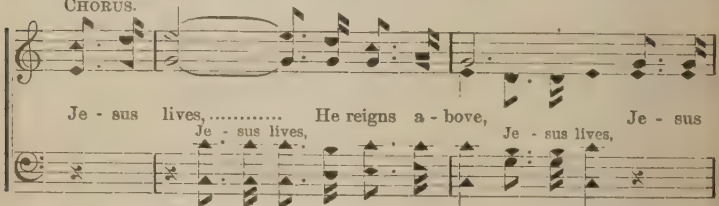


world might be shrouded in gloom, Had He lain where His lov'd ones His
 way from the cross with a sigh; They had tho't it was He who their
 Fa-ther His spir-it He gave, And His heart-brok-en friends did not
 world, nev-er-more shall grow dim; Since He rose from the dead, King of

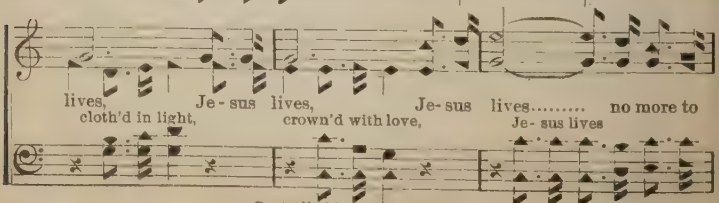


form gent-ly plac'd, In the si-lent con-fines of the tomb.
 land could re-deem, They knew not that their King had to die.
 know that their God Would not leave His dear Son in the grave.
 life, men may know They may live by a-bid-ing in Him.

CHORUS.



Je - sus lives, ... He reigns a - bove, Je - sus lives, Je - sus



lives, Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives, ... no more to
 cloth'd in light, crown'd with love, Je - sus lives

JESUS LIVES.—Concluded.

die, Je - sus lives, He is reign - ing for - ev - er on high.

No. 69. I'LL SING FOR JESUS.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

W. P. BLAKENEY.

1. I'll sing for my Sav - iour Who suf - fered for me;
 2. For Christ my Re - deem - er I'll sing all day long,
 3. I'll sing of the prom - ise My Sav - iour has giv'n;

I'll sing of His good - ness, He set - eth me free.
 He mak - eth life dai - ly One sweet love - ly song.
 I'll sing of His good - ness To briug me to heav'n.

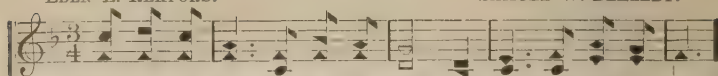
CHORUS.

I'll sing..... for Je - sus, All the day long; I'll sing for Him,
 I'll sing I'll sing for Je - sus,

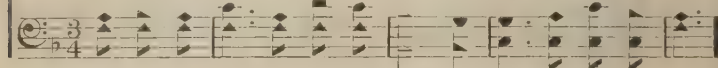
I'll sing..... for Je - sus, A hap - py song I'll sing for Him.
 I'll sing, I'll sing for Je - sus,

EBEN E. REXFORD.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Strong with a trust in God a - bove His own good time I wait,
 2. Our Fa-ther's arm is strong and sure, His heart is O, so kind,
 3. I feel the pres-ence of His love A - bout me all the time,



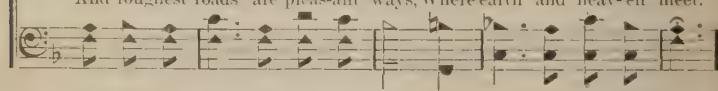

Con-tent to fol - low in the path That leads home, soon or late.
 As those who lean up - on His love, And trust Him most will find.
 I nev - er seem to be a - lone. As up life's hill I climb.



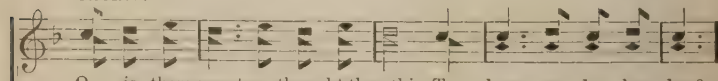

So with a faith that fal-ters not, I sing, as best I can,
 How deep, how true, His friendship is You can - not know or guess,
 He cheers me when I wea - ry grow, By ten - der words and sweet,



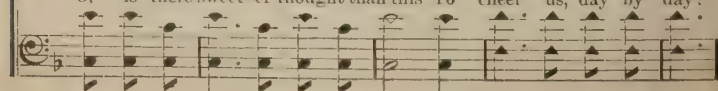

The song of love that fail-eth not, The love of God to man.
 Un - til you take Him at His word, And prove His prom - is - es.
 And roughest roads are pleas - ant ways, Where earth and heav - en meet.



CHORUS.



O, is there sweet-er thought than this To cheer us, day by day?



THE UNFAILING LOVE.—Concluded.

The love of God will nev - er fail, It fol - lows all the way.

No. 71. MERCY'S CALL.

Rev. JAMES G. SIBLEY.

N. M. CORDELL.

1. Hark, lost sin - ner, its mer - cy's call Turn not thine ear a - way,
2. Steel not thy cold and stubborn heart, As thou hast off - en done,
3. If mer - cy leaves thee to thy fate. Thy help will then be gone,

For soon His right - eous wrath will fall: On all who dis - o - bey.
Lest mer - cy's voice for e'er de - part, And leave thee quite a - lone.
And com - ing then will be too late; For thou shalt be un - done.

CHORUS.

Come..... to the Sav - iour, Come at mer - cy's call,
Come to the Sav - - iour, come to - day,

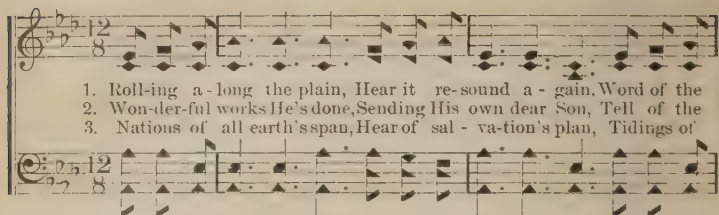
Stop..... not thine ear, Come on His mer - cy fall.
Stop not thine ear, turn not a - way,

Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 72. WORD OF GOD'S FREE LOVE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

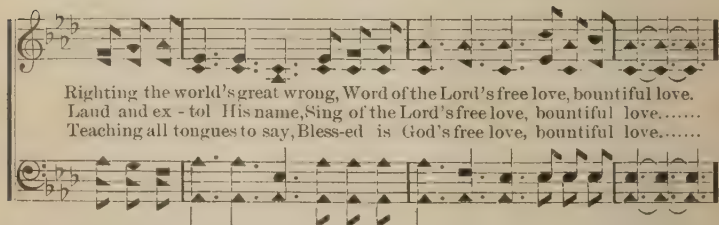
C. C. CUNNINGHAM.



1. Roll-ing a-long the plain, Hear it re-sound a-gain, Word of the
 2. Won-der-ful works He's done, Sending His own dear Son, Tell of the
 3. Nations of all earth's span, Hear of sal-va-tion's plan, Tidings of

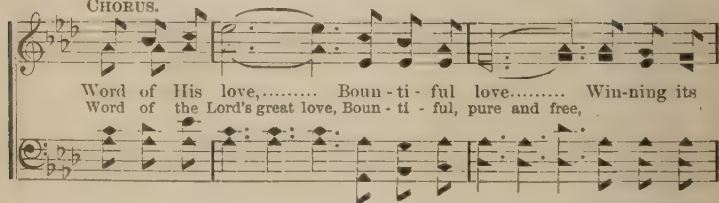


Lord's free love, boun-ti-ful love;..... Winning its way a-long,
 Lord's free love, boun-ti-ful love;..... Loud-ly His praise pro-claim,
 God's free love, boun-ti-ful love;..... Mar-vel-ous words are they,

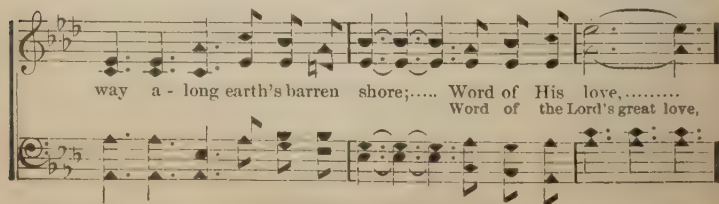


Righting the world's great wrong, Word of the Lord's free love, bountiful love.
 Laud and ex-tol His name, Sing of the Lord's free love, bountiful love.....
 Teaching all tongues to say, Bless-ed is God's free love, bountiful love.....

CHORUS.



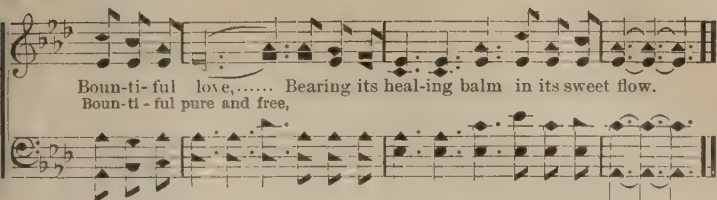
Word of His love,..... Boun-ti-ful love,..... Win-ning its
 Word of the Lord's great love, Boun-ti-ful, pure and free,



way a-long earth's barren shore;..... Word of His love,.....
 Word of the Lord's great love,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

WORD OF GOD'S FREE LOVE.—Concluded.

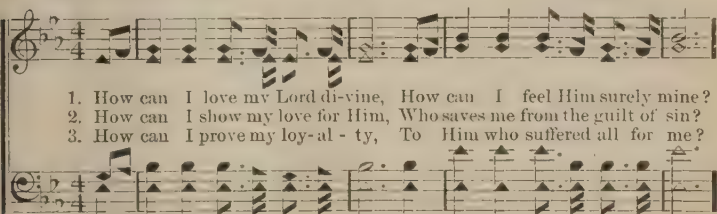


Boun-ti-ful love,..... Bearing its heal-ing balm in its sweet flow.
Boun-ti-ful pure and free,

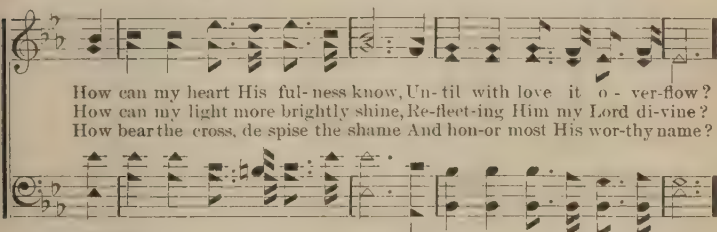
No. 73. HE LOVES ME SO.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

W. P. BLAKENEY.

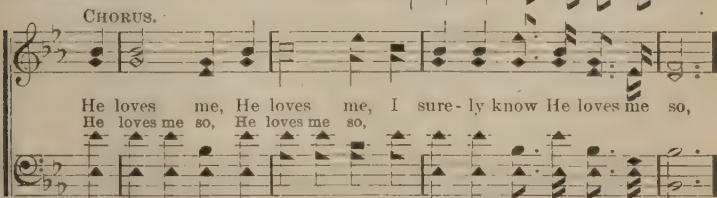


1. How can I love my Lord di-vine, How can I feel Him surely mine?
2. How can I show my love for Him, Who saves me from the guilt of sin?
3. How can I prove my loy-al-ty, To Him who suffered all for me?



How can my heart His ful-ness know, Un-til with love it o-ver-flow?
How can my light more brightly shine, Re-fleet-ing Him my Lord di-vine?
How bear the cross, de-spise the shame And hon-or most His wor-thy name?

CHORUS.



He loves me, He loves me, I sure-ly know He loves me so,
He loves me so, He loves me so,

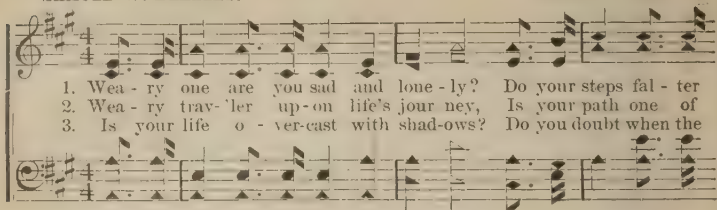


He loves me, He loves me, I sure-ly know He loves me so.
He love me so, He loves me so,

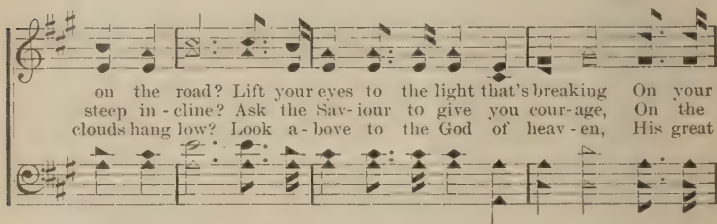
Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

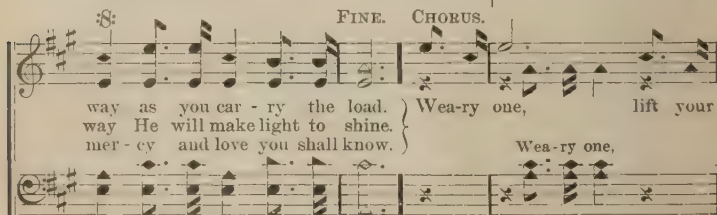
MARION T. HILL.



1. Wea - ry one are you sad and lone - ly? Do your steps fal - ter
 2. Wea - ry trav - ler up - on life's jour ney, Is your path one of
 3. Is your life o - ver - cast with shad - ows? Do you doubt when the



on the road? Lift your eyes to the light that's breaking On your
 steep in - cline? Ask the Sav - iour to give you cour - age, On the
 clouds hang low? Look a - bove to the God of heav - en, His great



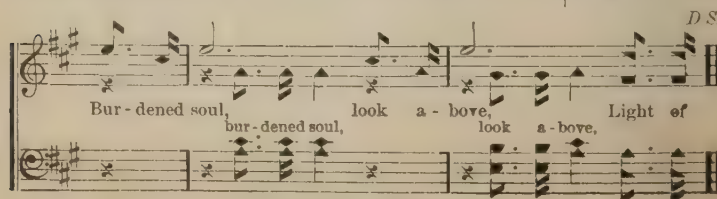
:S: FINE. CHORUS.

way as you car - ry the load. } Wea - ry one, lift your
 way He will make light to shine. }
 mer - cy and love you shall know. } Wea - ry one,

D.S.—God all the fir - ma - ment fills.



eves, lift your eyes, See the light break - ing on the hills;
 lift your eyes, on the hills;



Bur - dened soul, look a - bove, Light of
 bur - dened soul, look a - bove,

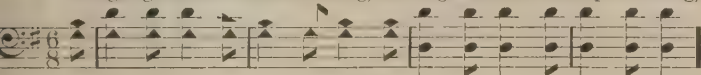
D.S.

Rev. JAMES G. SIBLEY.

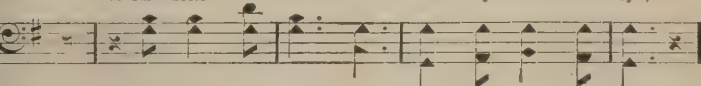
W. P. BLAKENEY.



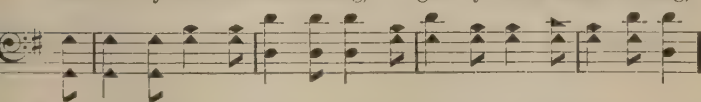
1. Be-yond this life of toil and tears, There is a life of end-less years
2. How sweet must be those joys a-bove, Where ev-'ry heart is filled with love,
3. O land of bliss I long for thee, For there from sin I shall be free,
4. I long to greet that ransomed throng, And sing with them redemption's song,



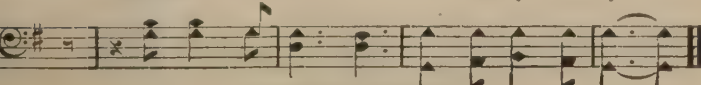
Un - seen..... by mor - tal eye;.....
 And ev - - 'ry thought is pure;.....
 And free..... from sin's de - sign;.....
 "All praise..... to Je - sus' name;".....
 1. Un - seen by mor - tal eye;



But those who love the bless-ed Lord, And humbly trust His ho - ly word,
 There saints and an - gels ev - er sing, And ev - 'ry day is bright as spring,
 I long to walk thy gold-en street, And wor-ship at my Sav-iour's feet,
 And ev - 'ry heart full tuned to sing, "All glo - ry to the Christ our King,"

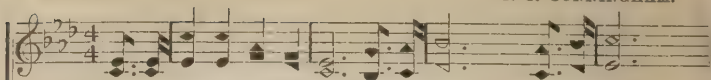


Shall see..... Him bye and bye.....
 And all..... things are se - cure.....
 Who gave..... His life for mine.....
 To end - - less years the same.....
 Shall see Him by and by.....

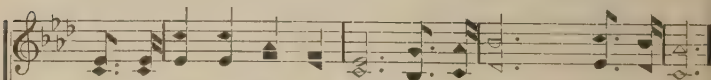


C. C. C.

C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

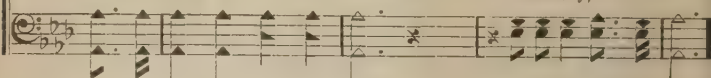


1. At the Saviour's feet I kneel Day by day, day by day;
 2. Keep me, Saviour, near Thy side, Day by day, day by day;
 3. Marching to a bet-ter land, Day by day, day by day;
 4. Come, my brother, go with me Day by day, day by day;
 5. Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb Day by day, day by day;
- Day by day, day by day;

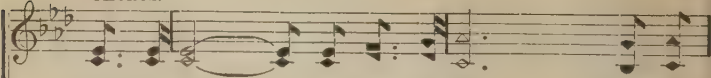


There my bur-dens to re-veal, On the way, on the way.
 In Thy lov-ing arms a-bide, On the way, on the way.
 Come and join the hap-py band, On the way, on the way.
 And dear Je-sus we will see, On the way, on the way.
 Sing-ing prais-es to His name, On the way, on the way.

On the way,



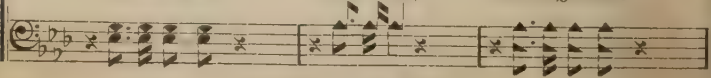
CHORUS.



Take my life..... and let it be, con-se-
 Take my life and let it be,



cra - - ted, Lord, to Thee, Sav-iour, guide..... me ev-'ry
 Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee, Sav-iour, guide me



DAY BY DAY.—Concluded.

day, ev - 'ry day, On the way, on the way. on the way.

No. 77. JUSTIFIED THROUGH FAITH.

S. W. B.

S. W. BEAZLEY.

1. Jus - ti-fied thro' faith in God's dear Son, Hap - py tho't for all mankind;
2. Jus - ti-fied thro' faith in God's dear Son, Nothing that you do can save;
3. Jus - ti-fied thro' faith in God's dear Son, He who died for you and me;

They who trust in Him till life is done, Rest with Him will surely find.
Faith will save you when life's race is run, Faith will make you strong and brave
Trust Him, sin-ner, do not mer - cy shun, Trust the Saviour and be free.

CHORUS.

Jus - ti-fied thro' faith, Jus-tified thro' faith, Tell the sto - ry ev - er new;

Jus - ti-fied thro' faith, Jus-tified thro' faith, Sin-ner, this extends to you.

By per. of Home Music Co., Logansport, Ind.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

J. E. PEACOCK.

1. They tell me of a sin-less, sum-mer land, Just o-ver on that
 2. They tell me of sweet rest a-wait-ing there, For those whose hearts are
 3. I'll reach that sin-less, summer land some day, And there with blessed

bright and golden strand, Where sweetest flowers bloom for - ev - er - more,
 bow'd with grief and care, A balm for ev - 'ry wounded sin-sick soul,
 Je - sus I shall stay To ev - er dwell be-neath His shin-ing face,

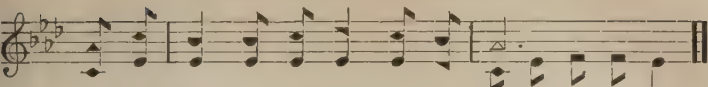
CHORUS.

And the wa-ters of life free-ly flow. } Sinless land, summer
 Where the wa-ters of life free-ly roll. }
 Praising Him for His mer-cy and grace. } Sinless land,

land, summer land, I shall reach Thy fair shores by and by, by and by,

Sin - less land, Sin - less land, sum - mer land, sum - mer land,

SINLESS LAND.—Concluded.



I shall reach thy fair shores by and by.

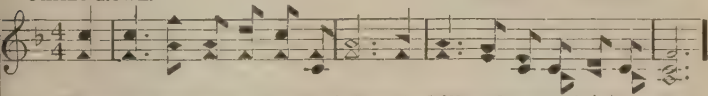
yes, by and by.



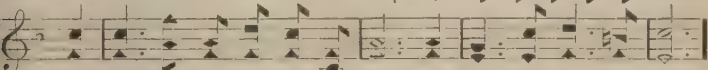
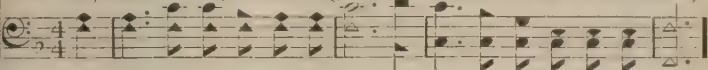
No. 79. MY SAVIOUR'S PRECIOUS LOVE.

JAMES ROWE.

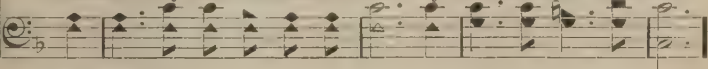
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



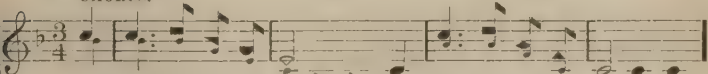
1. When shadows make my path look drear And fill my heart with doubt and fear,
2. When sweeps a tempest o'er my soul, And when the tempter would control,
3. When worn and wea-ry and oppressed, What gives me tho'ts of home, and rest
4. Oh, more than all, when sinking fast Where none to me the line could cast,



What gives me cour-age, faith and cheer? My Sav-iour's pre-cious love.
 What keeps my eyes up-on the goal? My Sav-iour's pre-cious love.
 Up-on my dear Re-deem-er's breast? My Sav-iour's pre-cious love.
 What sav'd my soul from death at last? My Sav-iour's pre-cious love.



* CHORUS.

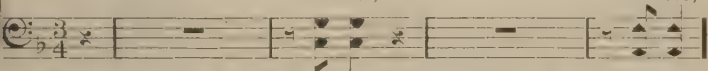


My Saviour's precious love,

His love,

My Sav-iour's precious love:

His love;



Thro' end-less days, I'll sing in praise Of my Sav-iour's precious love.

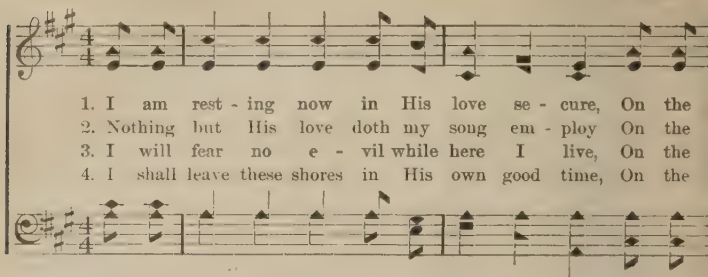


* Small notes optional for Alto.

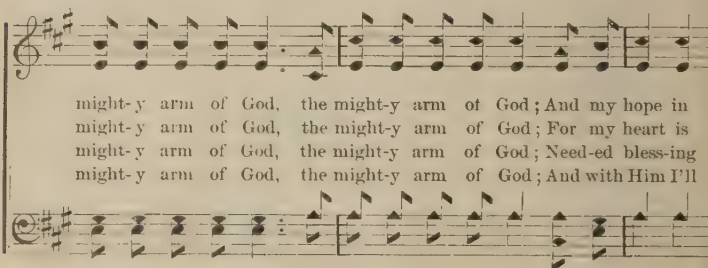
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SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

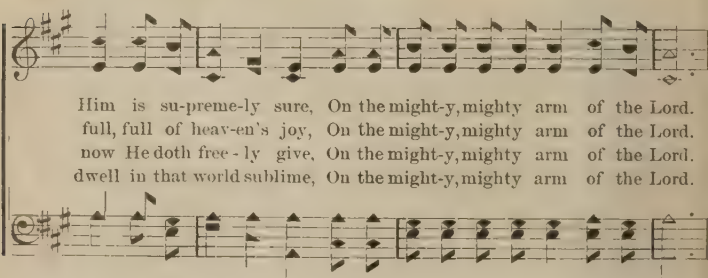
W. O. FLOWERS.



1. I am rest - ing now in His love se - cure, On the
 2. Nothing but His love doth my song em - ploy On the
 3. I will fear no e - vil while here I live, On the
 4. I shall leave these shores in His own good time, On the

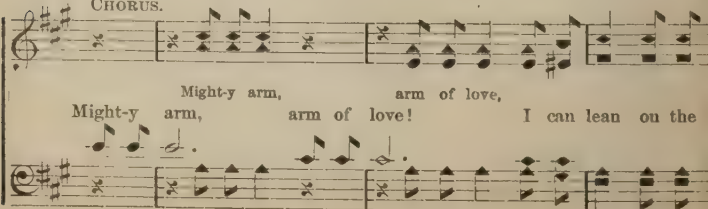


might-y arm of God, the might-y arm of God ; And my hope in
 might-y arm of God, the might-y arm of God ; For my heart is
 might-y arm of God, the might-y arm of God ; Need-ed bless-ing
 might-y arm of God, the might-y arm of God ; And with Him I'll



Him is su-preme-ly sure, On the might-y, mighty arm of the Lord.
 full, full of heav-en's joy, On the might-y, mighty arm of the Lord.
 now He doth free-ly give, On the might-y, mighty arm of the Lord.
 dwell in that world sublime, On the might-y, mighty arm of the Lord.

CHORUS.



Might-y arm, arm of love,
 Might-y arm, arm of love! I can lean on the

THE MIGHTY ARM OF GOD.—Concluded.

might-y arm of God; arm of God; Might-y arm, arm of
love! arm of love! I am safe on the mighty arm of God. arm of God.

No. 81.

DEAR MOTHER.

A. J. D.

A. J. DUNCAN.

1. Dear moth-er now from us has gone, Un - to her Long E - ter-nal Home,
2. Oh, why should I lament and mourn Since God our Saviour tho't it best!
3. Here many friends are seat-ed round, Await - ing for God's trump't's sound,
Her smil-ing face we see no more, Un - til we reach the shin-ing shore.
To take her from this world of sin, In - to a world of hap - pi-ness.
That they may rise and soar a - way, And meet dear mother in that day.

REFRAIN.

{ She's gone, she's gone, And you and I must fol- low on. }
{ She's gone, she's gone, Un - to her Long E - (Omit.) } ternal Home.
Yes, gone, yes, gone,

GEO. P. HOLT.

W. A. SMITH.

1. There are mansions bright and fair, Ev-er wait-ing o-ver there, In the
 2. On that bright and sinless shore, Loved ones dwell for-ever-more, And th
 3. We must bide a while be-low, Till our time shall come to go, And wit

sun-light of the dear Sav-iour's smiles; There the "house not made with hands,
 prais-es of His name ev-er sing; They en-joy their ris-en Lord
 rapt-ure join the saints ov-er there, Then we'll sing the glad new song

In its beau-ty ev-er stands, Nothing sin-ful e'er de-spoils or de-files.
 List'ning sweetly to His Word, And their trophies to His feet ev-er bring
 While the a-ges roll a-long, In the cit-y of the King bright and fair.

CHORUS.

O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, Oh, the

bright, gold-en scenes are there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver

OVER THERE.—Concluded.

there, Oh, what joy there will be, O-ver there. O - ver there, O - ver there.

No. 83.

I ASKED THE LORD.

A. J. D.

A. J. DUNCAN.

1. I asked the Lord that I might know His truth and law for - ev - er - more,
 2. 'Twas He who taught me thus to pray, And He I trust has answered prayer,
 3. I hoped that in some fav-ored hour At once He'd an-swer my re-quest,

Might more of His sal - va - tion see, His grace more earn-est-ly im-plore.
 But it has been in such a way As al-most drove me to de-spair.
 And by His love's constraining power, Sub-due my sins and give me rest.

REFRAIN.

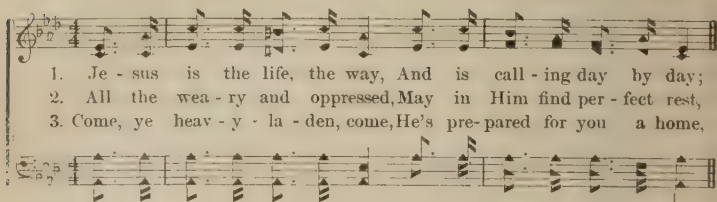
I want to see my Sav-iour's face, And more of His sal - va - tion know,

I want to feel His love and grace, And more un - to His like-ness grow.

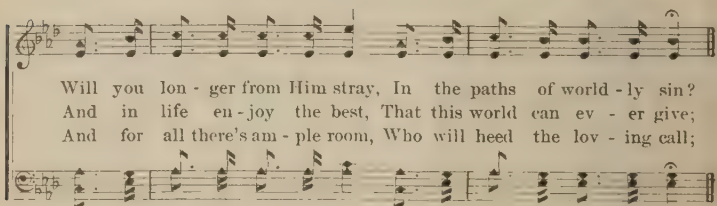
"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Mat. 11: 28.

GEO. P. HOTT.

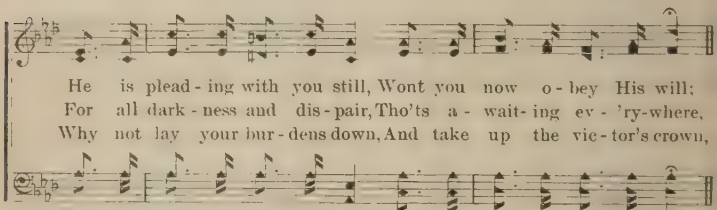
RICHARD T. WARE.



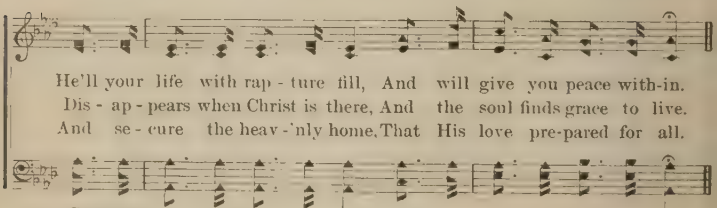
1. Je - sus is the life, the way, And is call - ing day by day;
 2. All the wea - ry and oppressed, May in Him find per - fect rest,
 3. Come, ye heav - y - la - den, come, He's pre - pared for you a home,



Will you lon - ger from Him stray, In the paths of world - ly sin?
 And in life en - joy the best, That this world can ev - er give;
 And for all there's am - ple room, Who will heed the lov - ing call;

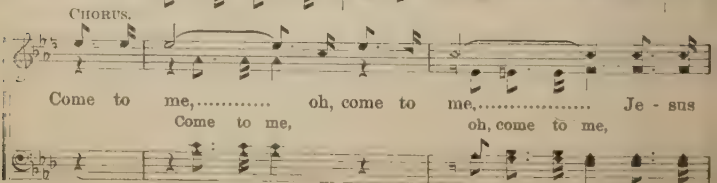


He is plead - ing with you still, Wont you now o - bey His will;
 For all dark - ness and dis - pair, Tho'ts a - wait - ing ev - 'ry - where,
 Why not lay your bur - dens down, And take up the vic - tor's crown,



He'll your life with rap - ture fill, And will give you peace with - in.
 Dis - ap - pears when Christ is there, And the soul finds grace to live.
 And se - cure the heav - 'nly home, That His love pre - pared for all.

CHORUS.



Come to me,..... oh, come to me,..... Je - sus
 Come to me, oh, come to me,

COME TO ME.—Concluded.

says to ev - 'ry-one come to me; Come to me,..... oh, come to
Come to me,

me, ... Won't you heed the in - vi - ta - tion and come?
Oh, come to me,

No. 85.

LIFTED UP.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

S. G. SIMMONS.

1. "Lift - ed up" my God and Sav - iour, On the cross to bleed and die:
2. Ris - ing from the dead with pow - er, An - gels lin - ger at the grave:
3. "Lift - ed up" the gates of glo - ry, O - pen wide at His com - mand,

That I might be with Him for - e'er, Lift - ed up to live on high.
And from that tri - umph - ant hour, Tell the world His pow'r to save.
Saints and an - gels tell the sto - ry, Gathered home from ev - 'ry land.

CHORUS.

Lift - ed up, be - hold, be - hold Him, On the cross or on the throne.

Lift - ed up by ev - 'ry na - tion, Look to Him and Him a lone.

Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

J. H. M.

J. H. MAYS.

1. Do you hear the Sav iour call to day? Send the light,
 2. Will you tell the sto - ry of his love, Send the light,
 3. Will you send the light to dis-tant lands? Send the light,

Send the light,

Send the light, Ma - ny souls are wait-ing for a cheer-ing ray,
 Send the light, How He left His glo-rious home in heav'n a-bove?
 Send the light, Will you help the fall - en, lift the wea - ry hands?

Send the light,

Send the light,..... O send the light.
 Send the light, send the light.

CHORUS.

Send the light, Send the light To bright-en up the
 Send the light, Send the light,

way that leads to end-less day, Send the light, send the
 Send the light,

SEND THE LIGHT.—Concluded.

light
Send the light, To cheer the pil-grim on his way.
on his way.

No. 87. WHO WILLETH TO DO HIS WILL.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

H. C. WRISTON.

1. The rug-ged way I may not now So ful - ly un - der - stand;
2. The clouds that o - ver-hang the way, I may not com - pre - hend;
3. Just what is just I may not know, And chide a Fa - thar's love;

But then I know my Fa - ther still Will lead me by the hand.
But wait - ing pa - tient - ly I'll see, The face of my Dear Friend.
But all the good He would be - stow A - waits His child a - bove.

CHORUS.

Peace, troub - led heart, On - ly be still;.....
On - ly, yes, on - ly be still;

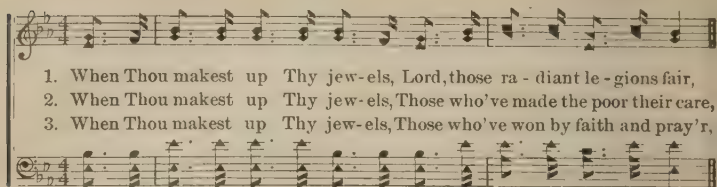
The Sav-iour cometh with Him to abide, "Who willeth to do His will."

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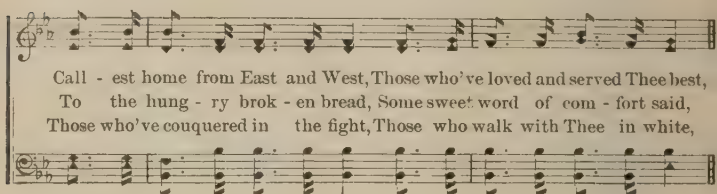
No. 88. WHEN THOU MAKEST UP THY JEWELS.

Words arr. by S. W. B.

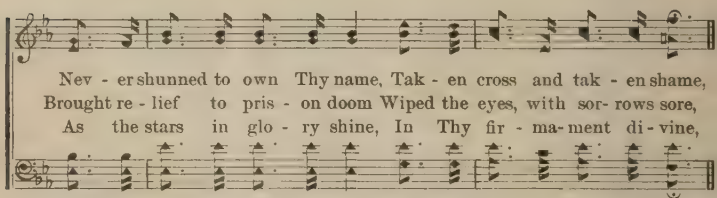
S. W. BEAZLEY.



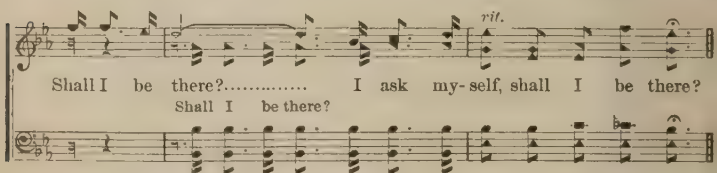
1. When Thou makest up Thy jew-els, Lord, those ra - dant le - gions fair,
 2. When Thou makest up Thy jew-els, Those who've made the poor their care
 3. When Thou makest up Thy jew-els, Those who've won by faith and pray'r,



Call - est home from East and West, Those who've loved and served Thee best,
 To the hung - ry brok - en bread, Some sweet word of com - fort said,
 Those who've conquered in the fight, Those who walk with Thee in white,

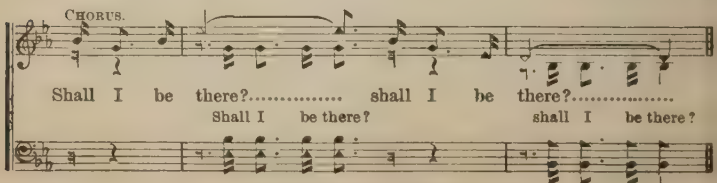


Nev - ershunned to own Thy name, Tak - en cross and tak - en shame,
 Brought re - lief to pris - on doom Wiped the eyes, with sor - rows sore,
 As the stars in glo - ry shine, In Thy fir - ma - ment di - vine,



Shall I be there?..... I ask my-self, shall I be there?
 Shall I be there?

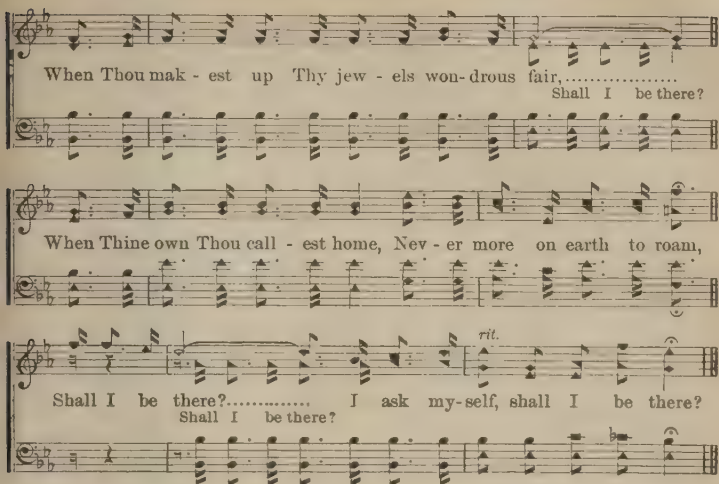
CHORUS.



Shall I be there?..... shall I be there?.....
 Shall I be there? shall I be there?

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

WHEN THOU MAKEST, etc.—Concluded.



When Thou mak - est up Thy jew - els won-drous fair,..... Shall I be there?

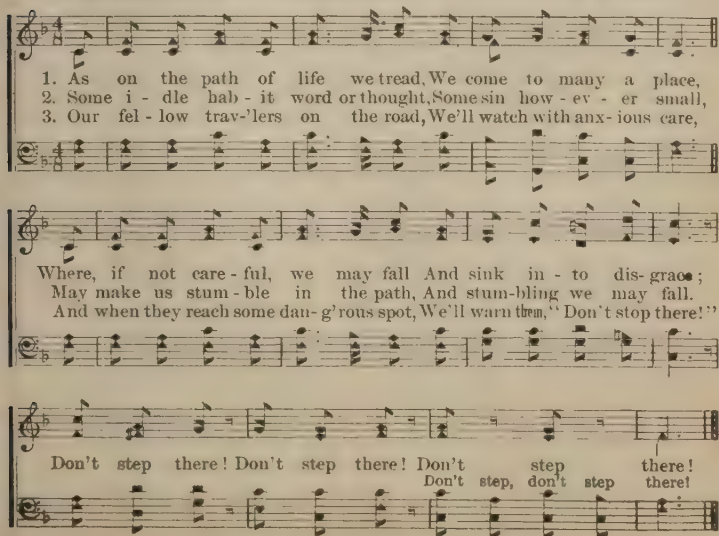
When Thine own Thou call - est home, Nev - er more on earth to roam,

Shall I be there?..... I ask my-self, shall I be there?
Shall I be there?

No. 89. DON'T STEP THERE!

Words taken from the "Children's Friend."

J. H. HALL.



1. As on the path of life we tread, We come to many a place,
2. Some i - dle hab - it word or thought, Some sin how - ev - er small,
3. Our fel - low trav - lers on the road, We'll watch with anx - ious care,

Where, if not care - ful, we may fall And sink in - to dis - grace;
May make us stum - ble in the path, And stum - bling we may fall.
And when they reach some dan - g'rous spot, We'll warn them, "Don't stop there!"

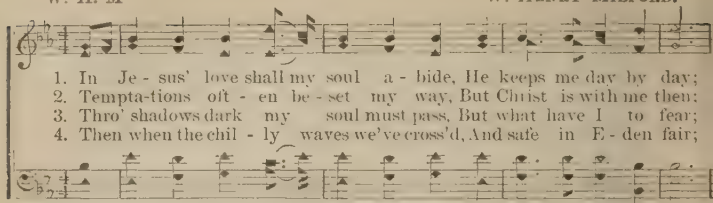
Don't step there! Don't step there! Don't step there!
Don't step, don't step there!

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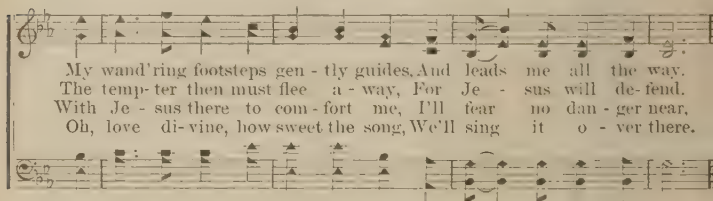
No. 90. BY THE CROSS WE'LL STAND.

W. H. M

W. HENRY MILFORD.

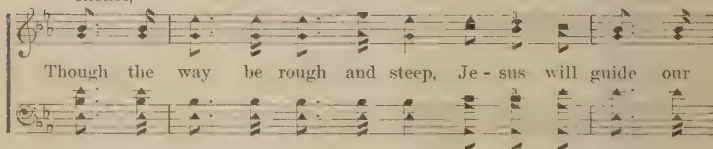


1. In Je - sus' love shall my soul a - bide, He keeps me day by day;
 2. Tempta-tions oft - en be - set my way, But Christ is with me then;
 3. Thro' shadows dark my soul must pass, But what have I to fear;
 4. Then when the chil - ly waves we've cross'd, And safe in E - den fair;

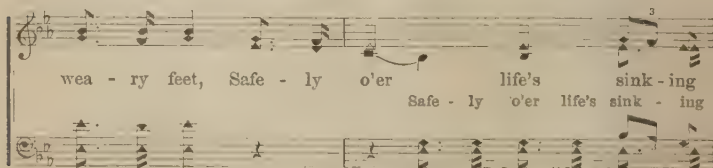


My wand'ring footsteps gen - tly guides, And leads me all the way.
 The temp - ter then must flee a - way, For Je - sus will de - fend.
 With Je - sus there to com - fort me, I'll fear no dan - ger near,
 Oh, love di - vine, how sweet the song, We'll sing it o - ver there.

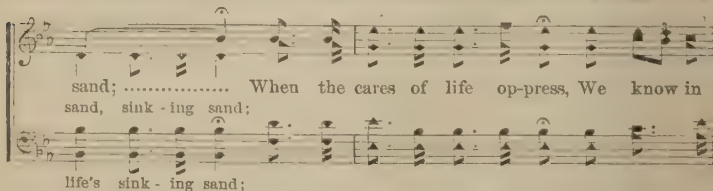
CHORUS,



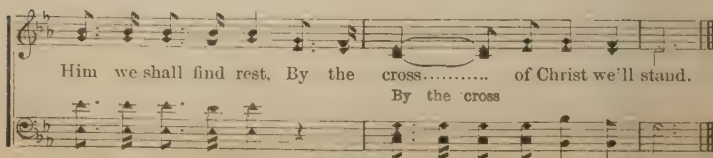
Though the way be rough and steep, Je - sus will guide our



wea - ry feet, Safe - ly o'er life's sink - ing
 Safe - ly o'er life's sink - ing



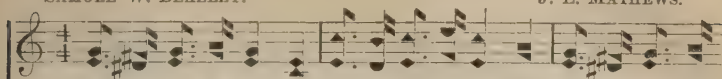
sand; When the cares of life op-press, We know in
 sand, sink - ing sand;
 life's sink - ing sand;



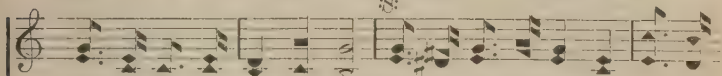
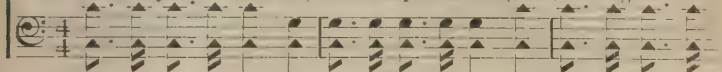
Him we shall find rest, By the cross..... of Christ we'll stand.
 By the cross

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

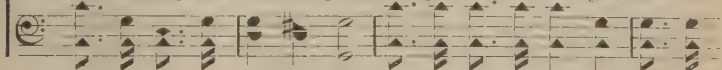
J. L. MATHEWS.



1. Je - sus now is say - ing wel - come to the home - fold, Wea - ry, heav - y -
2. Dark your way has been then, wan - der there no lon - ger, Heed the wel - come
3. Pleasures you have sought for, with them you have lingered, Car - ing not for



lad - en one with sin oppressed; Standing at the threshold wait - ing
call that Je - sus gives to - day: Leave the way of sin - ners, seek the
bet - ter things that Je - sus gives; Lin - ger there no lon - ger, hear the

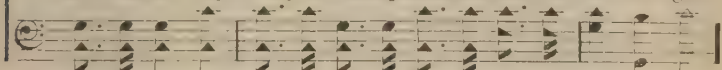


D.S.—Je - sus now is say - ing, wel - come

FINE.



your re - turn - ing. Wel - come, He is say - ing "I will give you rest."
home - fold ear - ly. Lend a list'ning ear to Him, do not de - lay.
Sav - iour call - ing, Turn your footsteps homeward, and He will for - give.

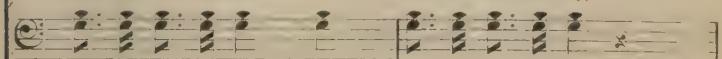


to the home - fold, Welcome, wea - ry pil - grim, there's a place for you.

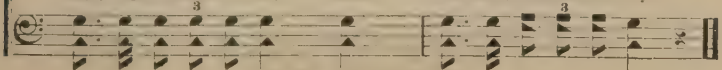
CHORUS.



Wel - come to the home - fold, Wel - come, hear Him say, Je - sus is



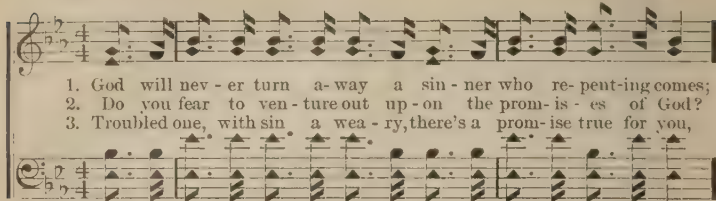
say - ing wel - come to - day, ing, wel - come, come; wel - come, wel - come to - day.
Come, wel - come, wel - come to - day.



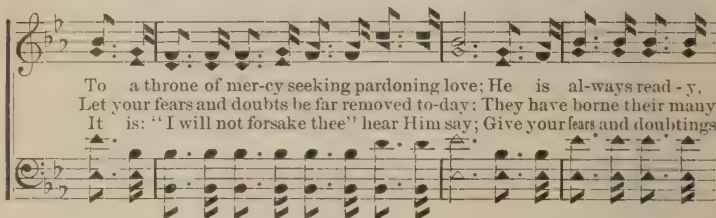
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SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

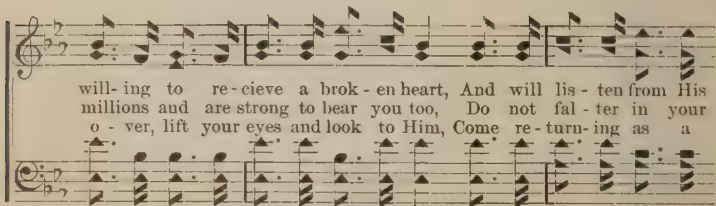
J. D. PITTS.



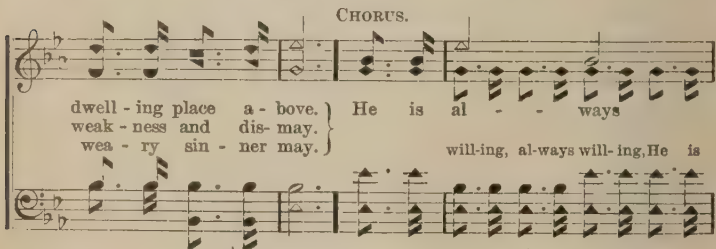
1. God will nev - er turn a - way a sin - ner who re - pent - ing comes;
 2. Do you fear to ven - ture out up - on the prom - is - es of God?
 3. Troubled one, with sin a wea - ry, there's a prom - ise true for you,



To a throne of mer - cy seeking pardon - ing love; He is al - ways read - y,
 Let your fears and doubts be far removed to - day; They have borne their many
 It is: "I will not forsake thee" hear Him say; Give your fears and doubt - ings

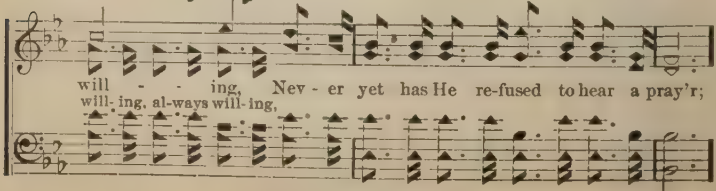


will - ing to re - cieve a brok - en heart, And will lis - ten from His
 millions and are strong to bear you too, Do not fal - ter in your
 o - ver, lift your eyes and look to Him, Come re - turn - ing as a



CHORUS.

dwel - ling place a - bove. } He is al - ways
 weak - ness and dis - may. }
 wea - ry sin - ner may. } will - ing, al - ways will - ing, He is



will - ing, Nev - er yet has He re - fused to hear a pray'r;
 will - ing, al - ways will - ing,

HE IS ALWAYS WILLING.—Concluded.

He is al - ways will - ing, al - ways will - ing, He is will - ing, al - ways will - ing,

A re - pent - ing one may find Him an - y - where.

No. 93.

SAFELY HIDE ME.

GEO. P. HOTT.

W. T. GRAYSON.

1. Let me cling to Thee, O Sav - iour, When the tempests round me roll,
2. Near to Thee, O bless - ed Sav - iour, Let me find a place of rest,
3. When the evening shad - ows gath - er, When the twi - light fades a - way,

FINE

Give me shel - ter, Rock of A - ges, On - ly ref - uge of my soul.
And when life of cares grow wea - ry, Lean my head up - on Thy breast.
In the swelling of the riv - er Be Thou there my strength and stay.

D.S.—Give me shel - ter Rock of A - ges, On - ly ref - uge of my soul.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Safe - ly hide me, bless - ed Re - deem - er; As the Shepherd of the fold;

R. K. O.

ROBT. K. ORR.



1. My Re-deem-er's gone be-fore, And a-bides for-ev-er more,
2. Je-sus left His book of truth, For the a-ged and the youth,
3. Friend and sin-ner, O pre-pare, For those mansions bright and fair,



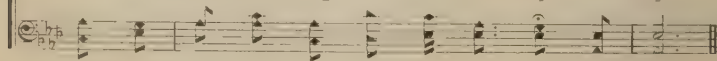
In the cit-y of bright mansions in the sky, (in the sky,
 And He tells us He's pre-pared a home on high, (home on high,
 And be read-y up-on snow-y wings to fly, (wings to fly,)



Come and join the blood-washed throne, And be hap-py all day long,
 We will sing re-deem-ing love, In that hap-py home a-bove
 With the white-robed an-gel band, Go to join them hand in hand,



And we'll see our dear Re-deem-er by and by.
 And it all will then be glo-ry by and by.
 And at home we'll sing for-ev-er by and by.



CHORUS.



Oh, that home of the blest,
 Oh, that home-land of the blest, Hap-py home-land of the blest,



MY HAPPY HOME.—Concluded.

Where we ev - er - more shall rest,
Where we ev - er more shall rest, Where we ev - er more shall rest,

And its glo - ries we shall share,
And its glo - ries we shall share, And its glo - ries we shall share,

With the Sav - iour o - ver there.
With our Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour o - ver there, o - ver there.

No. 95.

WHITE TO THE HARVEST.

"They are white already to harvest."—Jno. 4: 35.

GEO. P. HOTT.

S. G. SIMMONS.

1. The har - vests of the Mast - er, On val - ley hill and plain:
2. Like Ruth, go glean the har - vest, Where oth - ers' feet have trod:
3. We'll toil from morn till eve - ning, And then our Lord will come,

Are call - ing loud for reap - ers To gar - ner gold - en grain.
'Twill earn a crown of glo - ry, To gar - ner sheaves for God.
To give the sow'r and reap - er The joys of "har - vest home."

Go toil a - mong the reap - ers, The Mast - er's call - ing you.

CHORUS. D.S.

The fields are white to har - vest, And yet the la - b'ers few:

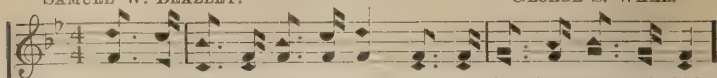
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No. 96.

I AM COMING HOME TO-DAY.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

GEORGE S. WARE.



1. I have wandered long in sin drift-ing far from mer-cy's fold,
2. Lov-ing-ly I hear His voice in its ac-cents sweet and low,
3. News has reached the heav'nly shrine of a way-ward soul's re-turn,



Spurn-ing oft His prof-fered love hear-ing oft sal-va-tion told:
 Call-ing me a-way from sin, say-ing: "wan-der there no more;"
 And the an-gels all re-joice while they for my com-ing yearn;



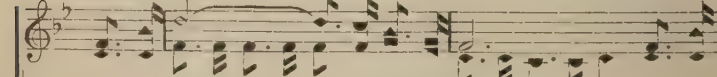
Yet, no list-ning ear I lent on my dear-y, down-ward way,
 I am turn-ing to Him now, for His par-don I will pray,
 He will fold me to His breast and will hold me there to stay,



Of sin's cup I free-ly drank, but I'm com-ing home to-day.
 And I feel His fond em-brace, for I'm com-ing home to-day.
 For He bids me to Him fly, and I'm com-ing home to-day.



CHORUS.



I am com-ing home to-day, Yes, I'm
 I am com-ing, I am com-ing, I am com-ing home to-day,



I AM COMING HOME TO-DAY.—Concluded.

com-ing, coming home, I am com - - ing home to -
 com-ing com-ing home, I'm coming home; I am com-ing, I am com-ing, I am

day, Yes, I'm com-ing, com-ing home.
 com - ing home to - day, I am com-ing home.

No. 97.

LOVE AT HOME.

GEO. P. HOTT.

L. J. SMITH.

1. The world seems all a - glow with beau-ty, When there's love at home;
 2. To man-sions fair a charm is giv-en, When there's love at home;
 3. And "sis-ter" has a sweet-er mean-ing, When there's love at home;
 4. How sa-cred is the name of moth-er, When there's love at home;

And hearts beat warm at thought of du-ty, When there's love at home.
 The low-ly cot-tage seems like heav-en, When there's love at home.
 For broth-er lov-ing eyes are beam-ing, When there's love at home.
 How cher-ished is the will of fa-ther, When there's love at home.

D.S.—Friends and kin-dred fond-ly gath-er, When there's love at home.
 CHORUS.

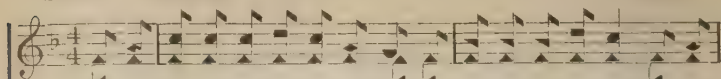
At home, love at home. Love at home so dear, so sweet, (so sweet,) Where

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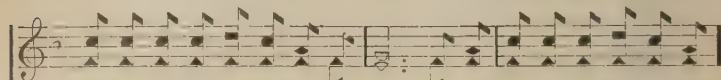
No. 98. THEY ARE SINGING O'ER THE RIVER.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

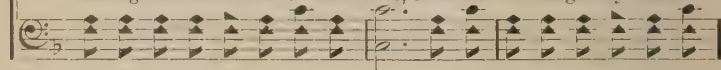
T. L. DAVIS.



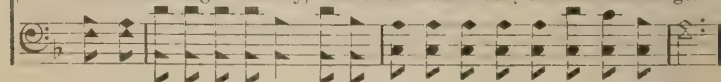
1. They are sing-ing o'er the riv - er, And their songs I love to hear, For they
2. They are sing-ing o'er the riv - er, Some ser - aph - ic song of love, While their
3. Nev - er sweet-er sounds could thrill me In these earthly lowlands here, Than are



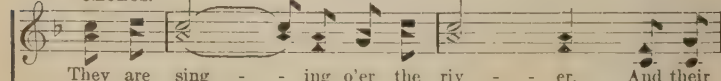
tell me of that country far a - way, And I lis - ten more in - tent - ly
voic - es greet me on my up - ward road. I am list 'ning to their voic - es
com - ing from that far and dis - tant shore, Now their voic - es gent - ly call me



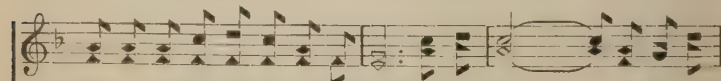
While their music fills the air, And my heart is tun'd to join them some glad day.
As I journey on the way, And their singing lightens oft the wea-ry load.
And I'm looking for the day, When a summons sweetly calls me there to go.



CHORUS.



They are sing - - ing o'er the riv - - er, And their
They are sing-ing o'er the riv - er,



songs are sweeping earth's green fields below, They are call - - ing for me
They are call-ing



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

THEY ARE SINGING, etc. —Concluded.

gen - tly, And my pil-grim feet are turn-ing there to go.
for me gen-tly,

No. 99. LAMBS OF THE KINGDOM.

GEO. P. HOTT.

GEORGE S. WARE.

1. We are the lambs of the king-dom, Ten-der-ly lead to the fold;
2. We are the lambs of the king-dom, Je-sus has bless'd us and said,
3. We are the lambs of the king-dom, True we are ten-der and small;

Shel-ter and keep us from e - vil, Feed as the Mas-ter has told.
Such is the kingdom of heav-en, They must be ten-der-ly fed.
But with a few sum-mers o-ver, We shall be mas-ters of all.

D.S.—We are the lambs of the king-dom, Ten-der-ly shel-ter from harm.

CHORUS.

D. S.

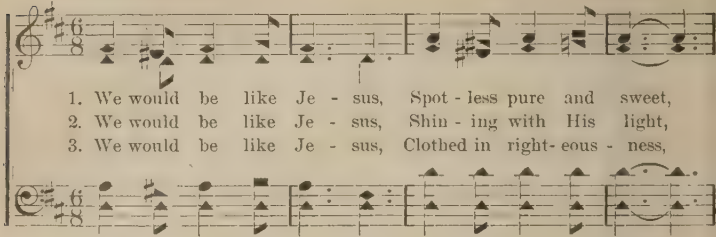
We are His lambs, We are His lambs.

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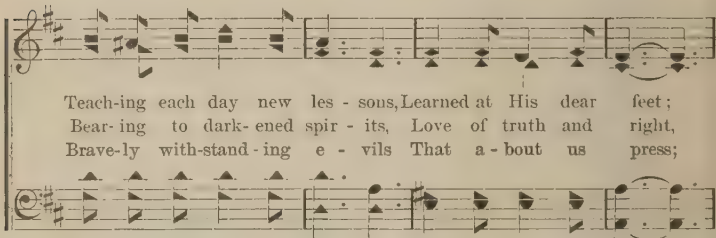
No. 100. CLOTHE US WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS

LAURENE HIGHFIELD

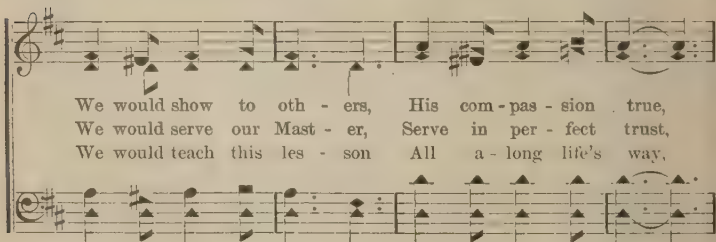
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



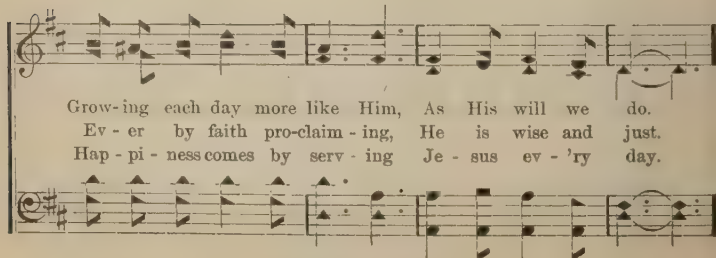
1. We would be like Je - sus, Spot - less pure and sweet,
2. We would be like Je - sus, Shin - ing with His light,
3. We would be like Je - sus, Clothed in right - eous - ness,



Teach - ing each day new les - sons, Learned at His dear feet;
Bear - ing to dark - ened spir - its, Love of truth and right,
Brave - ly with - stand - ing e - vils That a - bout us press;



We would show to oth - ers, His com - pas - sion true,
We would serve our Mast - er, Serve in per - fect trust,
We would teach this les - son All a - long life's way,

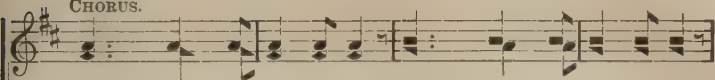


Grow - ing each day more like Him, As His will we do.
Ev - er by faith pro - claim - ing, He is wise and just.
Hap - pi - ness comes by serv - ing Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

CLOTHE US WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS.—Concluded.

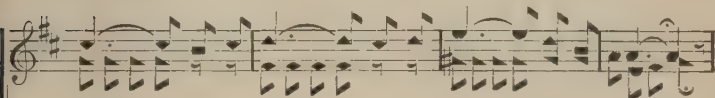
CHORUS.



Clothe us with right-eousness, Help us to serve our King,



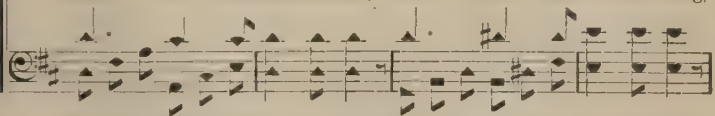
Clothe us dear Father in right-eous-ness, Help us, we pray Thee, to serve our King,



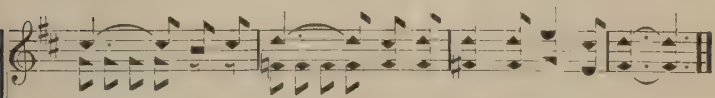
That by our lives, we may show forth His love,
In all our lives, help us each day Help us to show forth His wonderful love



Clothe us with righteousness, Good from each ser-vice bring,



Clothe us, dear Father, with right-eous-ness, Good from each service we ren - der bring,

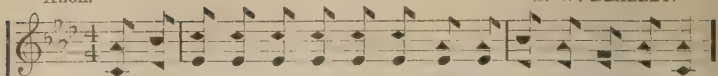


That we may lead oth-er souls to Him a - bove.
Help us in love, help us to lead



Anon.

S. W. BEAZLEY.



1. He is com-ing.—O how pre-cious! Till earth's shadows flee a-way;
2. Yes, we know that He is com-ing, For 'tis prom-ised in His word,
3. An-gels lis-ten to the sto-ry Of our dear Re-deemer's love,



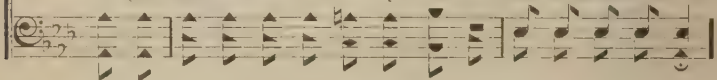
How this hope should soothe and cheer us As we tread our pil-grim way
 How our hearts should then be long-ing For our faith-ful, lov-ing Lord,
 Then He shall have all the glo-ry, All the praise from choirs a-bove;



Thro' the des-ert, thro' the des-ert, To the land of end-less day!
 Ev-er watch-ing, ev-er watch-ing, That His foot-steps may be heard;
 And for-ev-er, and for-ev-er We His lov-ing kindness prove;



How this hope should soothe and cheer us As we tread our pil-grim way.
 Yes, we know that He is com-ing, For 'tis prom-ised in His word
 An-gels lis-ten to the sto-ry Of our dear Re-deem-er's love.



CHORUS.



O the joy..... of that glad morn-ing,
 Joy of that glad morn-ing, O the joy of that glad morn-ing,



BEHOLD HE COMETH.—Concluded.

When we see..... Him face to face,.....
see Him face to face, When we see Him face to face,

In His beau - - ti - ful a - dorn - ing,
beau - ti - ful a - dorn - ing, In His beau - ti - ful a - dorn - ing,

Know the full - ness of His grace.....
full - ness of His grace, yes, know the full - ness of His grace.

No. 102. SWELL THE ANTHEM.

NATHAN STRONG, D. D.

J. H. HALL.

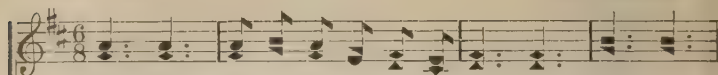
1. Swell the an - them, raise the song; Prais - es to our God be - long;
2. Bless - ings from His lib - 'ral hand, Flow thro' - out this hap - py land;
3. Now the voice of na - ture sings, Prais - es to the King of kings,

Saints and an - gels join to sing, Prais - es to our heav'n - ly King.
Kept by Him, no foes an - noy; Peace and free - dom we en - joy.
Let us join the cho - ral song, And the grate - ful notes pro - long.

No. 103. SWEETLY THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING.

GEO. P. HOTT.

S. G. SIMMONS.



1. List - en, sweet - ly the heav - ens are tell - ing, Hear their
 2. Hear them tell - ing their beau - ti - ful sto - ry, Plain - tive
 3. Why not join in the beau - ti - ful sto - ry, Tell it



voic - es a - bove, List - en, sweet - ly the heavens are tell - ing,
 voice like the dove Tell - ing sweet - ly the won - der - ful sto - ry,
 all the world round, Hearts a - wea - ry are wait - ing to hear it,

CHORUS.



Tell - ing their sto - ry of love. } Sweet - ly they're tell - ing
 Sto - ry of heav - en - ly love. }
 Ech - o the sweet gos - pel sound. } Sweetly, the beautiful heavens are tell -



The beau - ti - ful heavens are tell - ing; Sweet - ly
 ing, Sweet - ly the won - der - ful sto - ry of love, Sweet - ly the beau - ti - ful



tell - - ing, The won - der - ful sto - ry of love.
 heav - ens are tell - ing,

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

H. C. WRISTON.

1. Have faith in God what-e'er be-tide Up-on His grace re-ly;
 2. Have faith in God when all goes ill; Do not His good-ness doubt;
 3. Have faith in God when all goes well; For-get not, then, His love,
 4. Have faith in God when foes as-sail; Up-on His grace de-pend;
 5. Have faith in God each day and hour, And trust Him for your all;

The Lord will jour-ney by your side, And all your needs sup-ply.
 Tho' hard may seem His sovereign will, Yet trust and mur-mur not.
 When mer-cies more than tongue can tell, Come down from heav'n a-bove.
 They can-not o-ver God pre-vail; He will His own de-fend.
 While un-der His con-trol-ing pow'r, No e-vil can be-fall.

CHORUS.

Have faith in God, have faith in God, Tho' He His own may chide;

Have faith in God, have faith in God, What-ev-er may be-tide.

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No. 105.

WAITING OVER THERE.

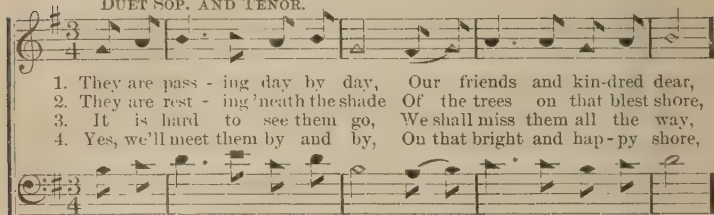
Mrs. A. B. WADE.

(To my mother A. M. P.)

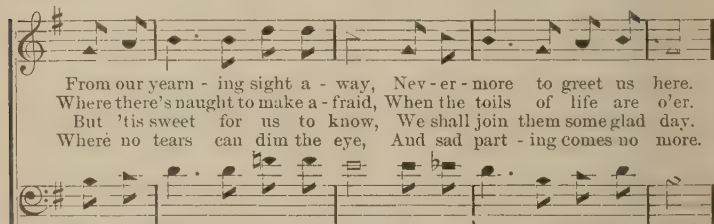
Last verse by A. M. P.

A. M. PACE.

DUET SOP. AND TENOR.

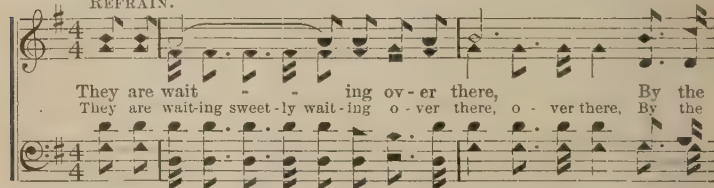


1. They are pass - ing day by day, Our friends and kin-dred dear,
 2. They are rest - ing 'neath the shade Of the trees on that blest shore,
 3. It is hard to see them go, We shall miss them all the way,
 4. Yes, we'll meet them by and by, On that bright and hap-py shore,

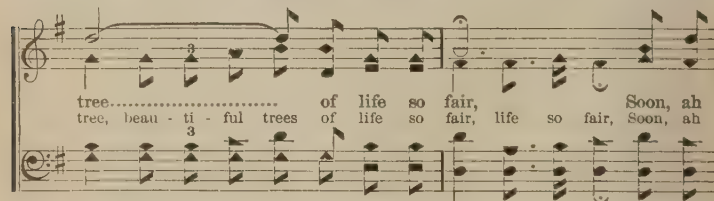


From our yearn - ing sight a - way, Nev - er - more to greet us here.
 Where there's naught to make a - fraid, When the toils of life are o'er.
 But 'tis sweet for us to know, We shall join them some glad day.
 Where no tears can dim the eye, And sad part - ing comes no more.

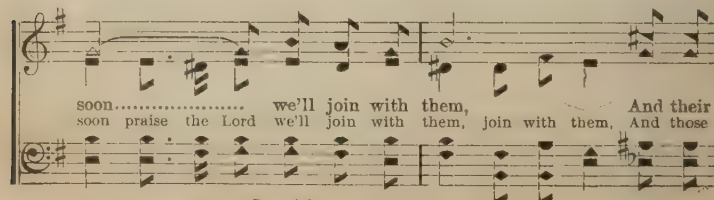
REFRAIN.



They are wait - ing ov - er there, By the
 They are wait - ing sweet - ly wait - ing o - ver there, o - ver there, By the



tree..... of life so fair, Soon, ah
 tree, beau - ti - ful trees of life so fair, life so fair, Soon, ah



soon..... we'll join with them, And their
 soon praise the Lord we'll join with them, join with them, And those

Copyright, 1907, by A. M. Pace.

WAITING OVER THERE. -Concluded.

joys..... e - ter - nal share.
joys, heav - en - ly joys e - ter - nal share, e - ter - nal share.

No. 106. JESUS FILLS THE HUMAN NEED.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

J. B. RUSHING.

1. Ma - ny the needs my life doth feel, And ma - ny the debts I owe;
2. Sor - row and death doth fol - low all, And com - fort is nowhere found;
3. Seek - ing the Lord, in dire dis - tress, The pen - i - tent soul may be;

On - ly the depths of sin re - veal How rug - ged the way I go.
Ev - er the heart's most pit - eous call Re - veal - eth the soul's deep wound.
Hope - less and wea - ry, wait - ing rest, The sin - ner must make His plea.

CHORUS.

But Je - sus fills the hu - man need, A boun - ti - ful sup - ply, in - deed,

To trust in him is life's em - ploy, On Him to lean, the soul's chief joy.

D. B. WATKINS.

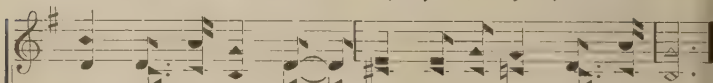
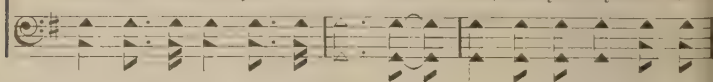
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



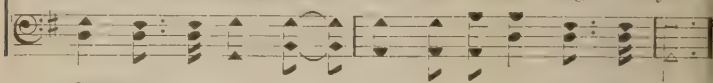
1. There is some-thing on earth for be-liev - ers to do, In the
 2. There are les - sons to learn from His life - giv - ing word, In which
 3. Then why i - dle stand here all the day long? There is



vin - yard of Je - sus their Lord; For the har - vest is great, but the
 wis - dom and truth doth a - bound: But un - less we be - gin with the
 work all a - round you to do; Come now, while you're youthful, and



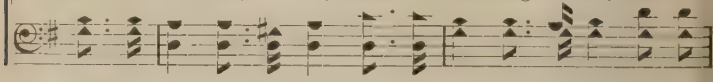
la - b'ers are few, Go work, you shall have your re - ward.
 fear of the Lord, True wis - dom will nev - er be found.
 ac - tive and strong And the Mas - ter is call - ing for you.



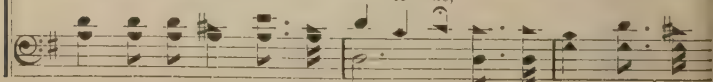
CHORUS.



There is some-thing to do, There is some-thing to do, There is



work for be-liev - ers to do, In the vine - yard of
 to do,



SOMETHING TO DO HERE.—Concluded.

Je - sus the la - b'ers are few, Go work, you shall have your re - ward.

No. 108. ROLL YOUR BURDEN ON THE LORD.

GEO. P. HOTT.

J. B. RUSHING.

1. Why should you carry a weight of sin? Roll your bur - den on the Lord;
 2. Why should you walk in the shades of night, When your burden He will bear?
 3. Why put in per - il your hope of heav'n, Bearing your burdens a - lone?

Why should you feel such distress within? Roll all up - on the Lord.
 Why should you suffer the shame and blight? Why not His hon - or share?
 Why not thro' grace have your sins forgiven? Why not His blood a - tone?

CHORUS.

Roll, roll your bur - den, Roll it on the Lord,.....
 Roll, roll your bur - den, roll it, Roll it on the Lord, yes, roll it,

He will bear it for you, Oh, trust His pre - cious word.....
 Oh, trust, yes, trust His pre - cious word.

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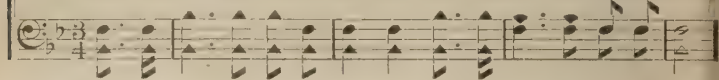
No. 109. TRUSTING IN THE BLESSED SAVIOUR.

MARTHA MILLS NEWTON.

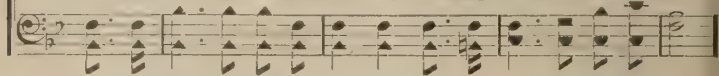
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Trust-ing in the ear-ly morn-ing, Trust-ing at the close of day,
2. Trust in hours of peace and pleasure, Trust in hours of toil and care,
3. Trust-ing in the bless-ed Sav-iour, Trust-ing in His love and pow'r



Trust-ing thro' the gold-en noon-tide, Trust-ing in the Lord al-way.
Trust in hours of pain and sor-row, Trust in Him and ne'er de-spair.
Trust-ing in His ten-der mer-cy, Trust-ing Je-sus ev-'ry hour.



Trust a-mid the gloom and darkness, Trust when skies are bright and fair,
Trust-ing still in pain or sick-ness, Trusting still in joy and health,
Trust-ing in His lov-ing kind-ness, Trusting in His promise sweet,



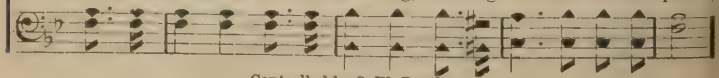
Trust-ing still thro' doubt and dan-ger, Trust in Je-sus ev-'ry-where.
Trust in pov-er-ty and weak-ness, In pros-per-i-ty and wealth.
Trust-ing Him for strength and guidance; Till life's journey is com-plete.



CHORUS.



I am trust-ing, ev-er trust-ing, Trust-ing in His love and pow'r;



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

TRUSTING IN THE BLESSED SAVIOUR.—Concluded.



No. 110. "WHAT IS THAT TO THEE?"

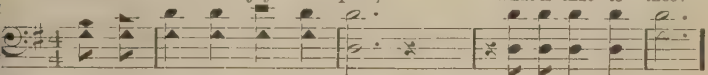
"What is that to thee; follow thou me?"—Jno. 21: 22.

Rev. G. P. HOTT.

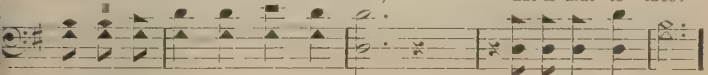
J. B. RUSHING.



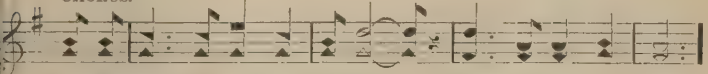
1. What if sor - row be thy lot? "What is that to thee?"
2. Oth - ers tar - ry till He come,
3. If He will thee joy or pain, "What is that to thee?"



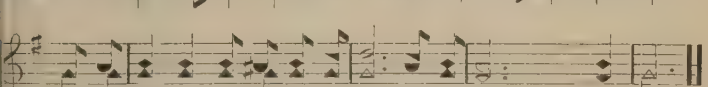
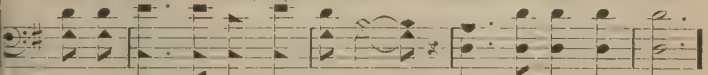
Why if thy strength must be for - got? "What is that to thee?"
 What if their way be far - ther home,
 More dear than all the sweet re - frain, "What is that to thee?"



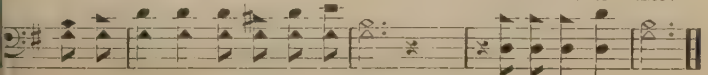
CHORUS.



What is that to thee, my broth - er? "What is that to thee?"

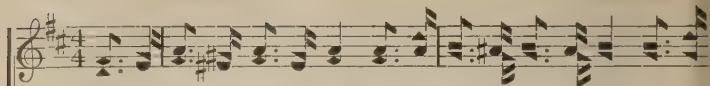


What if life's task should a burden prove: "What is that to thee?"
 "What is that to thee?"

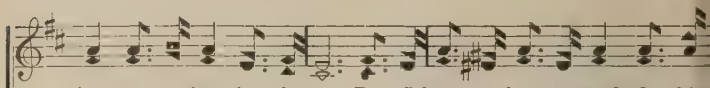


ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

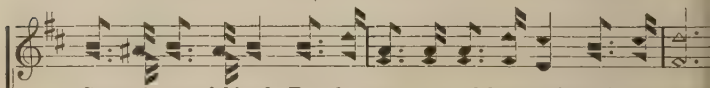
S. W. BEAZLEY.



1. I'm a lone - ly pilg-rim here, Vexed with many doubts and fears, As I
 2. Here the des - ert wilds ex - pand, Round a - bout on ei - ther hand, But I'm
 3. When the wil - der - ness is past, And I reach that home at last, Oh, how

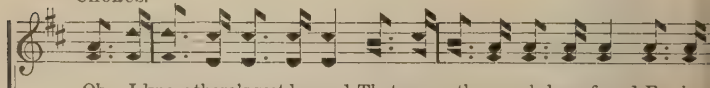


jour - ney a - long by the way; But I hope at last to stand, On fair
 near - ing the Jor - dan you see; And beyond that nar - row stream, Endless
 hap - py my poor soul will be; With the glo - ri - fied to stand, On that

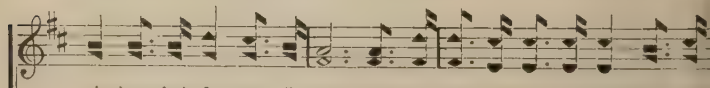


Canaan's peaceful land, Free from sor - row and from doubt and dis - may.
 bow - rs of bless - ing beam, They are blooming there for you and for me.
 glit - t'ring glo - ry land, And my Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour to see.

CHORUS.

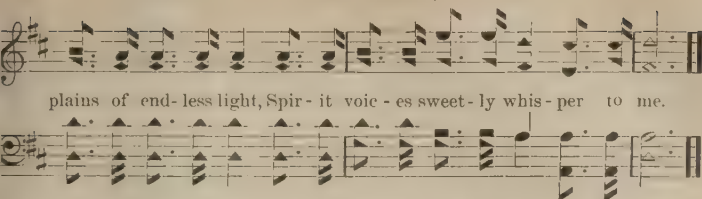


Oh, I know there's rest beyond, That some oth - er souls have found, For in



vis - ions their fa - ces I see; Thro' the still - y hours of night, From the

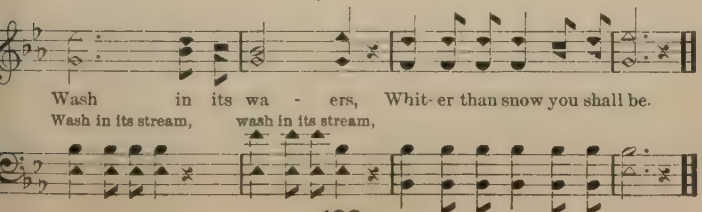
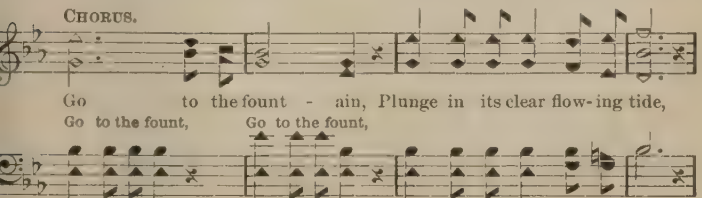
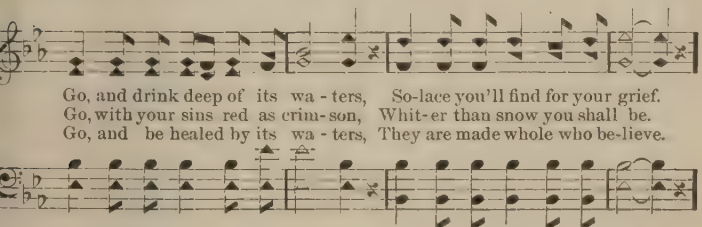
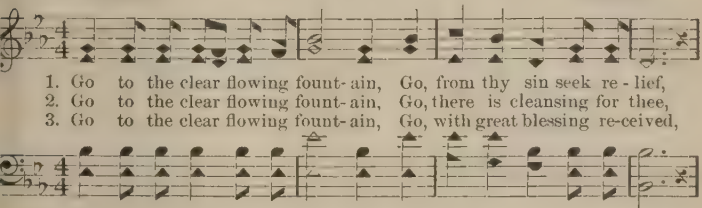
VISION OF REST.—Concluded.



No. 112. GO TO THE FOUNTAIN.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

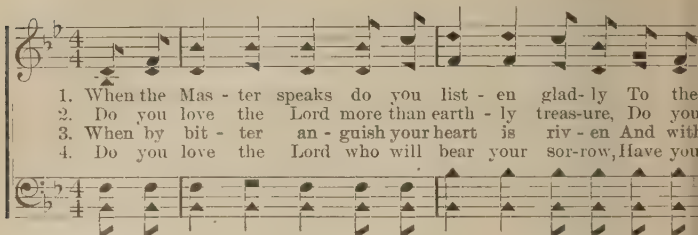
J. H. RUEBUSH.



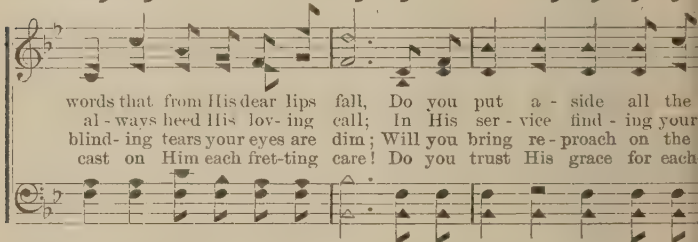
No. 113. Do You Love the Saviour best of all?

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

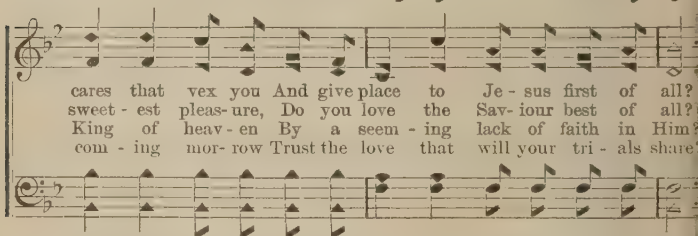
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. When the Mas - ter speaks do you list - en glad - ly To th
 2. Do you love the Lord more than earth - ly treas - ure, Do you
 3. When by bit - ter an - guish your heart is riv - en And with
 4. Do you love the Lord who will bear your sor - row, Have you

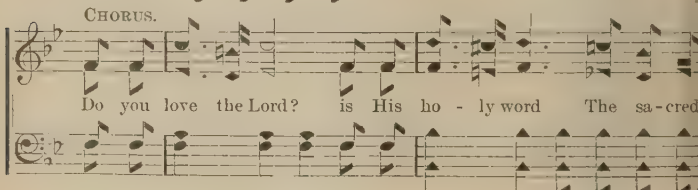


words that from His dear lips fall, Do you put a - side all the
 al - ways heed His lov - ing call; In His ser - vice find - ing your
 blind - ing tears your eyes are dim; Will you bring re - proach on the
 cast on Him each fret - ting care! Do you trust His grace for each

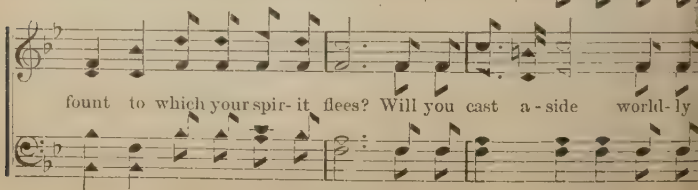


cares that vex you And give place to Je - sus first of all?
 sweet - est pleas - ure, Do you love the Sav - iour best of all?
 King of heav - en By a seem - ing lack of faith in Him?
 com - ing mor - row Trust the love that will your tri - als share?

CHORUS.



Do you love the Lord? is His ho - ly word The sa - cred



fount to which your spir - it flees? Will you cast a - side world - ly

Do You Love the Saviour best of all.—Concluded.

gain and pride, Oh, do you love the Sav - iour more than these?

No. 114. A DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

GEO. P. HOTT.

R. SYLVESTER HUGHES.

With feeling.

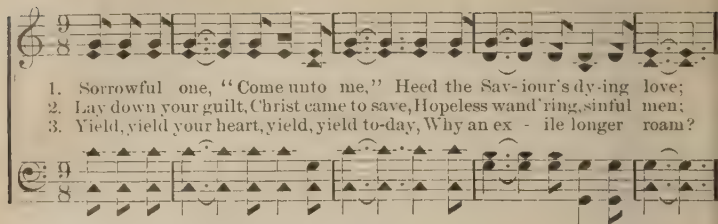
1. I am but a drunkard's child, What is there of hope I see?
 2. What do oth - ers of - fer me, But the cold and cheer - less gaze;
 3. Could you feel what I have felt, Could you know what I have known,

Has the world a cheer - ing smile, It would kind - ly give to me?
 I've a hu - man heart, and plead, For the kind - ness oth - ers have.
 You would pray as I have prayed, To be spared a drunkard's home.

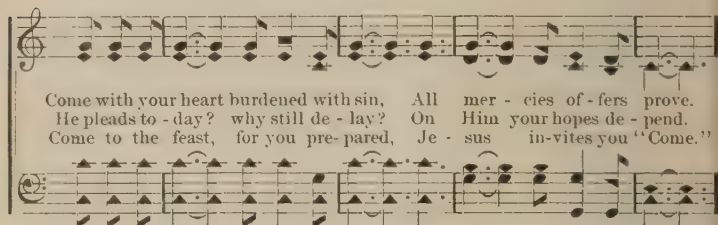
REFRAIN.

Just a lit - tle kind - ness, For my heart is sad,

Not of choice, but fate made me, Just a lone - ly, drunkard's child.

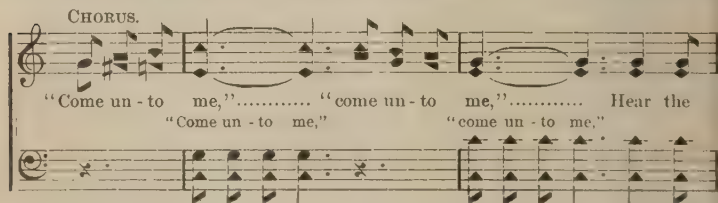


1. Sorrowful one, "Come unto me," Heed the Sav- iour's dy- ing love;
 2. Lay down your guilt, Christ came to save, Hopeless wand' ring, sinful men;
 3. Yield, yield your heart, yield, yield to-day, Why an ex - ile longer roam?

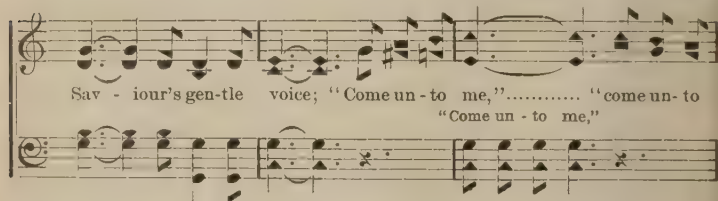


Come with your heart burdened with sin, All mer - cies of - fers prove.
 He pleads to - day? why still de - lay? On Him your hopes de - pend.
 Come to the feast, for you pre - pared, Je - sus in - vites you "Come."

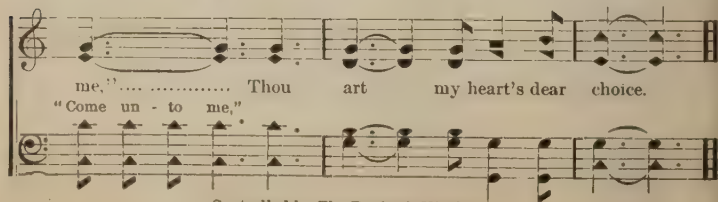
CHORUS.



"Come un - to me," "come un - to me," Hear the
 "Come un - to me," "come un - to me,"



Sav - iour's gen - tle voice; "Come un - to me," "come un - to
 "Come un - to me,"



me," Thou art my heart's dear choice.
 "Come un - to me,"

No. 116. ANCHORED WITHIN THE VEIL.

"An anchor of the soul."—Heb. 6: 19.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

GEO. W. LASSITER.

With expression.

1. My bark is drift-ing up - on the sea, While storms are breaking up -
 2. A - bout are rag - ing the threat'ning waves, Beneath are yawning the
 3. Be yond earth's sorrows and fleet - ing years, Beyond earth's tri - als and

on the lea; But calm with-in my heart shall be, For I'm
 wa - t'ry graves, But ev - er watching is Christ who saves; And I'm
 bit - ter tears, I'll rest in heav - en se - cure from fears, For I'm

CHORUS.

anchored with-in the veil. Anchored with-in the veil,.....
 in the veil,

Anchored with-in the veil;..... My heart is sure, my
 in the veil;

hope se - cure, For I'm anchored with - in the veil.....
 the veil.

GEO. P. HOTT.

H. C. WRISTON.

1. In the sun - light and smiles of a won - der - ful face, Shines
 2. When the sum - mer sun wanes and the au - tumn ev - er comes, And
 3. When the low murm'ring voice in the val - ley I hear, And

bright - ly His love ev - er free, And the voice of the Mas - ter in
 life seems a bur - den to be, When a - wea - ry and sad He my
 shad - ows a - round me are driv'n, I shall lis - ten to hear from the

D. S.—And the voice of the Mas - ter in

FINE.

ac - cents of grace, Gives a wel - come to you and to me.
 heart mak - eth glad, 'Mong the fair He's the fair - est to me.
 arch - es on high, A sweet wel - come to home, rest and heav'n.

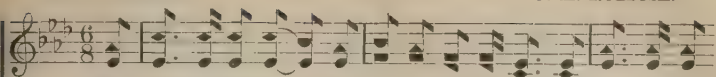
ac - cents of grace, Gives a wel - come to you and to me.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

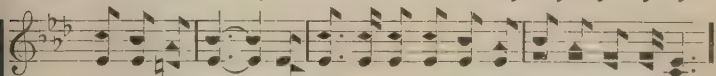
Let them come un - to me, Let the wea - ry ones come unto me,
 Let them come un - to me,

W. H. RUEBUSH.

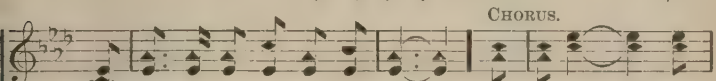
J. H. RUEBUSH.



1. Be sow-ing the seed at the break of the morning, Pre-par-ing the
 2. Be sow-ing the seed till the shades of the ev'n-ing Pro-claim to the
 3. Be sow-ing the seed for sure is the har-vest, And they that went



field with your pray'rs. The prospects seem dreary, the ground rough and stony,
 wea-ry one rest, The dew of God's blessing re-fresh-eth the sowing,
 sow-ing in tears, Shall come with rejoic-ing for joy at the harvest,

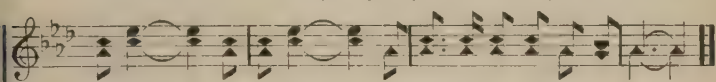


CHORUS.

Some wheat will spring up by the tares. } Be sow-ing,..... be
 And work of the toil-er is blest. }
 From fields that seem'd fruitless for years. } Be sow-ing the seed, be



sow-ing,..... Rich grain to the har-vest will come Be
 sow-ing the seed,



sow-ing,..... be sow-ing,..... And welcome the call harvest home.
 sow-ing the seed, be sowing the seed,



S. W. B.

S. W. BEAZLEY.

1. I have a Guide..... who's good and true,.....
 2. He takes my hand..... with - in His own,.....
 3. A source of light..... He is to me,.....
 I. I have a Guide..... who's good and true,

Who leads me all..... my jour - ney through,.....
 And holds it with..... a love un - known;.....
 A guid - ing star..... where-e'er I be,.....
 Who leads me all..... my jour - ney through,

And bears me up..... when prone to fall;.....
 His touch di - vine..... makes glad the way,.....
 Il - lum - in - ing..... my path - way home,.....

D.S.—And lifts the clouds..... of dread and pall;.....
D.S.—And lifts the clouds..... of dread and

fall;.....
 'Tis lov - ing Je - - - - - sus, Lord of all.....
 As on I press..... from day to day.....
 Where sins of earth..... can nev - er come...

pall; 'Tis bless - ed Je - - - - - sus, Lord of all.....
 'Tis bless - ed Je - - - - - sus,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

I HAVE A GUIDE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I have a guide,..... a ten - der guide,.....

I have a Guide a ten - der Guide,

D. S.

Who keeps me near..... His lov - ing side.....

Who keeps me near His lov - ing side.

No. 120. MY MOTHER'S LOVE.

GEO. P. HOTT.

GEORGE S. WARE.

1. I would tell the sto - ry Of moth - er's love, E're she went to glo - ry,
2. How she toiled and suffered, Long night and day, How she oft wept o'er me,
3. Could my dearest mother Come back to me, I would show how tender

D. S.—Mem'ry has no pict - ure,

FINE. CHORUS.

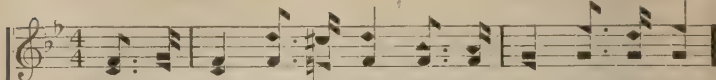
D. S.

Blest home a - bove. }
Ceased not to pray. } Mother's love, my mother's love, Boundless as the sea;
My love could be. }

More dear to me.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

RICHARD T. WARE.



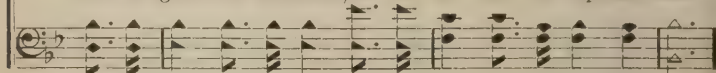
1. There's a war wag - ing strong, 'Tween the right and the wrong,
2. Take His word as your shield, To the foe nev - er yield,
3. Sa - tan's hosts o - ver - ride, With our brave, strong and tried,



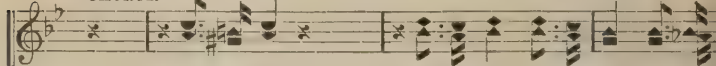
Will you help on the side of right? You are need - ed to-day,
Strike a blow for the cause we love; With a true stead - y aim,
Cour - age great God will lend to endue, Vic - to - ry to His own,



In the heat of the fray, Join and urge on the ho - ly fight.
Bring our ranks might - y fame, Look - ing ev - er to Him a - bove.
He will give from His throne, If we fol - low our Cap - tain true.



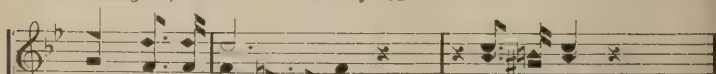
CHORUS.



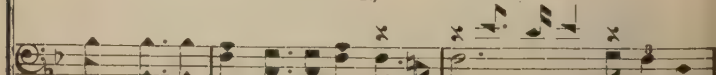
Marching on, marching on, Vic - to - ry for the



March - ing on, stead - i - ly on



right we shall claim, we shall claim, March - ing on,



March - ing on,

stead - i - ly

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

BATTLING FOR THE RIGHT.—Concluded.

musical score for 'Battling for the Right' (Concluded). The score is in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'march-ing on Vic - to - ry we shall win in His name.' The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 122. CHEERFUL SONGS.

GEO. P. HOTT.

H. D. ELLZEY.

musical score for 'Cheerful Songs' (No. 122). The score is in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. Let us all u - nite in sing-ing His praise, Our Saviour, Lord and King; 2. With our hearts and voic - es giv - en to God, Our hands His work will do; 3. Not a star that twinkles in the bright sky, But tells His wondrous love,'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

musical score for 'Cheerful Songs' (Continuation). The score is in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'And in cho - rus sweet let anthems complete Be trib - utes glad we bring. With our lips we'll tell how good Je - sus is, To Him we will be true. And we're glad to know this love will be - stow A peace with Him a - bove.' The piece concludes with a double bar line.

D.S.—Cheerful songs of praise to Je - sus we raise, To Christ our Lord and King.

musical score for 'Cheerful Songs' (Chorus). The score is in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Cheerful songs, cheerful songs, Cheerful songs we children sing. Cheerful songs, cheerful songs,'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

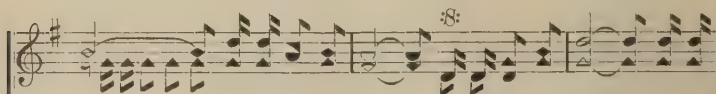
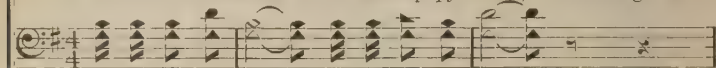
Dedicated to the Music Teachers of South Ga.

J. C. L.

J. C. LENDERMAN.



1. I am on my way to that home a - bove, Come and go with
2. Sweeter songs of praise we will ev - er sing, Come and go with
3. We will meet our friends who have gone be - fore, Come and go with
4. There will be sweet rest in that hap - py land, Come and go with

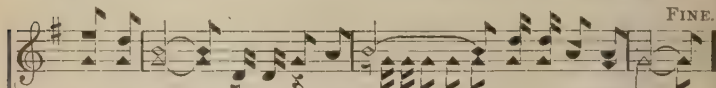


me,.....Come and go with me; To a land of light and a
 me,.....Come and go with me; We will make the heav - en - ly
 me,.....Come and go with me; There we'll be with Je - sus for -
 me,.....Come and go with me; And we'll sing sweet songs with the
 Come and go with me,

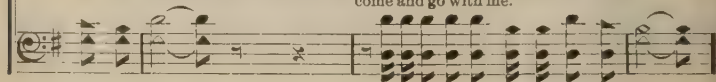


D.S.—We will be with Christ there for-

FINE.



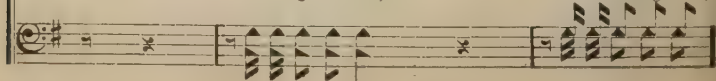
land of love, Come and go with me,.....come and go with me.
 arch-es ring, Come and go with me,.....come and go with me.
 ev - er more, Come and go with me,.....come and go with me.
 an - gel band, Come and go with me,.....come and go with me.
 come and go with me.



ev - er - more, Come and go with me, come and go with me.



Come and go with me,..... to that shining shore,.....
 Come and go with me, to that shining shore,



COME AND GO WITH ME.—Concluded.

D.S.

Come and go with me, ... come and go with me.
Come and go with me,

No. 124.

BEAR A BLESSING.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Make ev-'ry tho't bear a bless-ing, As fragrance distilled by the rose,
2. Make ev-'ry word bear a bless-ing, And filled with the nectar of love,
3. Make ev-'ry deed bear a bless-ing, That maketh some darkened life shine,

Soothing the wayworn and wea-ry, And bringing them rest and re-pose.
Wafting the zeph-yrs of E-den, Out from the mansions a-bove.
Leading the dwellers in shad-ow, In-to a radiance di-vine.

CHORUS.

Thoughts that breathe bless-ing, Lips..... that speak cheer,
Tho'ts, purest tho'ts that breathe bless-ing Lips, ten-der lips that speak cheer,

Deeds, ... lov-ing, pre-cious, Heart-y, sin-cere.
Deeds, gracious, loving and pre-cious Hearty, whole hearted, sin-cere.

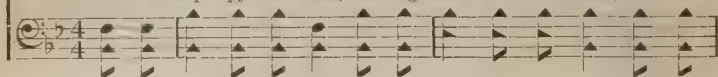
No. 125. I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

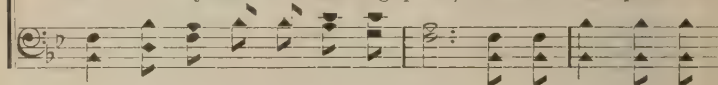
J. D. PITTS.



1. I have found here be-low a di-vine Friend I know, Who doth
2. He sup-plies all my needs and I go where He leads, With my
3. I am hap-py and blest, lean-ing there on His breast, Ne'er mo-



guard me and keep me from all harm; He is near when I
hand in His own I doubt no more; On His word I de-
lest-ed by sin's as-sail-ing pow'r; There He whis-pers to



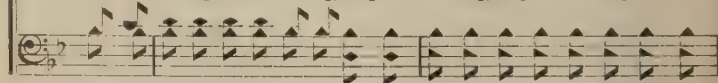
call, bears me up when I fall, And I lean hard up-on His arm.
pend and I know He'll de-fend, Thus in His keep-ing on I go.
me, and His smile I can see, While His love fills me ev-'ry hour.



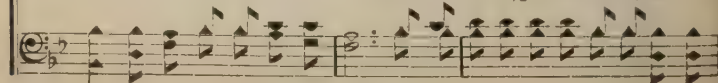
CHORUS.



Ev-er hid-ing, naught be-ti-ding, I am
Ev-er hid-ing, ev-er hid-ing, naught be-ti-ding, naught be-ti-ding,



sheltered beneath His wing se-cure; Guides me ev-er, leaves me
Guides me ev-er, guides me ev-er, leaves me



Controlled S. W. Beazley.

I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND.—Concluded.

nev - - - er, And my trust in His love is sure.
nev - er, leaves me nev - er, is sure.

No. 126. BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL STORY.

Rev. T. C. HARPER.

G. W. SMITH, Jr.

1. O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful sto - ry, I'm longing to hear it to - day,
2. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus! His com-ing to save sin - ful men,
3. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus. The sto - ry that nev - er grows old,

FINE.

The sto - ry of Je - sus, the Sav - iour, Who lift-eth the burdens a - way.
O sto - ry I'm longing to hear it! Re - peat it a gain and a - gain.
Tho' o - ver and o - ver I hear it, More precious each time it is told.

D. S.—The beau-ti - ful sto-ry of Je - sus, Who lift-eth the burdens a - way.

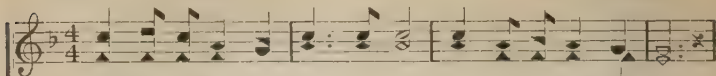
CHORUS.

D. S.

O tell..... of His love I pray! Tell the sto - ry to - day!
O tell of His wonder - ful love I pray!

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

MC. D. BAKEL.



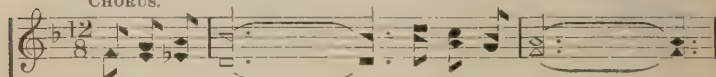
1. Out in the world a - way from God, Wand'ring in paths of sin,
2. Out on the mountains wild and bare, Stray-ing a - way from home;
3. Darkness is deep'ning o'er their way, Night's stormy clouds hang low;



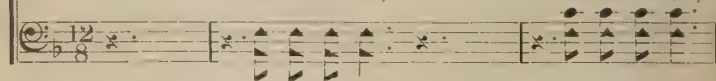
Ma - ny are des - o - late and lone; Gath - er the lost ones in.
 Hun - gry and cold they've lost their way, Dy - ing and yet they roam.
 Death knells are peal - ing sol - emn - ly—Show them the way to go.



CHORUS.



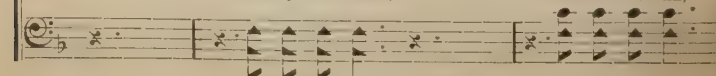
Back to the fold,..... lead them in love,.....
 Back to the fold, lead them in love,



Point to the crown..... wait-ing a - bove;.....
 Point to the crown wait-ing a - bove;



Lone-ly their hearts,..... cov-ered with sin,.....
 Lone - ly their hearts, cov-ered with sin,



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

SHOW THEM THE WAY. —Concluded.

Show them the way, ... gath-er them in.
 Show them the way, ... gath-er them in.

No. 128. HAVE YOU FOUND THE ONE?

Rev. T. C. HARPER.

G. W. SMITH, Jr.

1. Have you found the Friend that's closer than brother, One who your heart doth know?
 2. Have you found the joy beyond all com-par-ing, Worth more than jewels rare?
 3. Have you found the one to brighten the moments, When hang the shadows drear?

FINE.

Who feels ev-'ry grief and knows ev'ry heartache, With you where'er you go?
 Have you found the one who'll lighten your burden, Take from your heart its care?
 Who'll seat-ter the words of comfort in sor-row, Wipe ev-'ry fall-ing tear?

L. S.—The help of the helpless, friend of the friendless, Je-sus the might-y one.

CHORUS.

There's a friend lov-ing and true,
 There's a friend lov-ing and true,

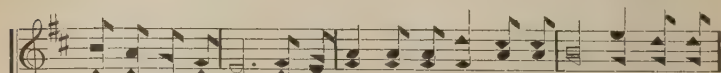
Ten-der in love, ... look-ing for you.
 Ten-der in love, ...

W. L. S.

WALTER L. SANDS.



1. Are you do - ing your best for the Mas - ter? Are you working in His
 2. When He comes to re - ward all His work - ers, All the gladness of the
 3. Let us an - swer the call of the Mas - ter Let us la - bor till the



vineyard faith - ful - ly? Are you point - ing the lost to the Sav - iour? Are you
 blessed you shall know, If you've been in His vineyard a work - er, If with
 set - ting of the sun, Then when life's weary tri - als are end - ed, We'll re -



CHORUS.

serv - ing Him with lov - ing loy - al - ty. } Are you work - ing
 glad - ness you have served Him here be - low. }
 ceive a great re - ward for what we've done. } Are you work - ing

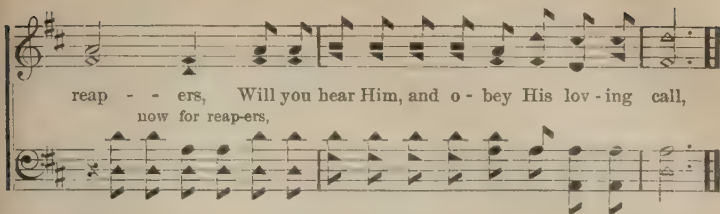


in His vine - yard? Will He find you when the shades of ev - 'ning
 In His vine - yard?



fall, He is call - ing now for
 He is call - ing now for reap - ers,

ARE YOU WORKING?—Concluded.



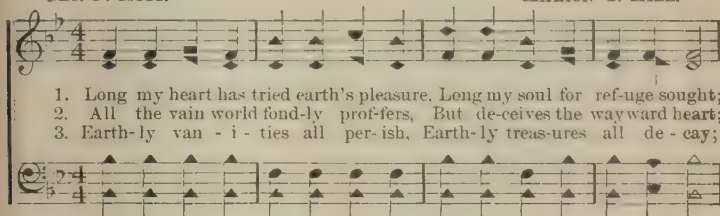
reap - - ers, Will you hear Him, and o - bey His lov - ing call,
now for reap-ers,

No. 130.

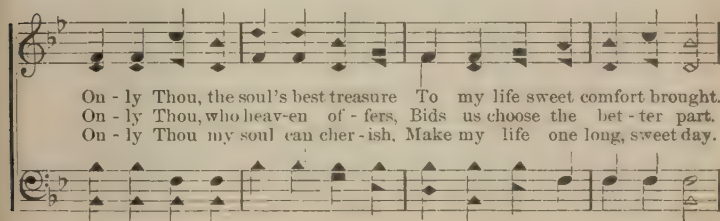
ONLY THEE.

GEO. P. HOTT.

MARION T. HILL.

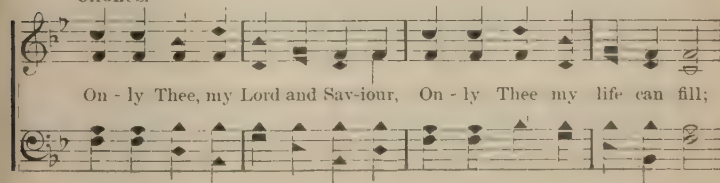


1. Long my heart has tried earth's pleasure. Long my soul for ref-uge sought;
2. All the vain world fond-ly prof-fers, But de-ceives the wayward heart;
3. Earth-ly van - i - ties all per-ish, Earth-ly treas-ures all de-cay;

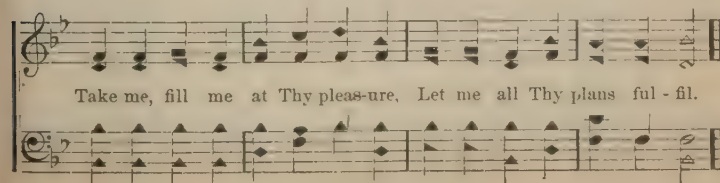


On - ly Thou, the soul's best treasure To my life sweet comfort brought.
On - ly Thou, who heav-en of - fers, Bids us choose the bet - ter part.
On - ly Thou my soul can cher-ish, Make my life one long, sweet day.

CHORUS.



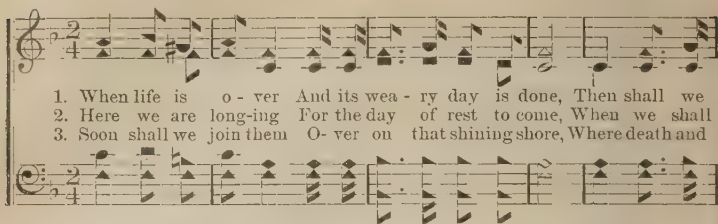
On - ly Thee, my Lord and Sav-iour, On - ly Thee my life can fill;



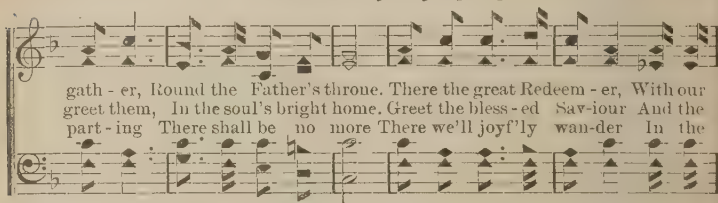
Take me, fill me at Thy pleas-ure, Let me all Thy plans ful - fil.

Mrs. E. GREER FLOYD.

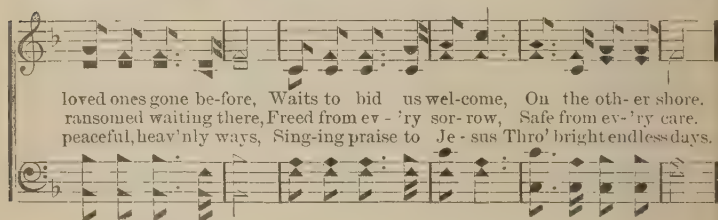
N. M. CORDELL.



1. When life is o - ver And its wea - ry day is done, Then shall we
 2. Here we are long-ing For the day of rest to come, When we shall
 3. Soon shall we join them O - ver on that shining shore, Where death and

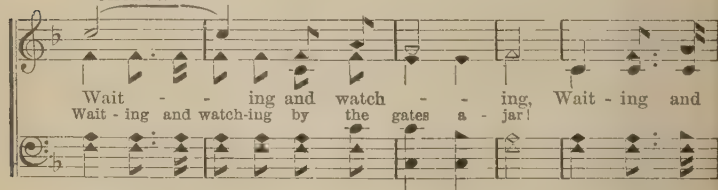


gath - er, Round the Father's throne. There the great Redeem - er, With our
 greet them, In the soul's bright home. Greet the bless - ed Sav-iour And the
 part - ing There shall be no more There we'll joyf'ly wan-der In the

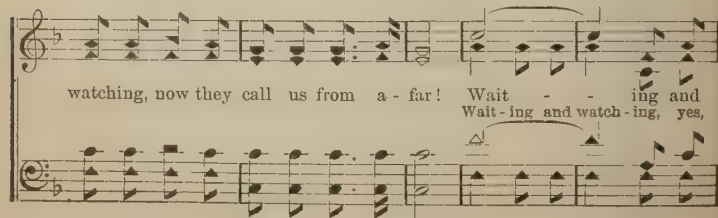


loved ones gone be-fore, Waits to bid us wel-come, On the oth-er shore.
 ransomed waiting there, Freed from ev - 'ry sor-row, Safe from ev-'ry care.
 peaceful, heav'nly ways, Sing-ing praise to Je - sus Thro' bright endless days.

CHORUS.



Wait - - ing and watch - - ing, Wait - ing and
 Wait - ing and watch-ing by the gates a - jar!



watching, now they call us from a - far! Wait - - ing and
 Wait-ing and watch-ing, yes,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

BY THE GATES.—Concluded.

watch - ing, Wait - ing and watching by the gates a - jar.
wait - ing and watching,

No. 132.

I AM COMING.

Rev. T. C. HARPER.

T. F. SCOTT.

1. Bless-ed Sav-iour, I am com - ing, Wea-ry as a child can be,
2. Far a-way from home I've wand' red, Over mountains wild and bare,
3. For I know with Thee there's par-don, For my soul there's peace and rest,

Tired of sin and all its fol - ly, I am com-ing now to Thee.
But I hear my Saviour call-ing, I will hast-en to His care.
Put Thine arms of love a - round me, Safe-ly fold me to Thy breast.

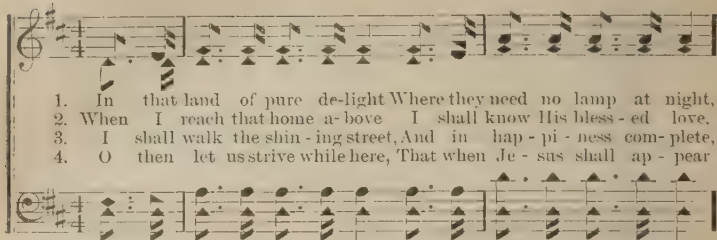
CHORUS.

I am com - ing, now I'm com - ing, Lord at Thy feet humb-ly bow;

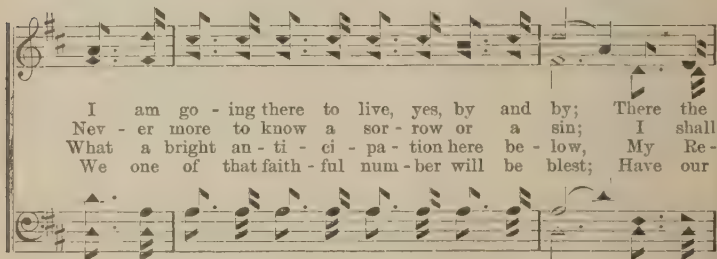
Save me, Make me Thy child just now.
Hear me, Je - sus, own and save me, just now.

MILT. ADDISON.

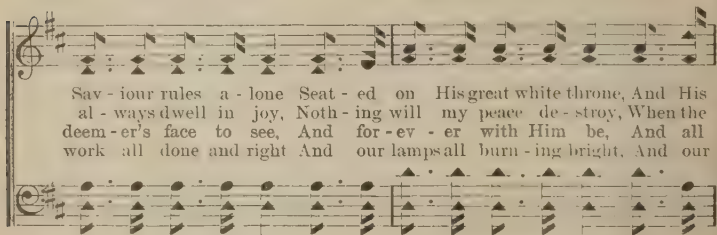
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. In that land of pure de-light Where they need no lamp at night,
 2. When I reach that home a-bove I shall know His bless-ed love,
 3. I shall walk the shin-ing street, And in hap-pi-ness com-plete,
 4. O then let us strive while here, That when Je-sus shall ap-pear

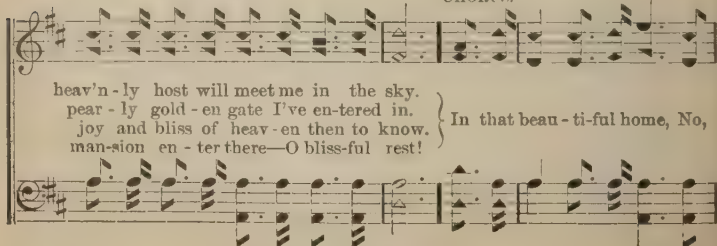


I am go-ing there to live, yes, by and by; There the
 Nev-er more to know a sor-row or a sin; I shall
 What a bright an-ti-ci-pa-tion here be-low, My Re-
 We one of that faith-ful num-ber will be blest; Have our



Sav-iour rules a-lone Seat-ed on His great white throne, And His
 al-ways dwell in joy, Noth-ing will my peace de-stroy, When the
 deem-er's face to see, And for-ev-er with Him be, And all
 work all done and right And our lamps all burn-ing bright, And our

CHORUS.



heav'n-ly host will meet me in the sky.
 pear-ly gold-en gate I've en-tered in.
 joy and bliss of heav-en then to know. } In that beau-ti-ful home, No,
 man-sion en-ter there—O bliss-ful rest!

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

A HOME ABOVE. —Concluded.

nev-er to roam, No sor-row can come to us there, With Je-sus to live,
Who sal-va-tion did give, 'Tis a glo-ri-ous home o-ver there.

No. 134.

BROKEN HEARTED.

GEO. P. HOTT.

JOHN M. CANTERBURY.

1. Gen-tly whis-per ev'ning zeph-yrs O'er the tomb of one so fair;
2. Broken heart-ed, lone and wea-ry, Nothing left but love and prayer;
3. Precious jew-el of the king-dom, Gathered by the reap-er's hand;

Dry the tears of loved ones, fall-ing, Hush the sto-ry of de-spair.
Em-py hand-ed, home so drear-y, Deathlike still-ness ev-'ry-where.
Oh the days of sep-ar-a-tion, Then the joy of Ca-naan land.

D. S.—Dry the tears of loved ones, fall-ing, Hush the sto-ry of de-spair.

CHORUS.

D. S.

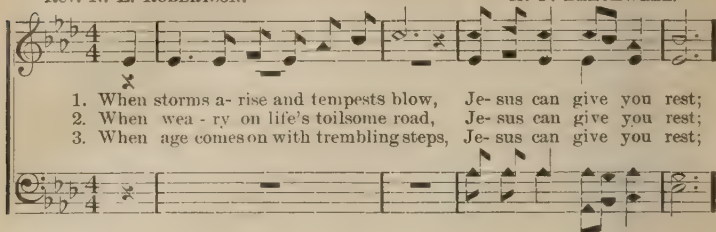
Gen-tle ev-'ning, lend thy com-fort, List-en to the mourner's prayer;

No. 135. JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

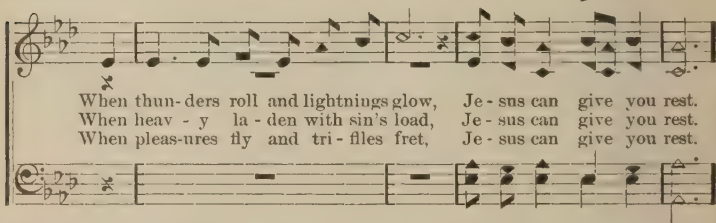
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

Rev. N. L. ROBERTSON.

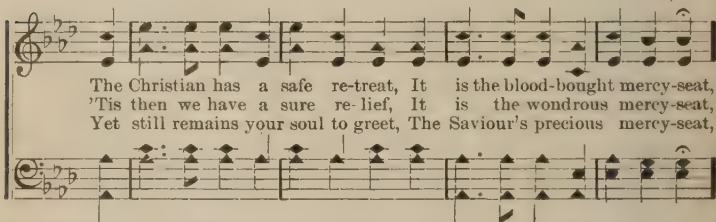
H. P. BLACKWELL.



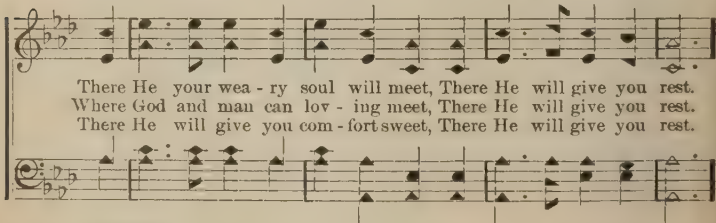
1. When storms a- rise and tempests blow, Je- sus can give you rest;
 2. When wea- ry on life's toilsome road, Je- sus can give you rest;
 3. When age comes on with trembling steps, Je- sus can give you rest;



When thun- ders roll and lightnings glow, Je- sus can give you rest.
 When heav- y la- den with sin's load, Je- sus can give you rest.
 When pleas- ures fly and tri- fles fret, Je- sus can give you rest.

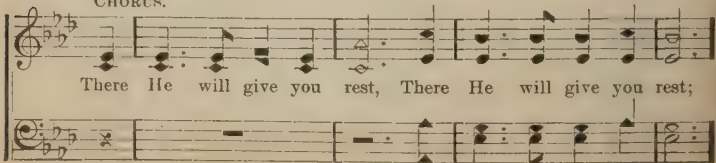


The Christian has a safe re- treat, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat,
 'Tis then we have a sure re- lief, It is the wondrous mercy-seat,
 Yet still remains your soul to greet, The Saviour's precious mercy-seat,



There He your wea- ry soul will meet, There He will give you rest.
 Where God and man can lov- ing meet, There He will give you rest.
 There He will give you com- fort sweet, There He will give you rest.

CHORUS.



There He will give you rest, There He will give you rest;

JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.—Concluded.

There He your wea-ry soul will meet, Oh, there He will give you rest.

No. 136. THE MOURNER'S PRAYER.

GEO. P. HOTT.

R. SYLVESTER HUGHES.

1. Hear, oh, hear Thou, the mourn-er, God of grace, hear my cry;
 2. Hear the voice of my sor-row, Plead-ing tear-ful-ly now;
 3. O Thou help of the wea-ry, Rest my bur-den on Thee;

Cloth'd in sack-cloth and ash-es, Pass, oh, pass me not by.
 Fear-ing much lest the mor-row, Deep-en on-ly my woe.
 Help, oh, help, or I per-ish, Calm the ter-bu-lent sea.

CHORUS.

Hear..... Thou my cry,..... gen-tle Lord,..... hear my cry;.....
 Hear my cry, hear my cry, gen-tle Lord, hear my cry;

O..... God of love,..... hear the mourner's last peni-tent cry,.....
 God of love, God of love, sad cry.

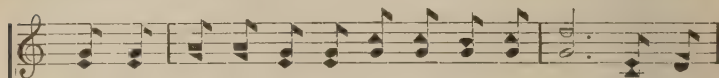
No. 137. HAPPY CHILDREN'S VOICES.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

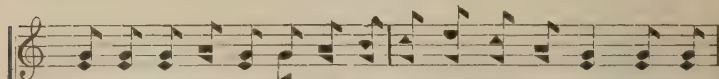
P. J. WRISTON.



1. 'Tis the hap - py children's voic - es make the sweet - est mel - o - dy,
 2. 'Tis the hap - py children's voic - es wake the sweet - est notes of praise,
 3. 'Tis the hap - py children's voic - es fill the world with sweet - est song,



For their hearts are full of cheer - ful - ness and love; All the
 For the Sav - iour loves and bless - es ev - 'ry day; Hear the
 Warb - ling like the birds their Mak - er's tru - est praise; Ev - er



air seems full of mu - sic and all na - ture blithe and free, And their
 rich ho - san - nas ring - ing as their cheer - ful voic - es raise, How they
 deep'ning and in - creas - ing as the a - ges roll a - long, — Join the

CHORUS.



car - ols come like blessings from a - bove,
 cheer and bless us on our up - ward way. } Hap - py children's voic - es
 cho - rus and all hearts to heav - en raise.



chant - ing mel - o - dies of praise, Hap - py children's voices, sweetest anthems

By permission.

HAPPY CHILDREN'S VOICES.—Concluded.

ev - er raise, Cheer - ful hearts and voic - es sing - ing heav - en's
sweet - est lays, Join the car - ols of joy to Christ our King, our King.

No. 138. GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

GEO. P. HOTT.

J. L. MATHEWS.

1. God our con-stant tho't shall be, Fill - ing mind and heart each hour;
2. Home, the sweetest ac - cent heard, Next to moth - er, dear to me;
3. Na - tive land, I love thee, fair, Fa - ther's home and sis - ter's love;

FINE.
All our hope and com - fort He, Constant source of life and pow'r.
Home, the type of heav'n on earth, Home and heav'n a - like should be.
Ev - er thou shalt have my pray'r, Ev - er point my heart a - bove.

D.S.—Peace and plen - ty here a - bound, Earth and heav'n, His will ful - fill.

CHORUS.

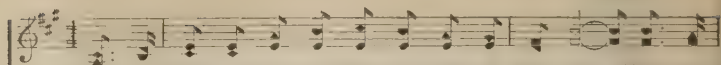
D.S.

God and home and na - tive land, All my soul with rap - tures thrill;

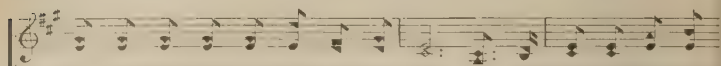
No. 139. I NEED THEE ALL THE TIME.

G. W. L.

GEO. W. LASSITER.



1. Oh, I need Thee all the time, my bless-ed Sav-iour, Thou shalt
 2. Oh, I need Thee all the time, my bless-ed Sav-iour, When the
 3. Oh, I need Thee all the time, my bless-ed Sav-iour, Be Thou



be my Guard and Guide the whole day long. I am naught without Thy
 temp-ter seeks, my path-way to be-guile. Give me strength dear Lord to
 near me when there's woe a-long my way. Give me grace to scat-ter



kind and lov-ing fa-vor, Thou canst help me when I'm tempted to do wrong.
 shel-ter in Thy fa-vor, And to turn a-way from e-vil all the while.
 sun-shine now and ev-er, Help me Lord and give me pow'r from day to day.

CHORUS.



Oh, I need Thee all the time, my bless-ed Sav-iour.



Be Thou with me Lord in all I do or say. do or say.



Guide my foot-steps and for-bid that I should ev-er

I NEED THEE ALL THE TIME.—Concluded.

From the path of peace and du - ty turn a - way. turn a - way.

No. 140.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

"Which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."—Rev. 2: 7.

E. A. BARNES.

J. H. HALL.

1. That home where an - gels dwell, And which they love so well;
2. Its joys are all su - preme, Its life a crys - tal stream;
3. Its skies are all se - rene, Its fields are ev - er green;
4. That home so pure and free, Still waits for you and me;

But words are not de - signed to tell How beau - ti - ful it is.
 But we be - low can nev - er dream How beau - ti - ful it is.
 But mor - tal gaze has nev - er seen How beau - ti - ful it is.
 And oh, may all with Je - sus see How beau - ti - ful it is.

CHORUS.

Home, beau - ti - ful home,..... In realms of light and love;.....
 beau - ti - ful home, light and love;

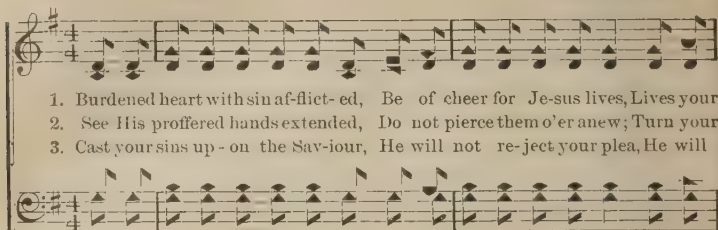
Repeat pp.

Home, beau - ti - ful home, The Christian's home a - bove.

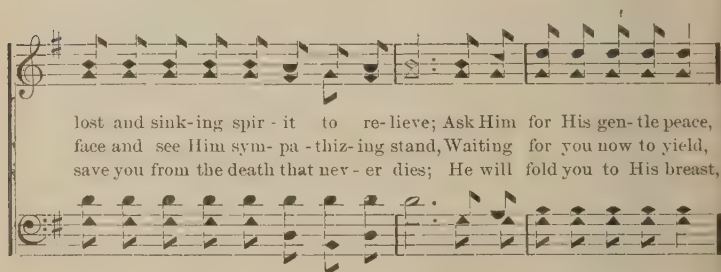
Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

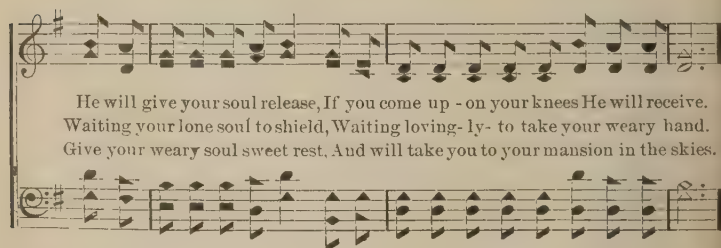
C. C. CUNNINGHAM.



1. Burdened heart with sin af-flict-ed, Be of cheer for Je-sus lives, Lives your
 2. See His proffered hands extended, Do not pierce them o'er anew; Turn your
 3. Cast your sins up-on the Sav-iour, He will not re-ject your plea, He will

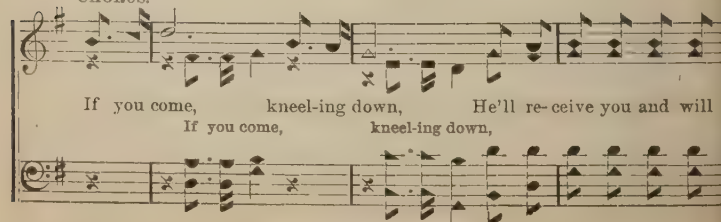


lost and sink-ing spir-it to re-lieve; Ask Him for His gen-tle peace,
 face and see Him sym-pa-thiz-ing stand, Waiting for you now to yield,
 save you from the death that nev-er dies; He will fold you to His breast,



He will give your soul release, If you come up-on your knees He will receive.
 Waiting your lone soul to shield, Waiting loving-ly- to take your weary hand.
 Give your weary soul sweet rest, And will take you to your mansion in the skies.

CHORUS.



If you come, kneel-ing down, He'll re-ceive you and will
 If you come, kneel-ing down,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

COME KNEELING DOWN. -Concluded.

give a fade-less crown, If you come, kneel-ing
fade-less crown, If you come,
down, He will hear you if you come kneel-ing down.
kneel-ing down,

No. 142. WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

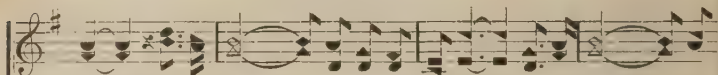
1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

G. W. L.

G. W. LASSITER.



1. God is love.....and love is pow-er, That can save..... a sin-ful
 2. Love is first.....among God's jewels, To be per - fect is to
 3. On - ly love.....can ev - er save us—Bring sal - va - tion to the



soul; God in love..... exceeds all oth-er, Safe-ly shel - ter
 love; Je - sus suf - fered death to save us, And now reigns..... in
 soul; Precious love,..... the love of Je - sus, Makes the wretch - ed

CHORUS.



in His fold. } God is love and love is heav - en,
 heav'n a - bove. }
 sin-ner whole. } God is love,..... and love is heav - en,

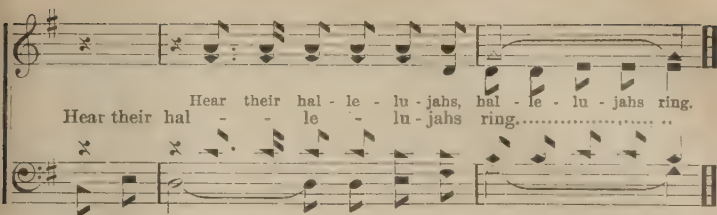


Where the an - gels sweet - ly sing, yes, sweet - ly sing,
 Where the an - gels sweet - ly sing,.....



Peace, good - will to men is giv - en,.....
 Peace, good - will..... to men is giv - en,.....

GOD IS LOVE.—Concluded.

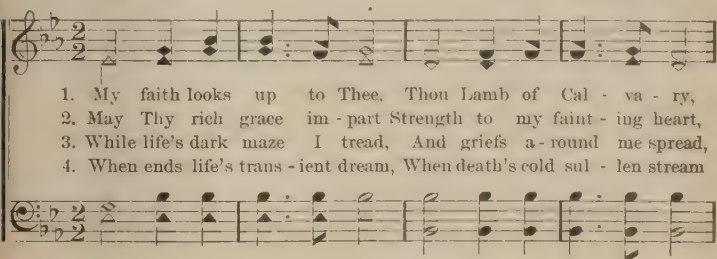


Hear their hal - le - lu - jahs, hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
 le - lu - jahs ring.....

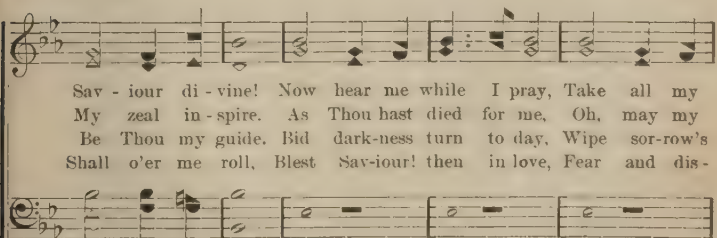
No. 144. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

RAY PALMER, 1830.

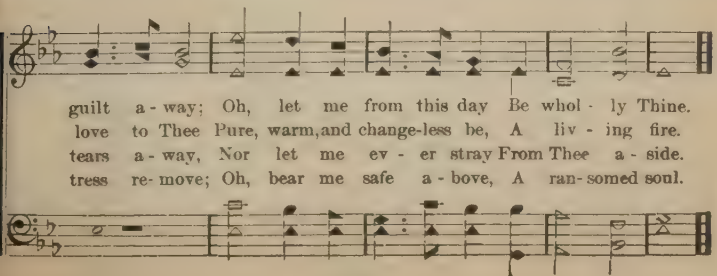
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's trans - ient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream



Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire. As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my guide. Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour! then in love, Fear and dis -



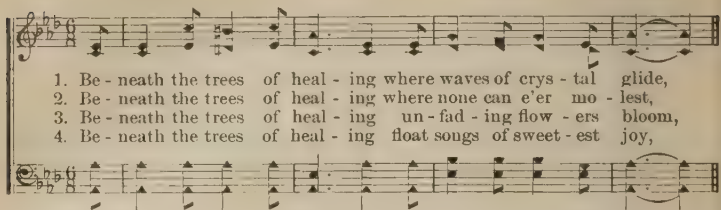
guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 tress re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul.

No. 145. BENEATH THE TREES OF HEALING.

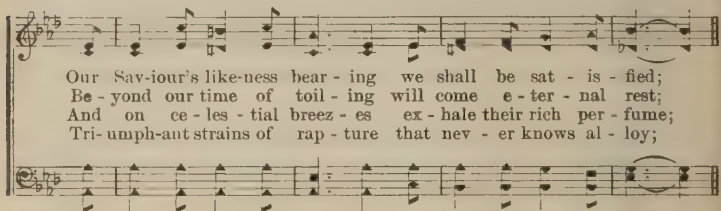
Rev. 22 : 2.

JENNIE WILSON.

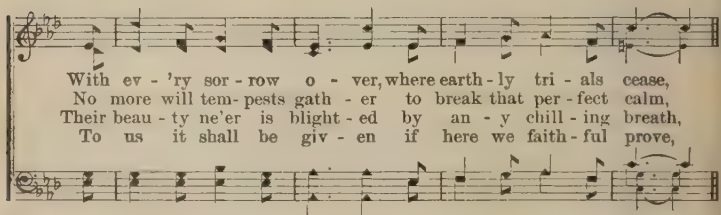
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



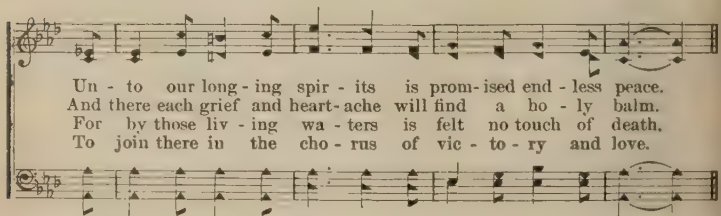
1. Be - neath the trees of heal - ing where waves of crys - tal glide,
 2. Be - neath the trees of heal - ing where none can e'er mo - lest,
 3. Be - neath the trees of heal - ing un - fad - ing flow - ers bloom,
 4. Be - neath the trees of heal - ing float songs of sweet - est joy,



Our Sav - iour's like - ness bear - ing we shall be sat - is - fied;
 Be - yond our time of toil - ing will come e - ter - nal rest;
 And on ce - les - tial breez - es ex - hale their rich per - fume;
 Tri - umph - ant strains of rap - ture that nev - er knows al - loy;

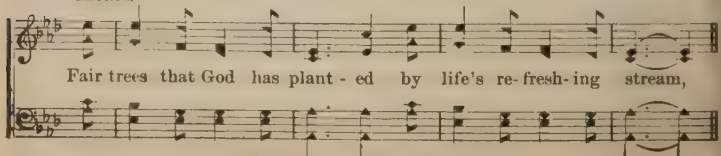


With ev - 'ry sor - row o - ver, where earth - ly tri - als cease,
 No more will tem - pests gath - er to break that per - fect calm,
 Their beau - ty ne'er is blight - ed by an - y chill - ing breath,
 To us it shall be giv - en if here we faith - ful prove,



Un - to our long - ing spir - its is prom - ised end - less peace.
 And there each grief and heart - ache will find a ho - ly balm.
 For by those liv - ing wa - ters is felt no touch of death.
 To join there in the cho - rus of vic - to - ry and love.

CHORUS.



Fair trees that God has plant - ed by life's re - fresh - ing stream,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

BENEATH THE TREES OF HEALING.—Concluded.

How wel-come to the wea - ry Thy shade di-vine will seem!

O trees that heal the na - tion of all their woe and pain,

At last thro' faith in Je - sus thy bless-ing we shall gain.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

No. 146.

MANOAH. C. M.

S. STENNETT

From ROSSINI, by GREATORREX.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-iour's brow;
 2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, A - mong the sons of men;
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief;
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
 5. To heav'n, the place of His a - bode, He brings my wea - ry feet,
 6. Since from Thy bounty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di - vine,

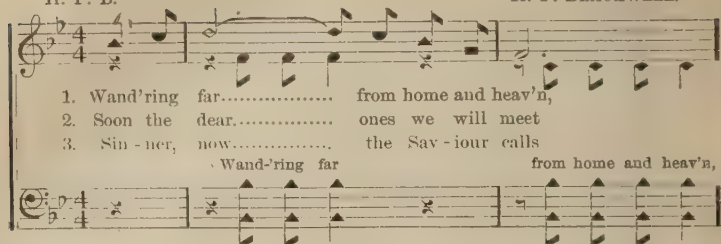
His head with ra-diant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
 Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train.
 For me He bore the sin - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief.
 He makes me tri-umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.
 Shows me the glo - ries of my God, And makes my joys com - plete.
 Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

"He calleth together his friends."—Luke 15: 6.

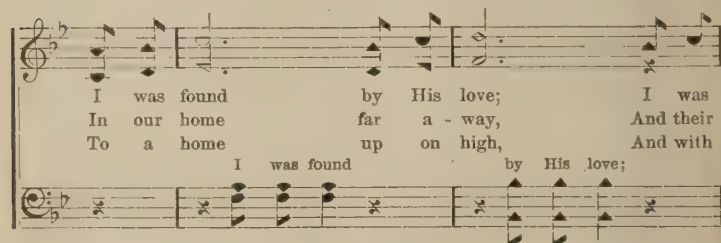
H. P. B.

H. P. BLACKWELL.



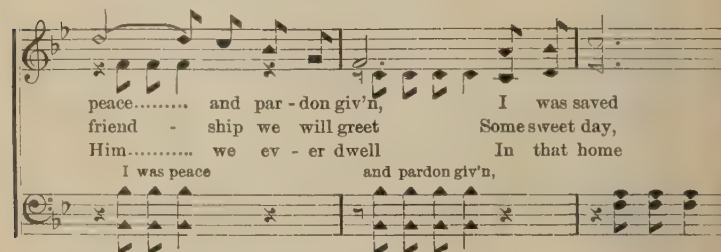
1. Wand'ring far..... from home and heav'n,
 2. Soon the dear..... ones we will meet
 3. Sin - ner, now..... the Sav - iour calls

Wand'ring far from home and heav'n,



I was found by His love; I was
 In our home far a - way, And their
 To a home up on high, And with

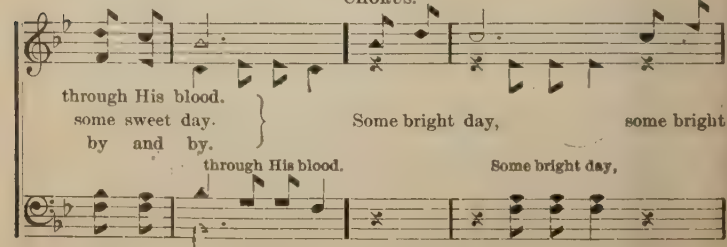
I was found by His love;



peace..... and par - don giv'n, I was saved
 friend - ship we will greet Some sweet day,
 Him..... we ev - er dwell In that home

I was peace and pardon giv'n,

CHORUS.



through His blood.
 some sweet day.
 by and by.

Some bright day, some bright

through His blood. Some bright day,

RETURNING HOME.—Concluded.

day, When the shad - ows of earth fade a -
some bright day,

way ; In the light of His
fade a - way ; In the light

love, With our friends we will meet some bright day.
of His love,

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system also ends with a repeat sign. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

No. 148.

OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN.

LEWIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Praise Him, all creatures here below ;

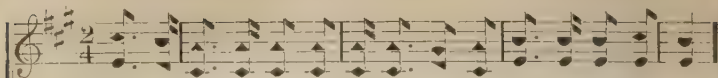
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host ; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the hymn 'OLD HUNDRED.' It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

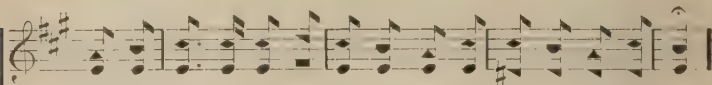
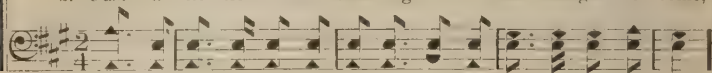
No. 149. WE WILL GATHER YONDER.

GEO. P. HOTT.

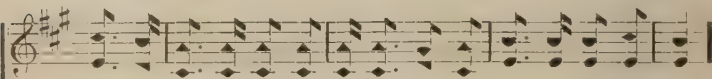
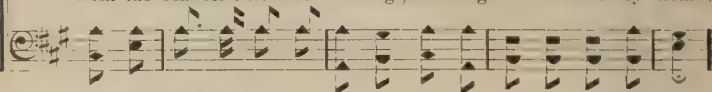
H. P. BLACKWELL.



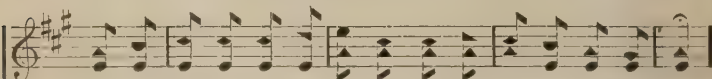
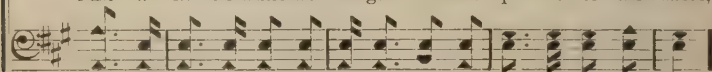
1. When the clouds that hov-er ov-er, And the mists have cleared a-way,
2. Just a lit-tle while we're waiting For the mes-sen-ger to come,



And the sun in all its beau-ty Ush-ers in the hap-py day;
With the Mas-ter's bless-ed ti-dings, Bid-ding us to hur-ry home;



And we leave be-hind the sor-rows That our hearts have burdened here:
Just a lit-tle while we lin-ger In the qui-et of the shore,



In the bright-ness of His glo-ry, In His pres-ence we'll ap-pear.
As we list-en to the mu-sic Of the boat-man com-ing o'er.



CHORUS.



We will gath-er yon-der be-yond the star-lit skies, And sing for-



WE WILL GATHER YONDER.—Concluded.

ev - er where pleasure nev - er dies, There with all the loved ones Who've
crossed the tide be - fore, We'll rest re - joic - ing for - ev - er - more.

No. 150. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

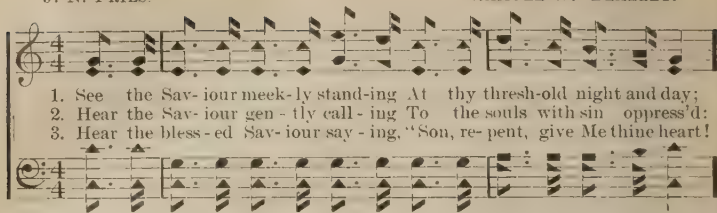
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee ; E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps up to heav'n ; All that Thon
4. Or, if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais - eth me ; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone ; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
send - est me In mer - cy giv'n ; An - gels to beck - on me,
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

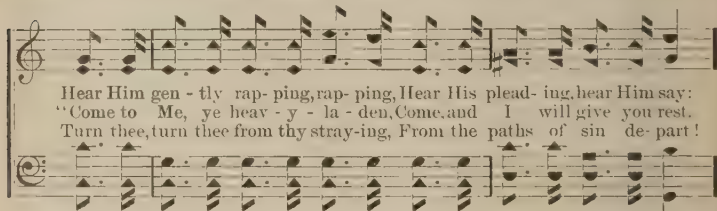
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

J. N. FRIES.

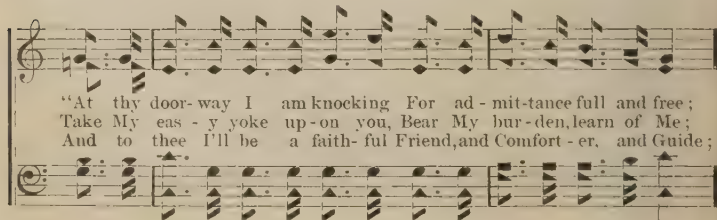
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



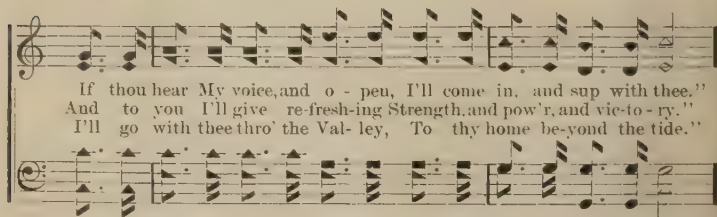
1. See the Sav- iour meek- ly stand- ing At thy thresh- old night and day;
 2. Hear the Sav- iour gen- tly call- ing To the souls with sin oppress'd;
 3. Hear the bless- ed Sav- iour say- ing, "Son, re- pent, give Me thine heart!"



Hear Him gen- tly rap- ping, rap- ping, Hear His plead- ing, hear Him say:
 "Come to Me, ye heav- y - la - den, Come, and I will give you rest.
 Turn thee, turn thee from thy stray- ing, From the paths of sin de- part!"

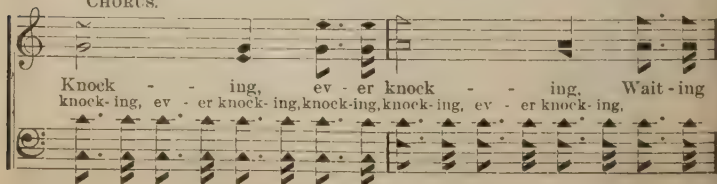


"At thy door- way I am knocking For ad- mit- tance full and free;
 Take My eas- y yoke up- on you, Bear My bur- den, learn of Me;
 And to thee I'll be a faith- ful Friend, and Comfort- er, and Guide;



If thou hear My voice, and o - peu, I'll come in, and sup with thee."
 And to you I'll give re- fresh- ing Strength, and pow'r, and vic- to - ry."
 I'll go with thee thro' the Val- ley, To thy home be- yond the tide."

CHORUS.



Knock - - ing, ev - er knock - - ing, Wait - ing
 knock- ing, ev - er knock- ing, knock- ing, ev - er knock- ing,

By per. of Home Music Co., Logansport, Ind.

AT THY DOOR.—Concluded.

at thy o - pen door;

O - -
knock-ing, ev - er knock-ing, O - pen, quick - ly

pen, quick-ly o - - pen, Lest the Sav - iour knock no more.
o - pen, o - pen, o - pen, quickly o - pen,

No. 152.

LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

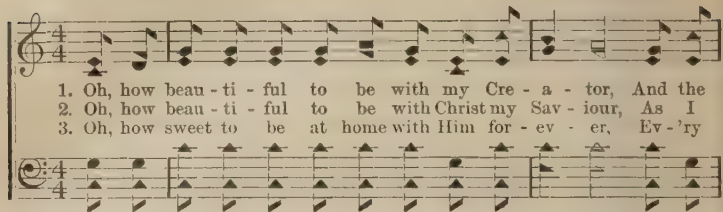
1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray: The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di vine im - plore.
Thy ar-duous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee at thy part-ing breath, To His di - vine a - bove.

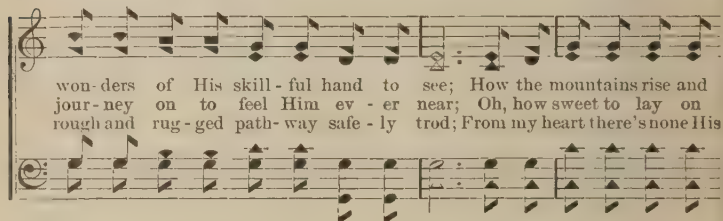
No. 153. HOW BEAUTIFUL TO BE WITH GOD.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

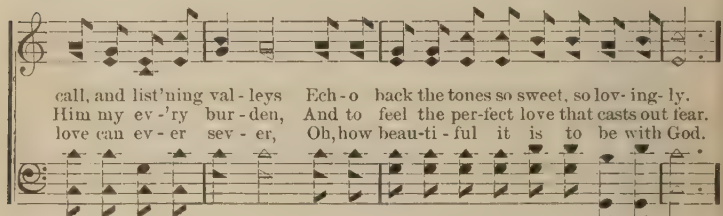
GEO. W. LASSITER.



1. Oh, how beau - ti - ful to be with my Cre - a - tor, And the
 2. Oh, how beau - ti - ful to be with Christ my Sav - iour, As I
 3. Oh, how sweet to be at home with Him for - ev - er, Ev - ry

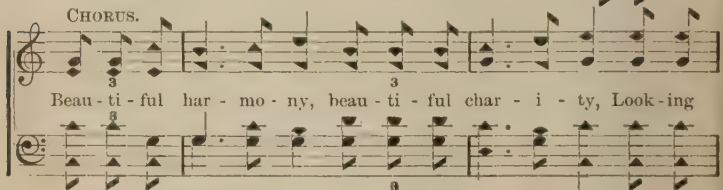


won - ders of His skill - ful hand to see; How the mountains rise and
 jour - ney on to feel Him ev - er near; Oh, how sweet to lay on
 rough and rug - ged path - way safe - ly trod; From my heart there's none His

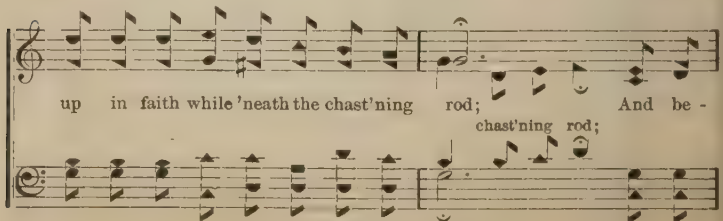


call, and list'ning val - leys Ech - o back the tones so sweet, so lov - ing - ly.
 Him my ev - ry bur - den, And to feel the per - fect love that casts out fear.
 love can ev - er sev - er, Oh, how beau - ti - ful it is to be with God.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful har - mo - ny, beau - ti - ful char - i - ty, Look - ing



up in faith while 'neath the chast'ning rod; And be -
 chast'ning rod;

HOW BEAUTIFUL TO BE WITH GOD.—Concluded.

hold - ing in His face sweet - est ev - i - dence of grace,

Sing, how beau - ti - ful it is to be with God.

to be with God.

No. 154. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar.

D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D. C.—Wondrous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

D. C.

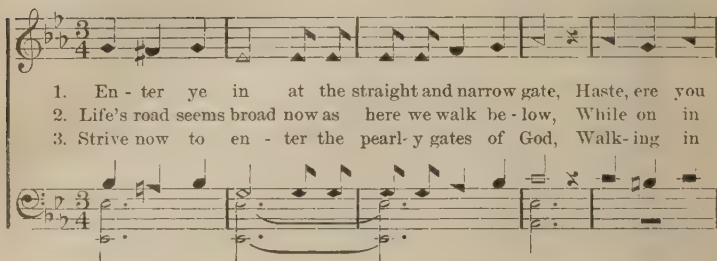
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning to Thy breast,

No. 155. "ENTER YE IN AT THE STRAIGHT GATE."

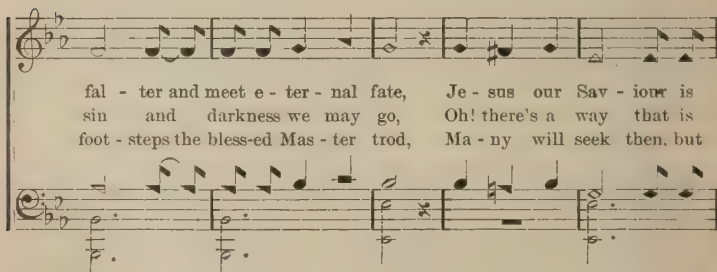
G.

Luke 13: 24.

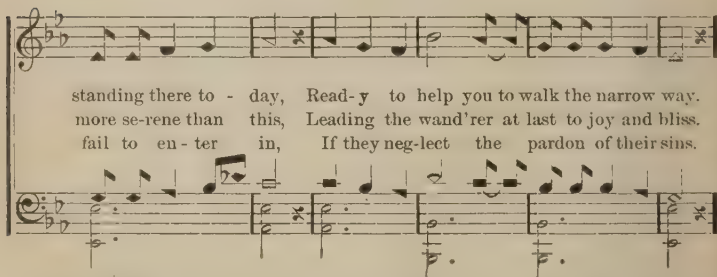
GEO. W. LASSITER.



1. En - ter ye in at the straight and narrow gate, Haste, ere you
 2. Life's road seems broad now as here we walk be - low, While on in
 3. Strive now to en - ter the pearl-y gates of God, Walk-ing in

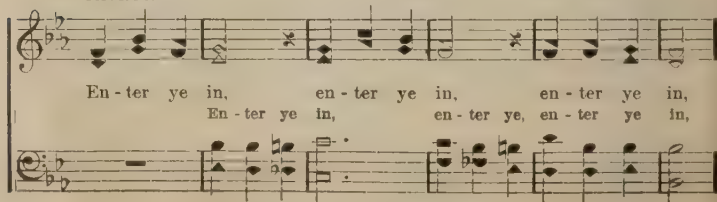


fal - ter and meet e - ter - nal fate, Je - sus our Sav - iour is
 sin and darkness we may go, Oh! there's a way that is
 foot - steps the bless-ed Mas - ter trod, Ma - ny will seek then, but



standing there to - day, Read-y to help you to walk the narrow way.
 more se-rene than this, Leading the wand'rer at last to joy and bliss.
 fail to en - ter in, If they neg-lect the pardon of their sins.

CHORUS.



En - ter ye in, en - ter ye in, en - ter ye in,
 En - ter ye in, en - ter ye, en - ter ye in,

“ENTER YE IN,” etc.—Concluded.

At the straight and narrow gate, En - ter ye in, en - ter ye
En - ter ye in,

in, en - ter ye in, Be - fore it is “too late.”
en - ter ye, en - ter ye in,

No. 156. TOPLADY. 7s.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death.

D.C.— Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
D.C.— All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
D.C.— Foul, I to the fount - ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
D.C.— Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D.C.

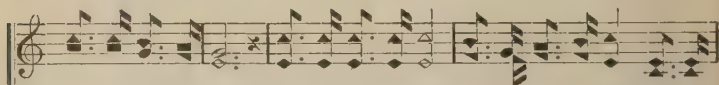
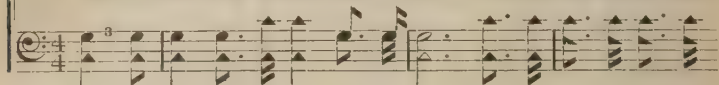
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd.
 Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help - less look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,—

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

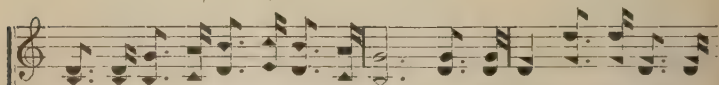
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



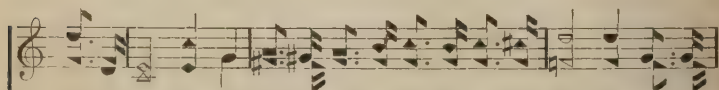
1. God is love! God is love! God is love! Earth and heav - en speak the
2. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Lit - tle children, learn His
3. God is love! God is love! God is love! Thus the hap - py an - gels



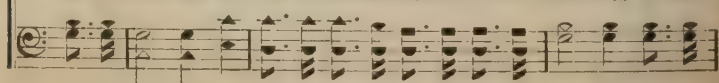
welcome ti-dings true, Glo - ry fills the skies, soft - ly earth replies, May not
ho - ly name to praise, For the vict'ry won by His glorious Son, For the
tune their harps of gold, We are small and few, yet we love Him too, Children's



chil-dren sing-ing, love Him, praise Him too? Let us join in a joy - ful,
precious, endless love, that crowns our days. In His name we go on-ward,
an-gels shall their Father's face be-hold. Let us join in the ho - ly

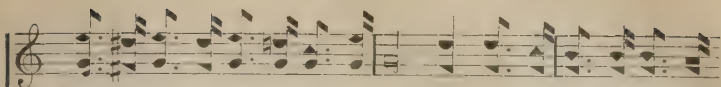


joy-ful cho - rus, For lov-ing kindness ev - er watch-es o'er us, And while
still con - fi - ding, His mer - cy, thro' unnumbered dangers guid-ing, And with
cho - rus, ring-ing, To Je - sus name, our glad de - vo - tion bring-ing, To Him



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

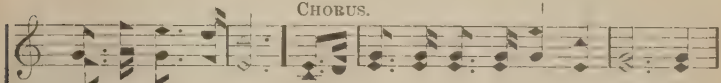
GOD IS LOVE.—Concluded.



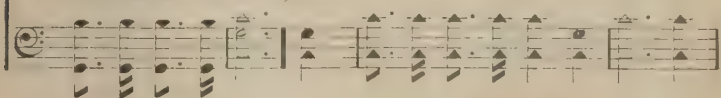
youth and childhood rise, and beam be-fore us, Give our earn-est hearts to
Him not fear-ing sor-row, love a-bid-ing Safe-ly keeps us till we
glo-ry, when we cross the ri-er sing-ing, "We are go-ing home to



CHORUS.



serve the Lord a-bove. } White life for us is fresh and sweet, And
gain our blest re-ward. }
live with God a-bove." }



hearts with youthful feelings ten-der, We'll lay our tri-bute at His feet, Our



grate-ful homage ren-der, And when death's shadow of' eclipse The sunshine of this



world has riv-en, We'll keep His name upon our lips, And praise Him more in heaven.



No. 158. IN THE SONG AND THE SHOUT.

S. W. COPE.

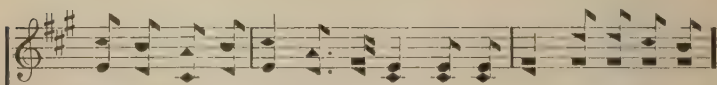
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



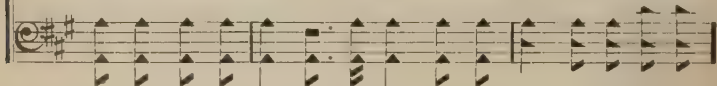
1. In the day of sal - va - tion, I will call on the Lord, Who is
2. O Thou pre - cious Re - deem - er, Thou art wor - thy our song; We will
3. For the right we are battling, And the con - quest shall win; With the



full of compassion, Who is true to His word: With His peo - ple all
give Thee all glo - ry, Sing - ing all the day long: In our songs of thanks -
shout of sal - va - tion, Wash'd and cleans'd from all sin: Oh, the glad day is



kneel - ing, I will join in the pray'r; In their serv - ice so pleasing,
giv - ing, We will tell of Thy love, And will sing with the an - gels,
com - ing, When the wea - ry en - route, Shall cross o - ver the Jor - dan



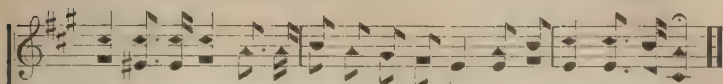
REFRAIN.



In the fel - low - ship there! Who will join in the pray'r, In the
And the blood - wash'd a - bove. Who will join in the song, Sing - ing
With a song and a shout. Who will join us, en - route? In the



IN THE SONG AND THE SHOUT. -Concluded.



fellowship there? Who will come and go with us, Who will join in the pray'r?
all the day long? Who will come and go with us? Who will join in the song?
song and the shout? Who will come and go with us? Who will join in the shout?



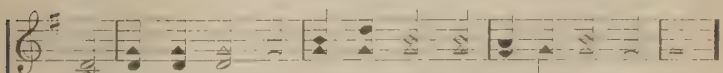
No. 159.

REDEEMING LOVE.

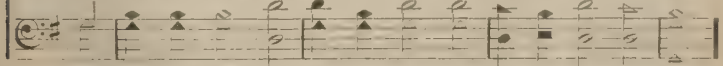
A. S. KIEFFER.



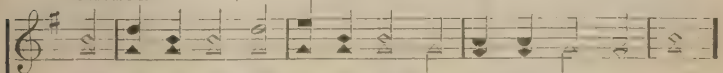
1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,

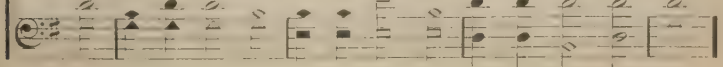
And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
O may I there, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ran-somed church of God Are sav'd to sin no more.



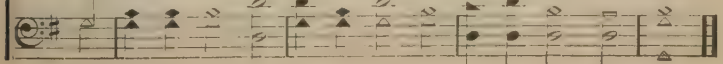
CHORUS.



Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.




And then I hope to sing this love In sweet-er strains on high.



No. 160. HALLELUJAH, WE SHALL RISE.

"But if there is no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."—1 Cor. 15: 12.

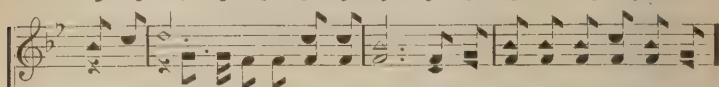
J. E. T.

J. E. THOMAS.

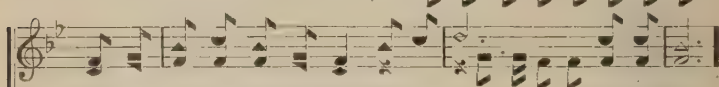
Not too fast.



1. In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, When the trump of God shall sound,
2. In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, What a meet - ing it will be,
3. In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, Bless - ed tho't it is to me,



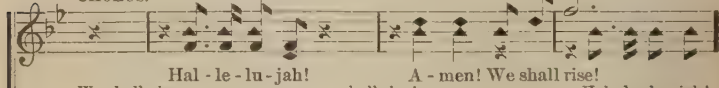
We shall rise, we shall rise! Then the saints will come rejoicing
When our fa - thers and our mothers
Hal - le - lu - jah! I shall see my bless - ed Saviour,



And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!
And our loved ones we shall see.
Who so free - ly died for me, Hal - le - lu - jah!



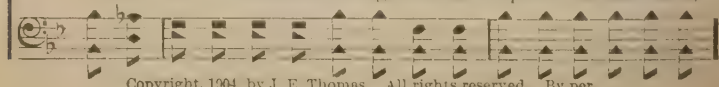
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! We shall rise!
We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal - le - lu - jah!



In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, When death's prison bars are broken,



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HALLELUJAH, WE SHALL RISE... Concluded.

We shall rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! We shall rise. In that morn - ing we shall rise.

No. 161. ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

CHARLES WESLEY.

F. GIARDINI.

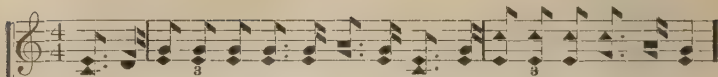
1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
 4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend. Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour, Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence - ev - er - more! His sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in

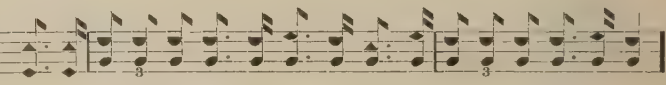
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
 word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

GEO. P. HOTT.

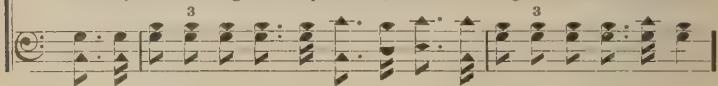
R. SYLVESTER HUGHES.



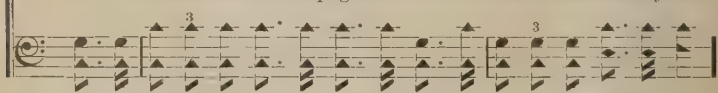
1. O thou beau-ti - ful star so fair, so bright, So won-der-ful to be-hold,
 2. O thou beau-ti - ful star of morn-ing fair, I long for thy light to guide,



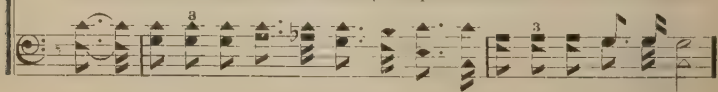
With thy ra-di-ant beams the world to light, Till shining like burnished gold,
 That my wan-der-ing feet may safe-ly walk A-long the sweet riv-er's side,



Let the light of thy full-ness fall on me, Till all of my life shall glow,
 Till the breezes that fan the pilgrim's brow Blow soft o'er the heav'nly moor,



Like the brightness that gleams on Eden's fields, Where rivers of wa-ters flow.
 And catch the whitesails, and bear my barque Safe, safe to the oth-er shore.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

STAR OF THE MORNING.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Star..... of the morn-ing so love - - - ly,

Star of the morn-ing, oh, star of the morn-ing, oh, star of the morning so fair,
Star of the morn-ing so fair, star of the morning so fair.

Let thy beau - - ti-ful light shine on me;

Let thy beautiful light shine, thy beautiful light shine, thy beautiful light shine on me;
beautiful light shine on me. on me, thy beautiful light shine on me;

Fill my heart..... with ra-di-ance of glo - - ry,

Fill my heart with a ra-di-ance, heart with a ra - di-ance, heart with a ra-di-ance rare,
heart with a ra-di-ance rare, heart with a ra-di-ance rare,

Light my path - - - way thro' darkness to thee.

Light my pathway thro' darkness, my pathway thro' darkness to thee,
pathway thro' darkness to thee, thro' darkness to thee,

GEO. P. HOTT.

I. J. TUCKER.

Not too fast.

1. On Cal-va-ry's brow..... the off'ring was made,.....
 2. "God so loved the world,"..... the message from heaven,.....
 3. The Spir-it of Grace..... is pleading to-day,.....

1. On Cal - va-ry's brow the off'ring was made,

For you and for me..... the ransom was paid;.....
 Is her-ald-ed far,..... the promise is given,.....
 Why should you neglect,..... why long-er de-lay?.....

For you and for me, the ransom was paid;

Our dear ris-en Lord..... who died on the tree,.....
 Who ev-er be-lieves..... His pow-er to save,.....
 Oh, come to Him now,..... your bur-den lay down;.....

Our dear ris-en Lord, who died on the tree,

Paid all of the cost..... to set sinners free.....
 Redemption shall have..... from sin and the grave.....
 He welcomes you back,..... He of-fers a crown.....

Paid all of the cost to set sin-ners free.

HE SUFFERED FOR YOU.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

He suffered for you, He suffered for me,
He suffered for you, He suffered for me,

He died on the cross that we might be free;
He died on the cross that we might be free;

The ran-som He paid at won-der-ful cost,
The ransom He paid at won-der-ful cost,

O sin-ner be saved, why will you be lost?
O sin-ner be saved, why will you be lost?

Rev. G. P. HOTT.

R. H. BROOKS.



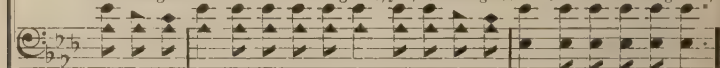
1. Seeking the lost one, seeking to save, ...
 2. Seeking the lost, ... yes, seeking to save, ...
 3. Seeking the lost with power to save, ...

1. Seek- ing the lost one, seeking to save, yes, seeking the lost one, seeking to save,
 2. Seek- ing the lost, yes, seeking to save, yes, seeking the lost, yes, seeking to save,
 3. Seek- ing the lost with pow- er to save, yes, seeking the lost with pow- er to save,



Je- sus is ev - - - er stilling the wave;.....
 Giv- ing a hope..... no oth- er e'er gave;.....
 Res- cu- ing souls..... from sin and the grave;.....

Je- sus is ev - er stilling the wave, yes, Je- sus is ev - er stilling the wave;
 Giv- ing a hope no oth- er e'er gave, yes, giv- ing a hope no oth- er e'er gave;
 Res- cu- ing souls from sin and the grave, yes, res- cu- ing souls from sin and the grave;



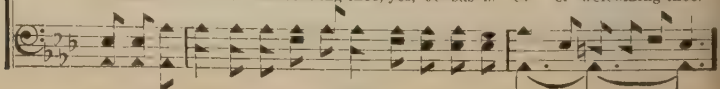
Strength'ning our faith, ... dis- pelling our fear, ...
 Filling the heart..... with love, home and heav'n;.....
 Calling a - far, ... o'er mountain and sea, ...

Strength'ning our faith, dispelling our fear, yes, strength'ning our faith, dispelling our fear,
 Filling the heart with love, home and heav'n, yes, filling the heart with love, home and heav'n,
 (Call- ing a- far, o'er mountain and sea, yes, call- ing a- far, o'er mountain and sea,



Je- sus is stand - - - ing patient- ly near.....
 Bless- ed es- tate, ... a sin- ner forgiven.....
 Je- sus is ev - - - er welcom- ing thee.

Je- sus is stand- ing patient- ly near, yes, Je- sus is stand- ing pa- tiently near.
 Bless- ed es- tate, a sin- ner forgiven, yes, bless- ed es- tate, a sin- ner forgiven.
 Je- sus is ev - er wel- com- ing thee, yes, Je- sus is ev - er welcom- ing thee.



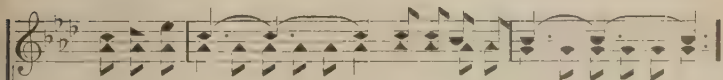
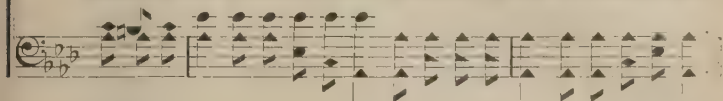
SEEKING TO SAVE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Seeking the lost..... one, seeking to save.....

Seek-ing the lost one, seeking to save, yes, seeking the lost one, seeking to save.



Je-sus is ev - - - - er seeking to save;.....

Je-sus is ev - er seek-ing to save, yes, Je-sus is ev - er seek-ing to save;



Seeking the lost,..... His life-blood He gave,.....

Seeking the lost, His life-blood He gave, yes, seeking the lost, His life-blood He gave,



Je-sus is ev - - - - er seeking to save.....

Je-sus is ev - er seek-ing to save, yes, Je-sus is ev - er seeking to save.



Rev. G. P. HOTT.

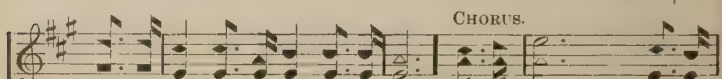
N. M. CORDELL.



1. There will be sweet re-un-ion in heav-en, When the part-ings of
 2. We shall meet with our lov'd ones in glo-ry, And shall know them as
 3. There will be sweet re-un-ion in glo-ry, Tho' long part-ed we'll



earth all are o'er; When the last fare-well to-ken is giv-en,
 in days of yore; We shall rest by the banks of the riv-er,
 there meet a-gain; We will grasp friend-ly hands in the king-dom,

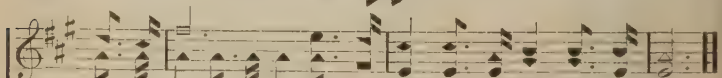


CHORUS.

We shall meet on the bright golden shore. } By and by, o-ver
 We shall chant songs of praise ever more. }
 As we sing al-le-lu-ia, a-men. } By and by, o-ver there, by and



there, We shall meet a-gain, by and by,
 by, over there We shall all meet again, We shall all meet again, by and by, we shall meet,

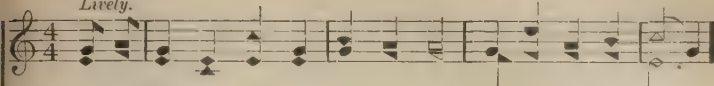


We shall meet, We shall meet on the bright, gold-en plain.
 By and by, we shall meet,

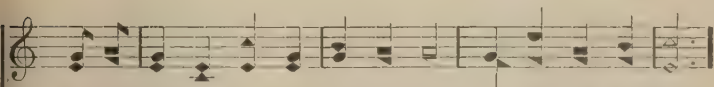
GEO. P. HOTT.

A Children's Song.

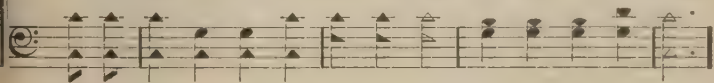
W. W. HOPKINS.

Lively.

1. We're a cheer-ful, hap-py, work-er's hand, Chil-dren of our King;
2. With our ban-ners float-ing in the air, Chil-dren of our King;
3. We will work for Je-sus ev-'ry day, Chil-dren of our King;



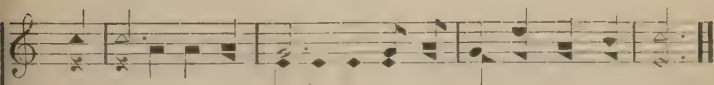
We have giv-en Him our heart and hand, Chil-dren of our King.
 With our trust in God, and answered pray'r, Chil-dren of our King.
 We will walk with Him the nar-row way, Chil-dren of our King.



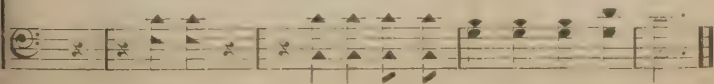
CHORUS.



We come, we come, Cheer-ful, hap-py hearts we ev-er bring;
 We come, we come,



We come, we come, Sing-ing prais-es to our King.
 We come, we come,



W. H. RUEBUSH.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

SOLO. *Slow.*

1. Strive to be scat-ter-ing sunshine each day, Send forth a lov-ing word
 2. Strive to be fill-ing each sad heart with song, Ma-n-y the struggling ones
 3. Speed a sweet message in daylight, in dark, Ma-n-y are drift-ing a-

to those who stray, Cull the sweet flow-ers sent down from a-bove,
 help them be strong. Bring them a mes-sage of cheer to the heart,
 way on life's barque; Help them raise heav'nward the fal-ter-ing eye,

CHORUS.

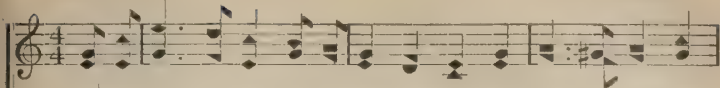
Send on their mission, a mis-sion of love. }
 God knows your effort wher-ev-er thou art. } Scat-ter-ing sunshine, in
 God's star of hope shineth bright in the sky. }

word and in deed, Scat-ter-ing sun-shine, this is the world's need,

Scatter-ing sunshine, some fainting heart feed, Scattering sunshine each day.

GEO. P. HOTT.

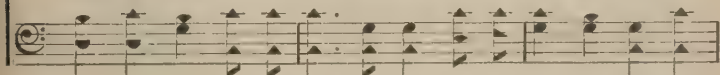
N. M. CORDELL.



1. There are ma - ny ties bind-ing heart to heart, And ma - ny joys from
2. Heart to heart we'll trav - el the path of life, With hand in hand as
3. Do we cher - ish broth - er - ly love t'ward all? This on - ly is our

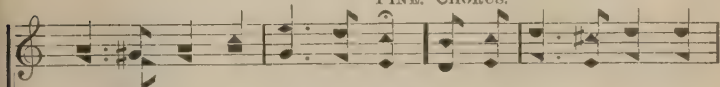


heav'n a - bove, But the Mas - ter gave us life's bet - ter part In
 broth - er's go; We'll en-deav - or al - ways to ban - ish strife, Till
 right to live; Hear the Mas - ter's voice, hear, oh, heed the call, Till



D.S.—broth - er's burd - ens we'll help to bear, And

FINE. CHORUS.



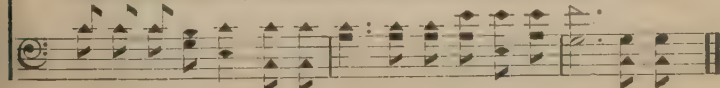
giv - ing us a broth - er's love. }
 we His love in heav - en know. } Je - sus loves us with a
 each a broth - er's love can give. }



trust in God to help us through.



brother's faithful love, We should to each oth - er then be true; All our



1. When in His beau-ty I see the Great King, Joy-ful the feel-ing the
 2. Aft - er the tri - als of life are all o'er, Aft - er the shadows of
 3. Oh, what a joy in the cit - y of gold, Ransom'd for - ev - er and

vis - ion will bring; I shall be sat - is - fied, sor - rows all past,
 life's far - ther shore, Aft - er the storm and the tem - pest is past,
 safe in the fold; All that could harm and mo - lest ev - er past,

CHORUS.

When I a-wake in His likeness at last. }
 I shall a wake in His likeness at last. } When I awake from the
 When I a-wake in His likeness at last. }

por-tals so nar-row, Je - sus, my Saviour I'll see; Breathing the

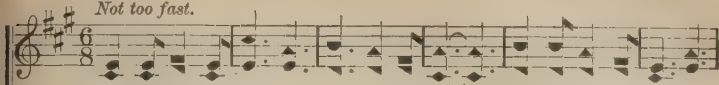
life of the sweet-est to-mor-row, Hap-py for - ev - er I'll be.

No. 170. MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

GEO. P. HOTT.

H. D. ELLZEY.

Not too fast.



1. Childhood's sacred moments ech - o a - gain, Bringing hap-py mem'ries,
2. At life's ear-ly twi-light moth-er and home, Filled my life with sunshine,
3. Ne'er can I for-get the ten-der good-bye, That my mother gave me,



a sweet re - frain; Ma - ny hours of pleas - ure, hap - py and free,
grieved lest I roam; Sought to bless and cheer me long life's dark way,
look-ing on high; Oh, the years of wait-ing, toil - ing and pain,

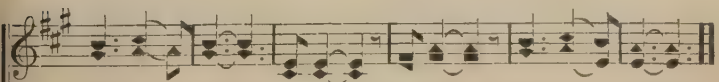


REFRAIN.

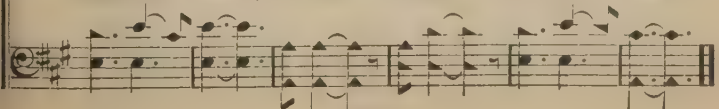


But of all mem'ries these come to me:
 Off'ring pray'r to heav'n all night and day.
 But I soon shall see my moth-er a - gain.

} Mother, mother,



home and heav'n, Moth-er, moth-er. home and heav'n.

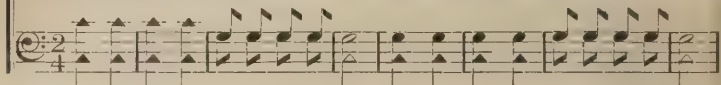


GEO. P. HOTT.

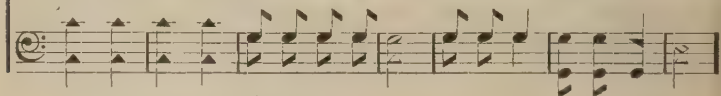
J. L. MATHEWS.

Lively.

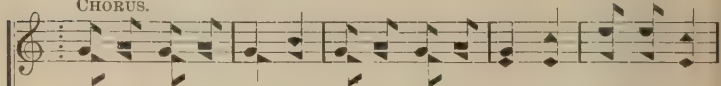
1. Hap-py, hap-py, happy voic-es ring, Prais-es, prais-es to our Saviour bring
2. Joy-ful, joy-ful, joyful hearts will be, Sing-ing, singing, winsome, blithe and free;
3. Lit-tle children love His praise to tell, Helping Him who doeth all things well;



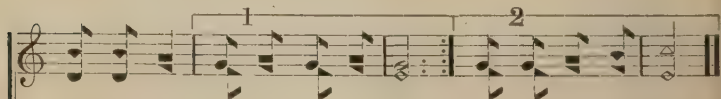
We will love Him and we'll ev-er sing Songs of praise un-to our King.
 Je-sus Sav-iour, I Thy joy would share, Scattering sunshine ev'ry where.
 Hear their hap-py, hap-py voic-es ring, Un-to Him our Lord and King.



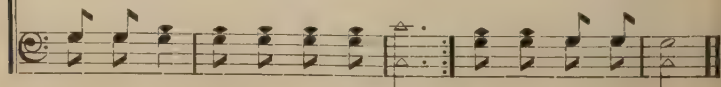
CHORUS.



Hap-py, hap-py voic-es, Hap-py, hap-py voic-es; Cheer-i-ly,

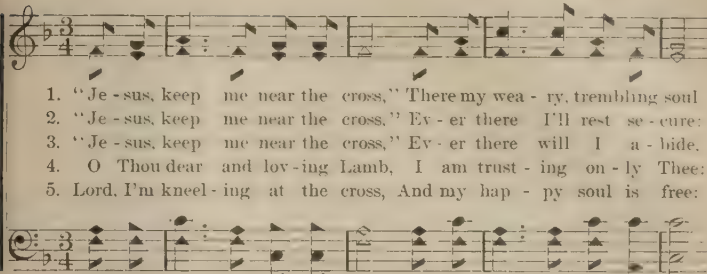


cheer-i-ly, let the voic-es ring, let the voic-es ring.

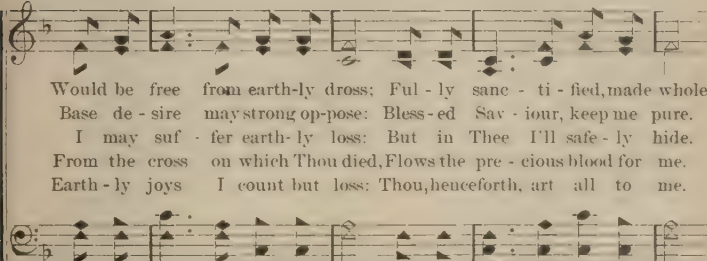


J. H. WELCH.

H. P. BLACKWELL.

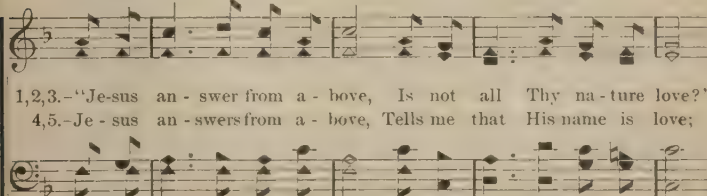


1. "Je - sus, keep me near the cross," There my wea - ry, trembling soul
 2. "Je - sus, keep me near the cross," Ev - er there I'll rest se - cure:
 3. "Je - sus, keep me near the cross," Ev - er there will I a - bide.
 4. O Thou dear and lov - ing Lamb, I am trust - ing on - ly Thee:
 5. Lord, I'm kneel - ing at the cross, And my hap - py soul is free:

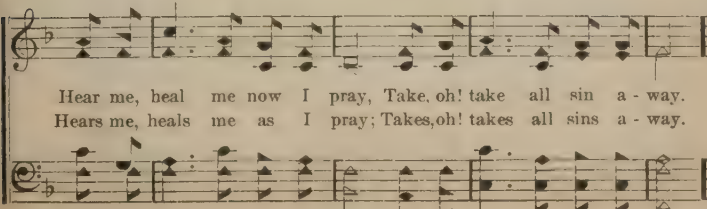


Would be free from earth - ly dross: Ful - ly sanc - ti - fied, made whole.
 Base de - sire may strong op - pose: Bless - ed Sav - iour, keep me pure.
 I may suf - fer earth - ly loss: But in Thee I'll safe - ly hide.
 From the cross on which Thou died, Flows the pre - cious blood for me.
 Earth - ly joys I count but loss: Thou, henceforth, art all to me.

CHORUS.



1, 2, 3. - "Je - sus an - swer from a - bove, Is not all Thy na - ture love?"
 4, 5. - Je - sus an - swers from a - bove, Tells me that His name is love;



Hear me, heal me now I pray, Take, oh! take all sin a - way.
 Hears me, heals me as I pray; Takes, oh! takes all sins a - way.

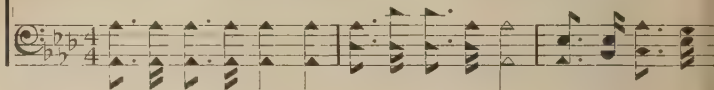
No. 173. JESUS GAVE HIS LIFE FOR ME.

J. H. WELCH.

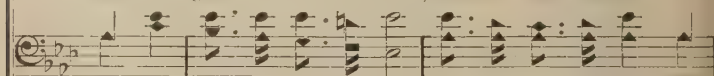
ALEX. A. HUGHES.



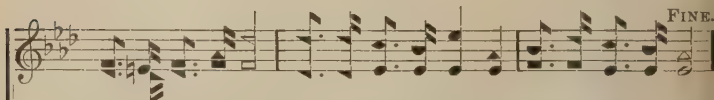
1. See the sad and lone - ly "Man of sorrows" bow; Sink - ing down he
2. Je - sus came to ease the hu - man heart of woe, And He bears its
3. 'Twas for you, for me, and 'twas for all He bare, All the heav - y



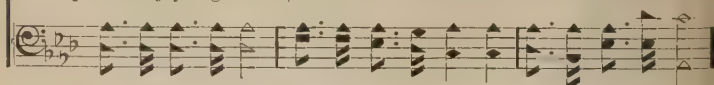
neath the world's dark, sin - ful load; See Him slow - ly toil with
heav - y load of pain and grief; All a - lone He feels sin's
load of guilt we fain would hide; That He with us all His



D. S.—On the cross He sealed my



throbbing heart and brow All a - lone, a - long life's rug - ged, thorn - y road.
bit - ter, cru - el blow, So that He can give the world He loves re - lief.
peace and joy might share, All a - lone He lived and all a - lone He died.

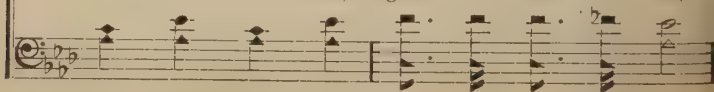


par - don with His blood; From the cross of Je - sus flows the heal - ing flood.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, gave His life for me,



JESUS GAVE HIS LIFE FOR ME.—Concluded.

D. S.

Je - sus, Je - sus died up - on the tree.

No. 174.

CHRIST MY ALL.

J. H. WELCH.

JOHN M. CANTEBURY.

1. Once I wandered far from God in sin and shame, But to save my
 2. Je - sus gave His pre-cious life to ran - som me; Drank the bit - ter
 3. Long my heart was crushed with grief, and I was sad. But He lift - ed
 4. In His bless-ed Word, this promise, oft I read: "Fear not, for I
 5. Now, I'll sing re-demption's sto-ry, o'er and o'er; Sing it now, and

soul from death the Sav-iour came; Earn - est - ly He sought me, With His
 cup in dark Geth-sem - a - ue: O, the shame and sor - row Of that
 all the bur - den which I had; Now, no ill a - larms me, Noth - ing
 will sup - ply your ev - 'ry need;" With His eye, He guides me: 'Neath His
 sing it yon - der on that shore; Help me sing of Je - sus, Waft it

blood He bought me, And so pa - tient - ly He taught me, praise His name!
 aw - ful mor - row, When the bless - ed Sav-iour died up - on the tree!
 earth - ly charms me, For life's bat - tles Je - sus arms me, and I'm glad.
 wing He hides me; Naught of ill can e'er be - tide me while He leads.
 on the breez - es, Sing and shout the Sav-iour's praises ev - er - more.

WILLIE HOWE.

HENRY C. STRINGER.



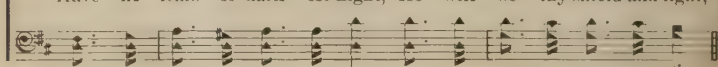
1. Chris-tian sol-diers one and all, Now o - bey the gos - pel call,
 2. Chris-tian sol-diers fear no foe, His great lov - ing heart doth know,
 3. Chris-tian sol-diers ev - er true, Count the bless-ings ev - er new.



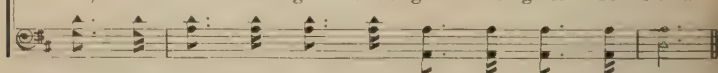

For your lead - er bids you to the roy - al feast;
 All thy tri - als and thine ev - 'ry hour - ly need,
 From His bleed - ing side sal - va - tion ev - er flows,




Night and day His deeds re - call, He who marks the spar - rows fall,
 Bow with reverence at the throne, Where His faith - ful He will own,
 Have no fears of dark - est night, He will be thy shield and light,



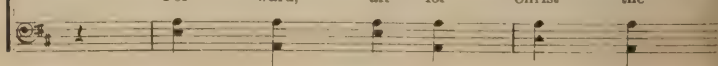

Will pre - serve you from the great - est to the least.
 Bread of heav'n thy faint - ing spir - it He will feed.
 Oh, re - ceive the gra - cious gift His grace be - stows.



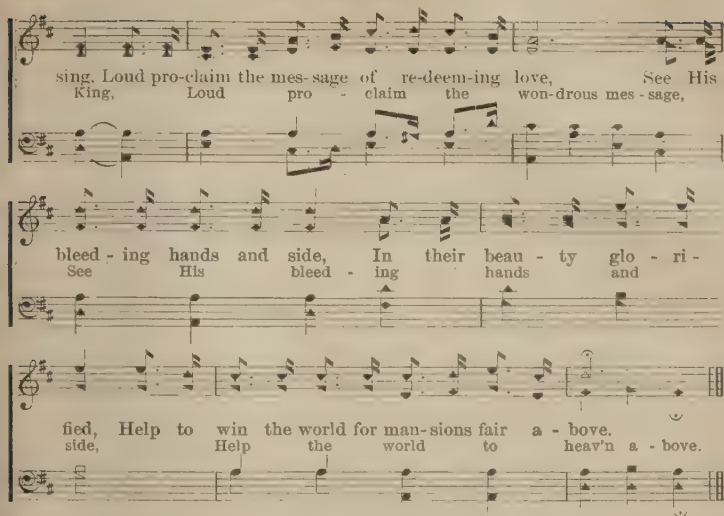
CHORUS.



For - ward, all for Christ the King, All His glo - ries glad - ly
 For - ward, all for Christ the



CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.—Concluded.

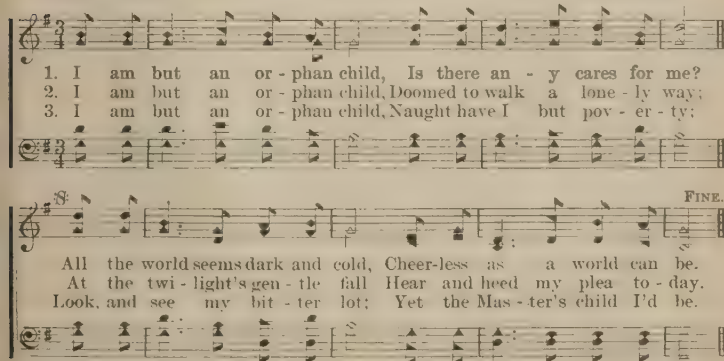


sing. Loud pro-claim the mes-sage of re-deem-ing love, See His
 King, Loud pro-claim the won-drous mes-sage,
 bleed-ing hands and side, In their beau-ty glo-ri-
 See His bleed-ing hands and
 fied, Help to win the world for man-sions fair a - bove.
 side, Help the world to heav'n a - bove.

No. 176. AN ORPHAN CHILD.

GEO. P. HOTT.

J. D. PITTS.

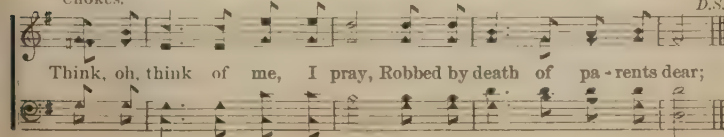


1. I am but an or-phan child, Is there an-y cares for me?
 2. I am but an or-phan child, Doomed to walk a lone-ly way;
 3. I am but an or-phan child, Naught have I but pov-er-ty;
 All the world seems dark and cold, Cheer-less as a world can be.
 At the twi-light's gen-tle fall Hear and heed my plea to-day.
 Look, and see my bit-ter lot; Yet the Mas-ter's child I'd be.

D.S.—Would you guide my youthful feet, 'Long the path so sto-ny here?

CHORUS.

D.S.



Think, oh, think of me, I pray, Robbed by death of pa-rents dear;

No. 177.

SUCH VICTORY.

F. L. EILAND.

J. B. RUSHING.

1. Shall I expect a shining crown,—In yon - der-world, to wear,
2. This spir - it, proud, be it sub - dued, That love, shall it con - trol,—
3. With this, I will be sat - is - fied,—For this, I still will plead,—

That will re-flect a glo-ry for, The cross, that here, I bear?
Till naught of self a-gain shall rise, Yet, to dis-turb the soul!
The sweet com-mun-ion of my God,—His spir-it, me, to lead!

Then, may I it, in meek-ness, take, What-e'er, it here, may be,
An hum-ble, hope-ful, trust-ing child, Is all I'd ask to be,—
When, I will sing a new made song, In per-fect lib-er-ty,—

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a grand staff with two staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is primarily on the upper staff, with some accompaniment on the lower staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

And as a sol-dier, ev-er true, Strive, for such vic-to-ry!
May God's ap-prov-ing smiles to own, In joy or mis-er-y!
With bliss in-creas-ing ev-er-more, All, thro' such vic-to-ry!

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Such vic - to - ry!..... is it for me?.....
Such vic - to - ry, such vic - to - ry, is it for me? is it for me?

SUCH VICTORY.—Concluded.

A crown there shall I wear, A beau-ti-ful crown I'll wear,
That will..... re-flect..... a glo-ry for.....
That will re-lect, that will re-lect a glo-ry, for a glo-ry, for
The cross that here I bear, A beau-ti-ful crown I'll wear.

No. 178.

LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.

1. Je-sus, when He left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In His mer-cy
2. Mothers then the Saviour sought, In the places where He taught, Unto Him their
3. Did the Saviour say them nay? No, He kindly bade them stay; Suffered none to
4. Children then should love Him now, Strive His holy will to do, Pray to Him and

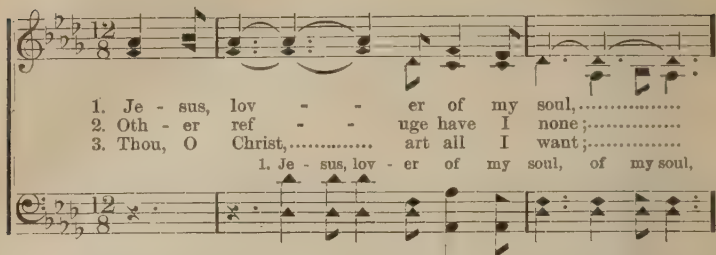
FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

passed not by Lit-tle ones like me,
chil-dren bro't Lit-tle ones like me, } Lit-tle ones like me, Little ones like me;
turn a-way Lit-tle ones like me,
praise Him too, Lit-tle ones like me.

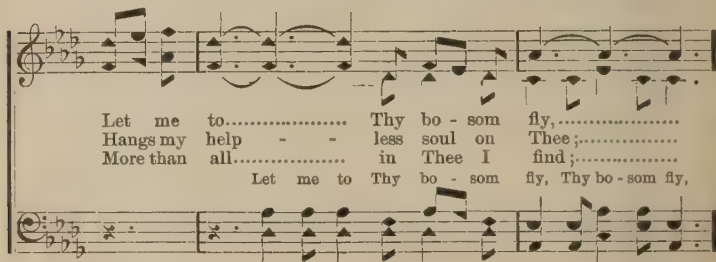
No. 179. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

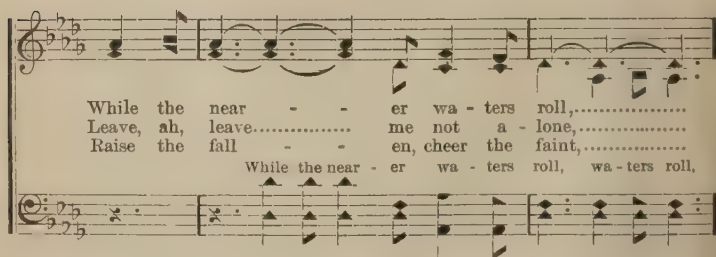
J. C. LENDERMAN.



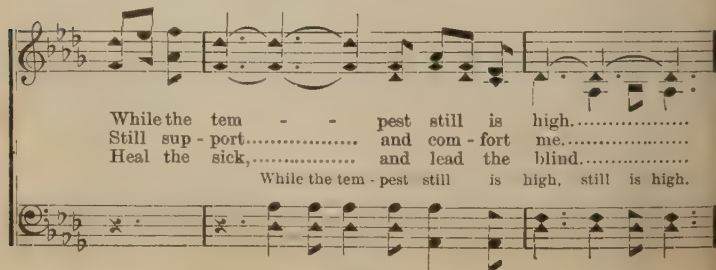
1. Je - sus, lov - - er of my soul,.....
 2. Oth - er ref - - uge have I none;.....
 3. Thou, O Christ,..... art all I want;.....
 1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, of my soul,



Let me to..... Thy bo - som fly,.....
 Hangs my help - - less soul on Thee;.....
 More than all..... in Thee I find;.....
 Let me to Thy bo - som fly, Thy bo - som fly,



While the near - - er wa - ters roll,.....
 Leave, ah, leave..... me not a - lone,.....
 Raise the fall - - en, cheer the faint,.....
 While the near - er wa - ters roll, wa - ters roll,



While the tem - - pest still is high.....
 Still sup - port..... and com - fort me.....
 Heal the sick,..... and lead the blind.....
 While the tem - pest still is high, still is high.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.—Concluded.



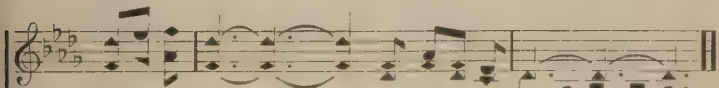
Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour, hide.....
 All my trust..... on Thee is stayed.....
 Just and ho - - ly is Thy name.....
 Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour, hide, my Sav - iour hide,



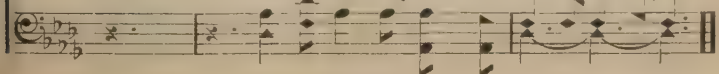
Till the storm..... of life is past;.....
 All my help..... from Thee I bring;.....
 I am all..... un - right - eous - ness;.....
 Till the storm of life is past, of life is past,



Safe in - to..... the ha - ven guide,.....
 Cov - er my..... de - fense - less head,.....
 Vile and full..... of sin I am,.....
 Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, ha - ven guide,



Oh, re - ceive..... my soul at last!.....
 With the shad - - ow of Thy wing.....
 Thou art full..... of truth and grace.....
 Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! my soul at last!

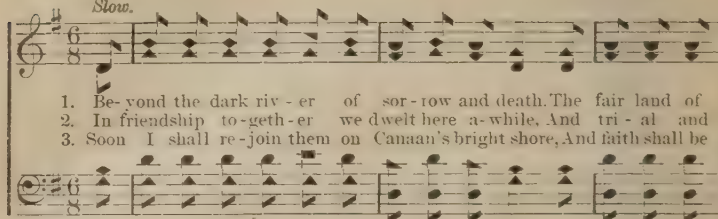


No. 180. Over the River They're Watching for Me.

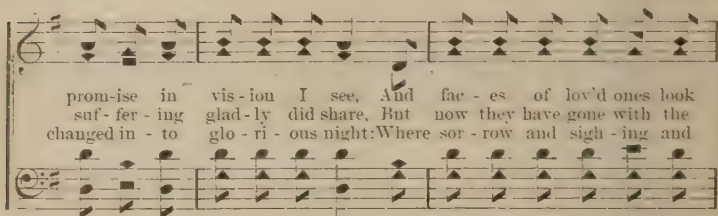
Rev. T. C. HARPER.

WILMER BROWER.

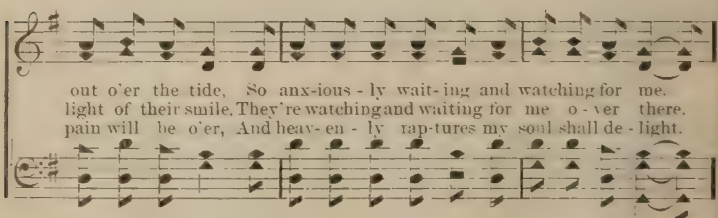
Slow.



1. Be- yond the dark riv - er of sor - row and death. The fair land of
 2. In friendship to - geth - er we dwelt here a - while, And tri - al and
 3. Soon I shall re - join them on Canaan's bright shore, And faith shall be



prom - ise in vis - ion I see, And fac - es of lov'd ones look
 suf - fer - ing glad - ly did share, But now they have gone with the
 changed in - to glo - ri - ous night: Where sor - row and sigh - ing and

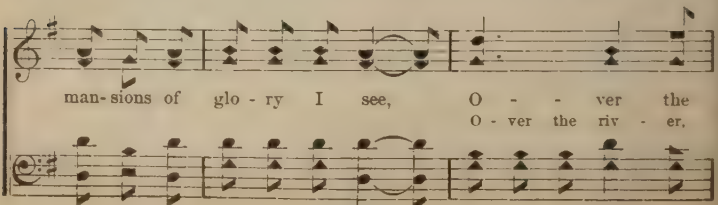


out o'er the tide, So anx - ious - ly wait - ing and watch - ing for me.
 light of their smile, They're watch - ing and wait - ing for me o - ver there.
 pain will be o'er, And heav - en - ly rap - tures my soul shall de - light.

CHORUS.



O - - ver the riv - - er, Beau - ti - ful
 O - ver the riv - er, Beau - ti - ful riv - er, the



man - sions of glo - ry I see, O - - ver the
 O - ver the riv - er,

Over the River They're Watching for Me.—Concluded.

riv - er. Fac - es of loved ones are look - ing for me.
 Beau - ti - ful riv - er, the

No. 181. REST IN HIS LOVING ARMS.

J. H. WELCH.

C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. Tho' bur - dened with the cares of life, Tho' trou - bled and op - press'd
 2. What joy to know that here the Lord Has made us tru - ly bless'd;
 3. Tho' sor - row lays its heav - y hand Up - on our aching breast;
 4. What tho' our com - forts here be few, And we are oft dis - tress'd

In that bright home where Je - sus reigns, Our wea - ry souls may rest.
 That up in heav'n He has pre - pared For us a place of rest.
 Up there we'll nev - er know a care; We'll have a glo - rious rest.
 In that glad home where Je - sus reigns, Our wea - ry souls shall rest.

CHORUS.

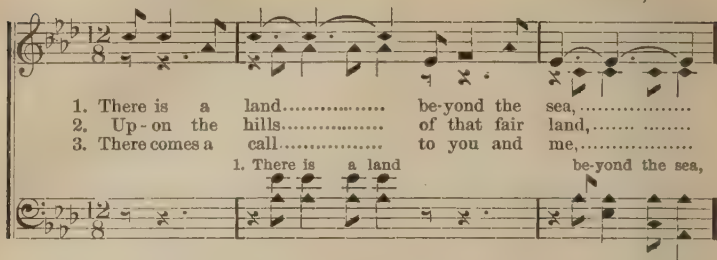
We'll rest,..... we'll rest,..... When all our work is o'er;
 We'll rest, we'll rest, rest, sweet rest, is o'er.

We'll rest,..... we'll rest,..... In heav'n for - ev - er - more.
 We'll rest, we'll rest, rest, sweet rest.

No. 182. THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

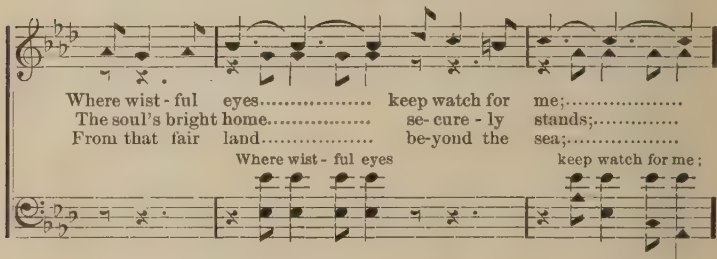
Rev. T. C. HARPER.

G. W. SMITH, Jr.



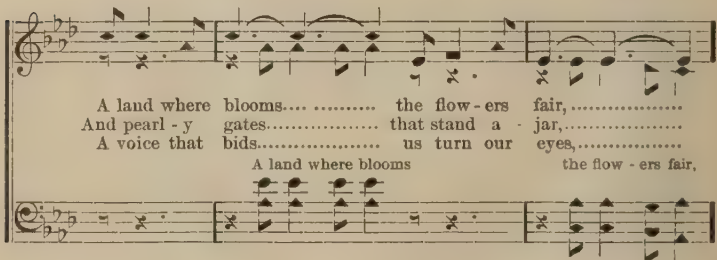
1. There is a land..... be-yond the sea,.....
 2. Up-on the hills..... of that fair land,.....
 3. There comes a call..... to you and me,.....

1. There is a land be-yond the sea,



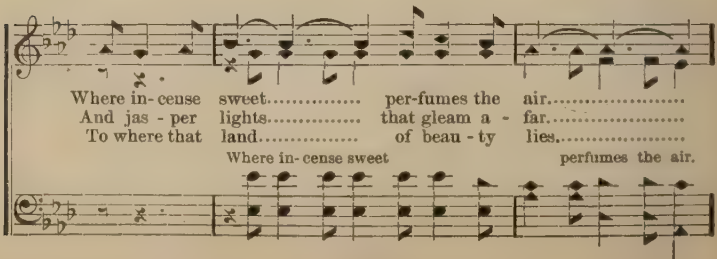
Where wist-ful eyes..... keep watch for me;.....
 The soul's bright home..... se-cure-ly stands;.....
 From that fair land..... be-yond the sea;.....

Where wist-ful eyes keep watch for me;



A land where blooms.... the flow-ers fair,.....
 And pearl-y gates..... that stand a-jar,.....
 A voice that bids..... us turn our eyes,.....

A land where blooms the flow-ers fair,



Where in-cense sweet..... per-fumes the air.....
 And jas-per lights..... that gleam a-far.....
 To where that land..... of beau-ty lies.....

Where in-cense sweet perfumes the air.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

A peace - ful land..... be - yond the tide,.....

Where flows the stream..... of crys - tal wide;
Where flows the stream..... of crys - tal wide;.....

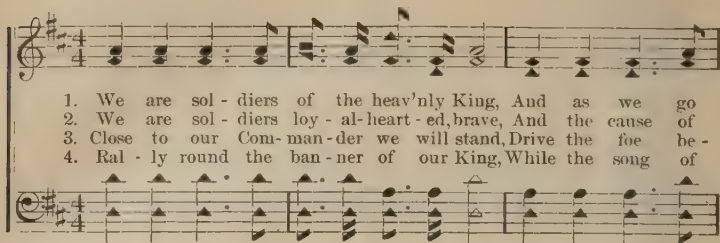
When lov - ing hands..... shall clasp a - gain,
When lov - ing hands..... shall clasp a - gain,.....

And heart shall ne'er..... know ought of pain.
And heart shall ne'er..... know ought of pain.....

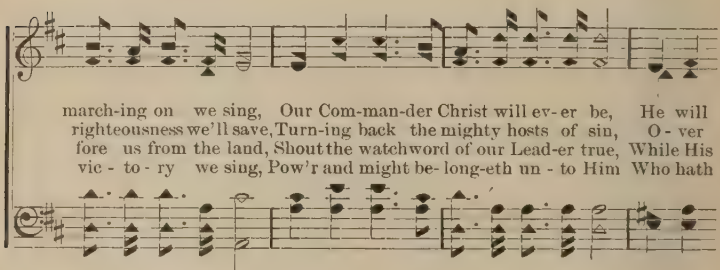
No. 183. We are Soldiers of the Heavenly King.

Rev. T. C. HARPER.

JULIUS RUSHING.



1. We are sol - diers of the heav'nly King, And as we go
 2. We are sol - diers loy - al-heart - ed, brave, And the cause of
 3. Close to our Com - man - der we will stand, Drive the foe be -
 4. Ral - ly round the ban - ner of our King, While the song of



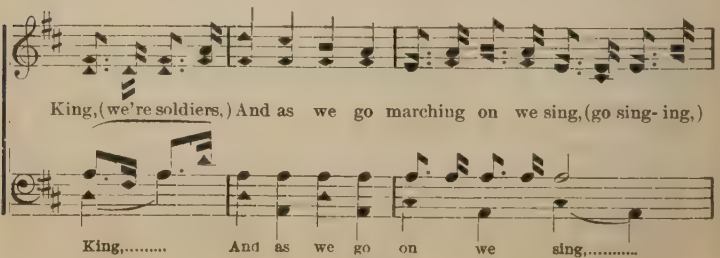
march-ing on we sing, Our Com-man-der Christ will ev-er be, He will
 righteousness we'll save, Turn-ing back the mighty hosts of sin, O-ver
 fore us from the land, Shout the watchword of our Lead-er true, While His
 vic - to - ry we sing, Pow'r and might be-long-eth un - to Him Who hath

CHORUS.



lead us on to vic - to - ry.
 them the vic - to - ry to win. } We are sol-diers of the heav'nly
 will we ev - er try to do.
 conquered all the hosts of sin.

We are sol-diers of the



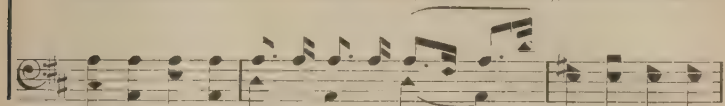
King, (we're soldiers,) And as we go marching on we sing, (go sing-ing,)

King,..... And as we go on we sing,.....

We are Soldiers of the Heavenly King. —Concluded.



For the Right we'll ev - er stead-fast be, (we're steadfast,) Christ will lead us



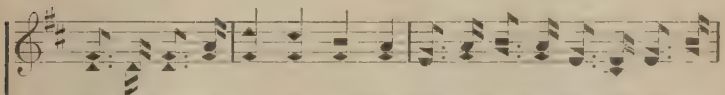
For the Right we'll stead - fast be,.....



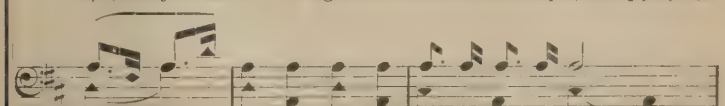
on to vic - to - ry, (He'll lead us,) Come and join our val-iant ranks to -



Come and join our ranks to - -



day, (come join us,) In a righteous cause to work and pray, (keep praying,)



day,..... In a right-eous cause to pray,.....



Marching onward, hap-py we will sing, (go singing,) Christ our Lord is King.



March-ing on-ward, we will sing,.....

No. 184. SOWING THE PRECIOUS SEED.

Rev. T. C. HARPER.

LEMUEL SMITH.

1. Sow - ing for the Mas - ter deeds of faith and love, Sow - ing the
 2. Sow - ing for the Mas - ter words of hope and cheer, Sow - ing the
 3. Sow - ing for the Mas - ter while the night comes on, Sow - ing the

seed to-day, sow - ing a - long the way; Trust - ing for a har - vest
 seed to-day, sow - ing a - long the way; Scat - ter - ing the sun - shine
 seed to-day, sow - ing a - long the way; Soon the day is end - ed,

D.S. — Trust - ing in the Mas - ter

in the home a - bove, Sow - ing the pre - cious seed by the way.
 where some lives are drear, Sow - ing the pre - cious seed by the way.
 soon we'll gath - er home, Sow - ing the pre - cious seed by the way.

for a gra - cious yield, Sow - ing the pre - cious seed day by day.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing seed, beau - ti - ful seed,
 Sow - ing the beau - ti - ful seed, Sow - ing the beau - ti - ful seed,

We are sow - ing the seed,
 Look - ing to Je - sus a - bove, Sow - ing the beau - ti - ful seed.

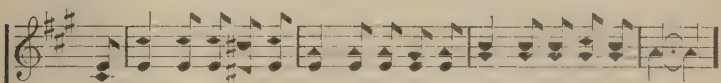
No. 185. SHALL WE ALL REACH HOME?

T. C. HARPER.

G. W. SMITH, Jr.



1. Oft comes a tho't to my troubled soul, As the sun sinks in-to the West:
2. When Je-sus comes to redeem His own, And the trumpet blast shall resound.
3. When peoples gather from near and far, And the fi - nal judgment is giv'n,



At close of life and the bus-y strife, Shall we all reach home with the blest?
Till far and near shall the nations hear, Shall we with the saints all be found?
Shall I and you hear His "enter thro'," In the joy and sweetness of heav'n.



CHORUS.



Shall you and I and the countless throng, Who have passed on o-ver the sea;

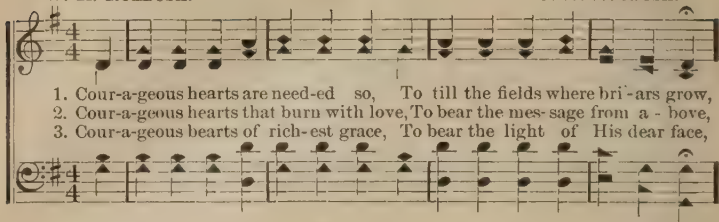


With Je-sus stand stand on the golden strand, Of the fair e - ter - ni - ty?

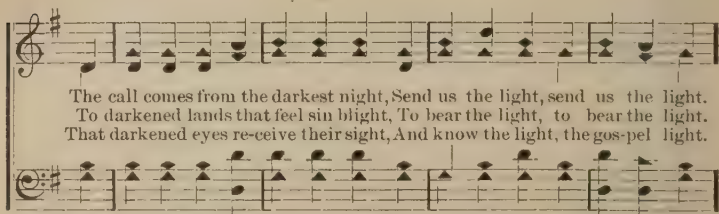


W. H. RUEBUSH.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

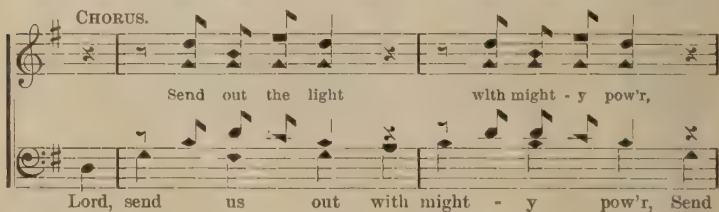


1. Cour-a-geous hearts are need-ed so, To till the fields where bri-ars grow,
 2. Cour-a-geous hearts that burn with love, To bear the mes-sage from a - bove,
 3. Cour-a-geous bearts of rich-est grace, To bear the light of His dear face,

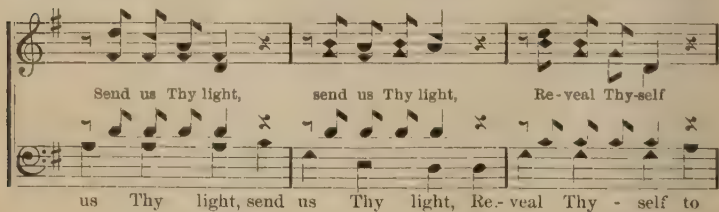


The call comes from the darkest night, Send us the light, send us the light.
 To darkened lands that feel sin blight, To bear the light, to bear the light.
 That darkened eyes re-ceive their sight, And know the light, the gos-pel light.

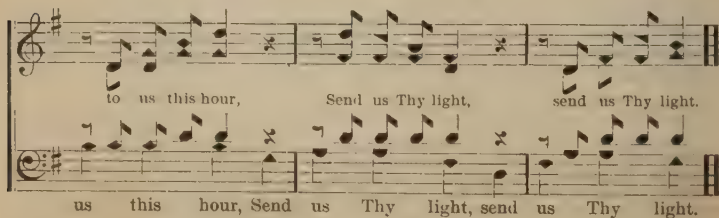
CHORUS.



Send out the light with might - y pow'r,
 Lord, send us out with might - y pow'r, Send



Send us Thy light, send us Thy light, Re-veal Thy-self
 us Thy light, send us Thy light, Re-veal Thy - self to

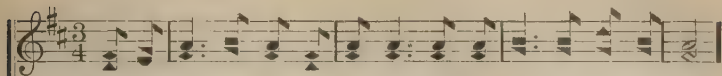


to us this hour, Send us Thy light, send us Thy light.
 us this hour, Send us Thy light, send us Thy light.

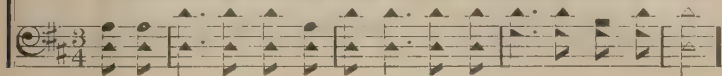
No. 187. THE JOY OF HIS PRESENCE.

Rev. T. C. HARPER.

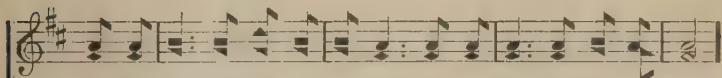
J. S. LAW.



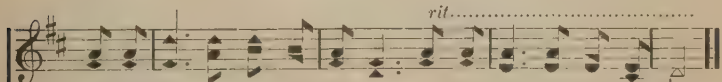
1. When the storms of life are o - ver, And our bur-dens all laid down,
2. What a greet-ing there a - waits us, From the loved ones gone be - fore,
3. O my heart is wait-ing, long-ing, For the bless-ed time to come!



And we pass in - to His pres-ence, To re-ceive a robe and crown,
Who are hap - py with the an - gels, Sing-ing on the gold - en shore;
When the wings of faith shall lift me To the bright im-mor - tal home,



O the joy that then a - waits us, O the bliss our hearts shall know,
There we'll drink of life's pure riv - er, Nev-er more to thirst a - gain,
To be - hold the throne of Je - sus, And the glo - ry of His face,

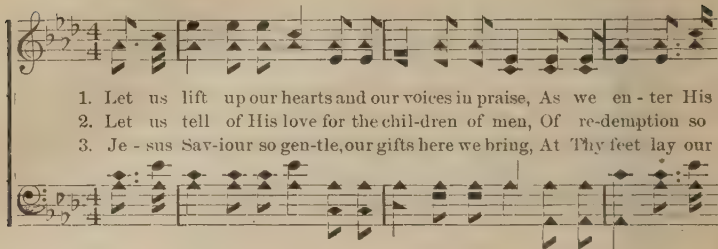


When redeemed from all earth's sorrows, We shall home to Je - sus go.
In that land of life and beau-ty, Hearts shall nev-er suf - fer pain.
And to join the hap - py mill-ions, Sing-ing His re-deem-ing grace.

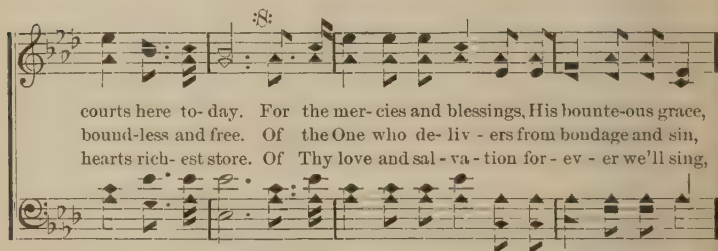


Rev. T. C. HARPER.

G. W. SMITH, Jr.

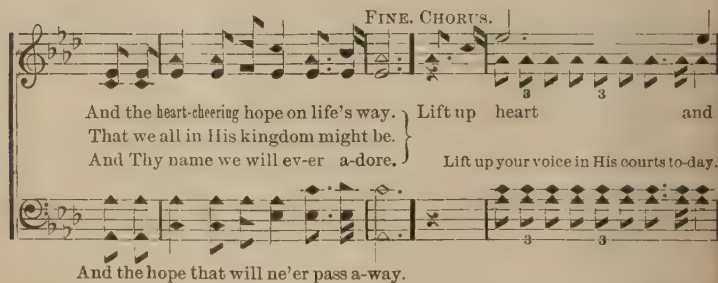


1. Let us lift up our hearts and our voices in praise, As we en - ter His
 2. Let us tell of His love for the chil-dren of men, Of re-demption so
 3. Je - sus Sav-iour so gen-tle, our gifts here we bring, At Thy feet lay our



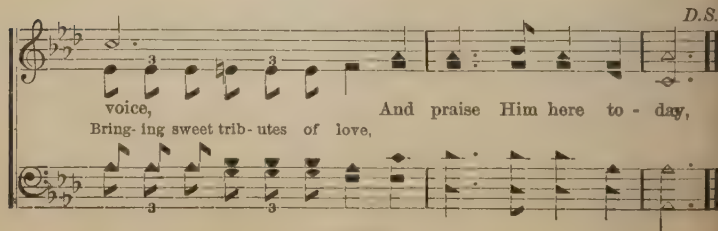
courts here to-day. For the mer-cies and blessings, His boun-te-ous grace,
 bound-less and free. Of the One who de-liv - ers from bondage and sin,
 hearts rich-est store. Of Thy love and sal - va - tion for - ev - er we'll sing,

D.S.—For sal - va - tion and pow'r, For His love ev - er hour,



And the heart-cheering hope on life's way. Lift up heart and
 That we all in His kingdom might be. }
 And Thy name we will ev-er a-dore. Lift up your voice in His courts to-day.

And the hope that will ne'er pass a-way.



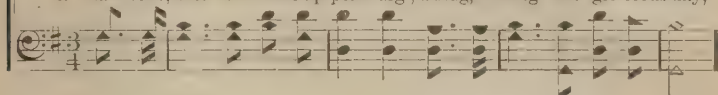
voice, And praise Him here to - day,
 Bring-ing sweet trib-utes of love,

THOS. KELLY.

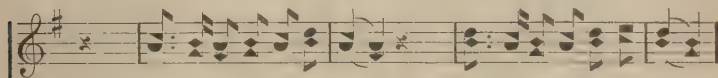
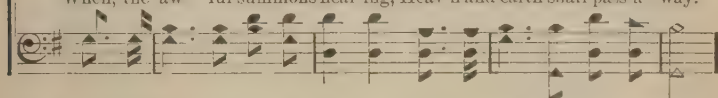
LOWELL MASON.



1. Hark ! ten thousand harps and voic - es Sound the notes of praise a - bove ;
2. Je - sus, hail ! whose glory bright - ens All a - bove, and gives its worth ;
3. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown ;
4. Sav - iour, hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing ; Bring, O bring the glo - rious day,



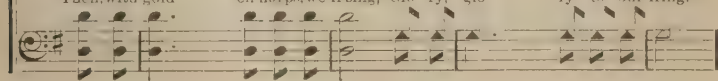
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es — Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
 Lord of life, the smile en - light - ens, Cheer and charms, Thy saints on earth.
 Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.
 When, the aw - ful summons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way.



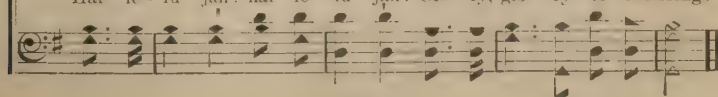
See, He sits on yonder throne ;
 When we think of love like Thine,
 Hap - py objects of Thy grace,
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,

Jesus rules the world a - lone.
 Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Destined to behold Thy face.
 "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

See, He sits	on yon - der throne ;	Je - sus rules	the world a - lone.
When we think	of love like Thine, Lord, we own	it love di - vine.	
Hap - py ob -	jects of Thy grace, Destined to	be - hold Thy face.	
Then, with gold	en harps, we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo	ry to our King!"	



Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.
 Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King !



J. C. HARPER.

WASH LEE.



1. O'er the sea of life our ves - sel swift - ly glides, Thro' the
 2. Naught we fear the tem - pest rag - ing o'er the deep, And the
 3. Home at last, the dan - ger of the voy - age o'er, We shall



deep waves rest, mist and foam, dash - ing high, safe - ly rest, T'ward the ha - ven
 For the Sav - iour - 'Mid the smil - ing

1. Thro' the deep mist and foam,



where we shall at anch - or ride, Safe at home, safe at home.
 Pi - lot will His lov'd ones keep, Bring us home by and by.
 ver - dure on fair Canaan's shore, Ev - er rest, safe - ly rest.
 Safe at home,

CHORUS.



Sail - ing on o'er the wa - ters deep and wide, Sail - ing, swift - ly



sail - ing, we're swift - ly sail - ing, To - ward the ha - ven so

SAILING ON.—Concluded.

fair be-yond the tide, Sail-ing, swift-ly sail-ing, we're sail-ing on.

No. 191.

HOME AT LAST.

W. H. R.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Home at last, from darkness of night Home at last and in-to the light;
2. Home at last, the way has been long, Home at last to en-ter with song;
3. Home at last, how blessed the clime, Home at last, its beau-ties all mine;

Home at last, and out of sin's blight, Home at last with Je - sus.
 Home at last to greet the blest throng, Home at last with Je - sus.
 Home at last, the joy-bells all chime, Home at last with Je - sus.

CHORUS.

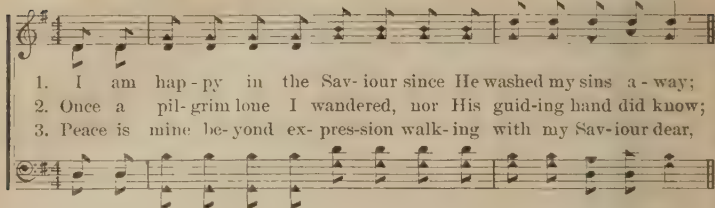
Home, home, oh, to be home, Home, home, no more to roam;

Home, home, no shad-ows come, Home at last with Je - sus.

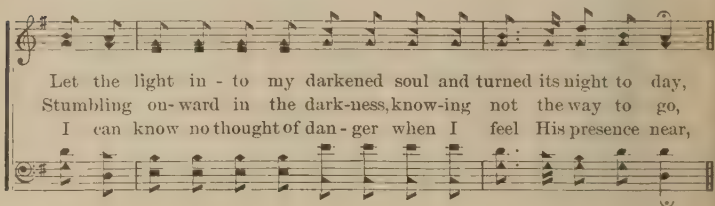
No. 192. I AM HAPPY IN THE SAVIOUR.

Rev. T. C. HARPER.

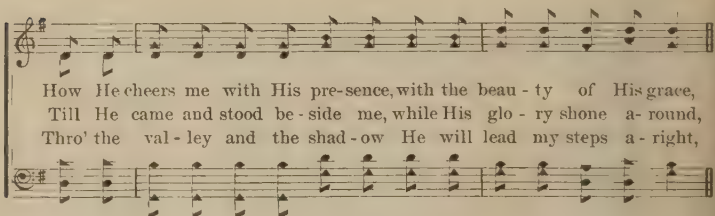
D. W. MITCHELL.



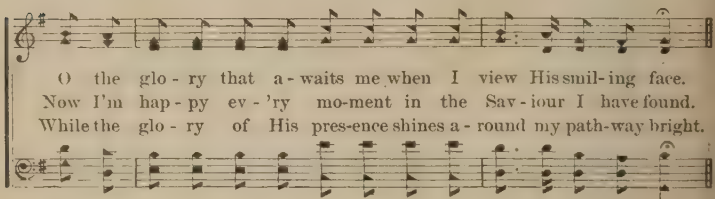
1. I am hap - py in the Sav - iour since He washed my sins a - way;
 2. Once a pil - grim lone I wandered, nor His guid - ing hand did know;
 3. Peace is mine be - yond ex - pres - sion walk - ing with my Sav - iour dear,



Let the light in - to my darkened soul and turned its night to day,
 Stumbling on - ward in the dark - ness, know - ing not the way to go,
 I can know no thought of dan - ger when I feel His presence near,

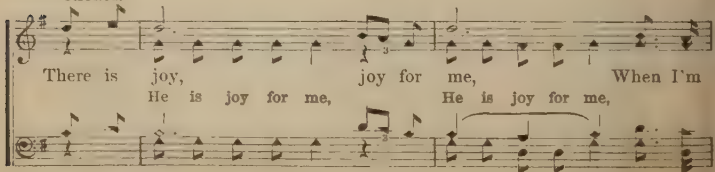


How He cheers me with His pre - sence, with the beau - ty of His grace,
 Till He came and stood be - side me, while His glo - ry shone a - round,
 Thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow He will lead my steps a - right,



O the glo - ry that a - waits me when I view His smil - ing face.
 Now I'm hap - py ev - 'ry mo - ment in the Sav - iour I have found.
 While the glo - ry of His pres - ence shines a - round my path - way bright.

CHORUS.



There is joy, joy for me, When I'm
 He is joy for me, He is joy for me,

I AM HAPPY IN THE SAVIOUR.—Concluded.

walking with the Saviour at my side, There is peace, blessed
my weary side, There is lasting peace,

peace,
there is last-ing peace,

When I'm walk-ing at my Sav-iour's side.

No. 193. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEORGE KEITH.

ANNIE STEELE.

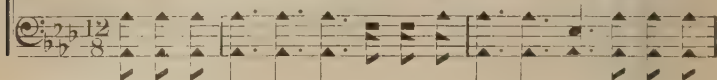
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismay'd! For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
3. "The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re-pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
God, and will still give thee aid. I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
sor-rows shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
will not de-sert to His foes, That soul, tho' all hell should en-

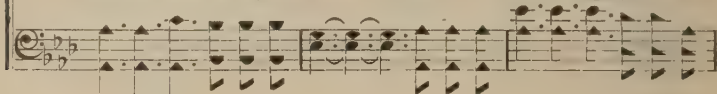
you He hath said, You who run-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up-held by My righteous, om-ni-po-tent hand.
troub-les to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake."



1. Lov-ing-ly, ten - der - ly gath-er the lost ones in, In - to the
2. Haste with the gos - pel light, save them from sin's dark night, Tell them of
3. Read - y the Sav-iour stands, see Him with outstretched hands, Waiting to



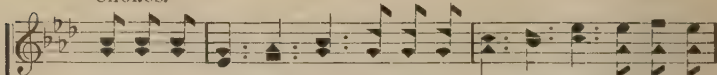
Saviour's fold, beau-ti-ful fold;..... Out of the cold and storm, in-to His
One who lives, mighty to save;..... Bring them without de-lay, in - to His
welcome wan-der-ing ones home,..... Haste, O ye Sons of Light, in-to the



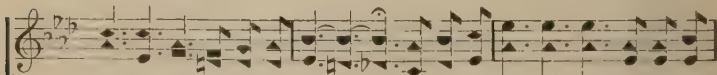
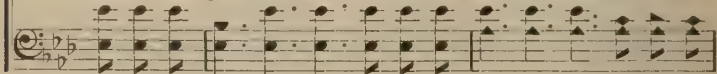
lov - ing arms, Gath-er the lost ones in, gath-er them in.....
fold to - day, Gath-er the lost ones in, gath-er them in.....
dark'ning night, Gath-er the lost ones in, gath-er them in.....



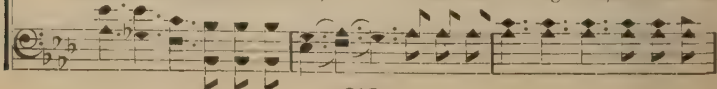
CHORUS.



Gath-er the pre-cious ones in from the cold and storm, In - to the



Saviour's fold gather them in;..... In - to His lov - ing arms, safe from the



GATHER THEM IN.—Concluded.

world's a-larms, Gather the lost ones in, gath-er them in.....

No. 195.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world—the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs em-ploy;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground:
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove

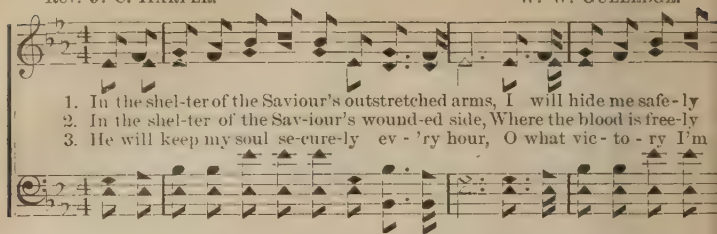
Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy,
 He comes to make His blessings flow, Far as the curse is found,
 The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love,
 And heav'n and na-
 And heav'n and na-

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
 Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
 Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 And wonders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.
 ture sing.....
 ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

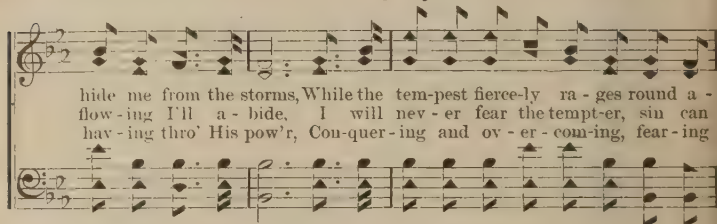
No. 196. IN THE SHELTER OF HIS ARMS.

Rev. J. C. HARPER.

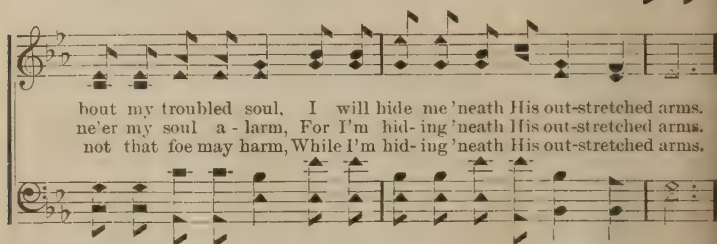
W. W. GULLEDGE.



1. In the shel-ter of the Saviour's outstretched arms, I will hide me safe-ly
 2. In the shel-ter of the Sav-iour's wound-ed side, Where the blood is free-ly
 3. He will keep my soul se-cure-ly ev-'ry hour, O what vic-to-ry I'm

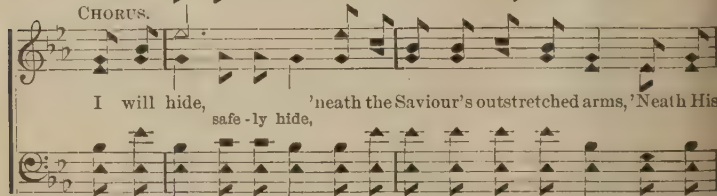


hide me from the storms, While the tem-pest fierce-ly ra-ges round a-
 flow-ing I'll a-bide, I will nev-er fear the tempt-er, sin can
 hav-ing thro' His pow'r, Con-quer-ing and ov-er-com-ing, fear-ing

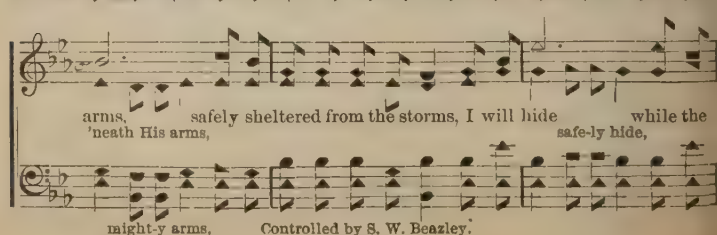


bout my troubled soul, I will hide me 'neath His out-stretched arms.
 ne'er my soul a-larm, For I'm hid-ing 'neath His out-stretched arms.
 not that foe may harm, While I'm hid-ing 'neath His out-stretched arms.

CHORUS.

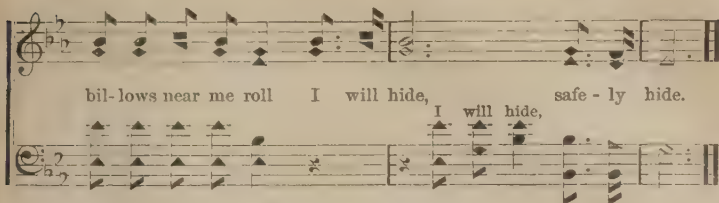


I will hide, 'neath the Saviour's outstretched arms, 'Neath His
 safe-ly hide,



arms, safely sheltered from the storms, I will hide while the
 'neath His arms, safe-ly hide,
 might-y arms, Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

IN THE SHELTER OF HIS ARMS.—Concluded.

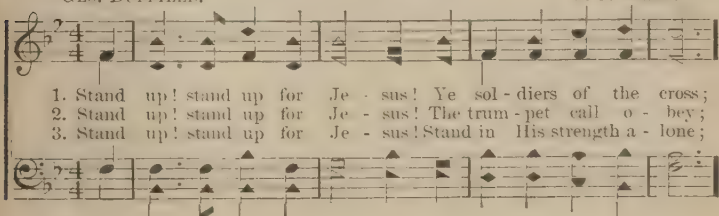


bil-lows near me roll I will hide, I will hide, safe - ly hide.

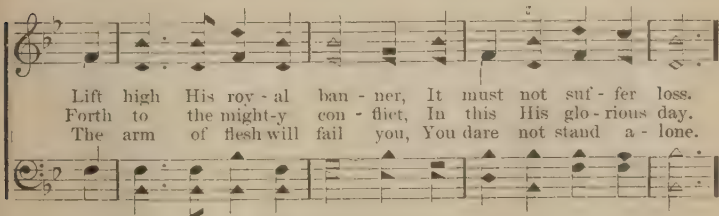
No. 197. WEBB. 7s & 6s.

GEO. DUFFIELD.

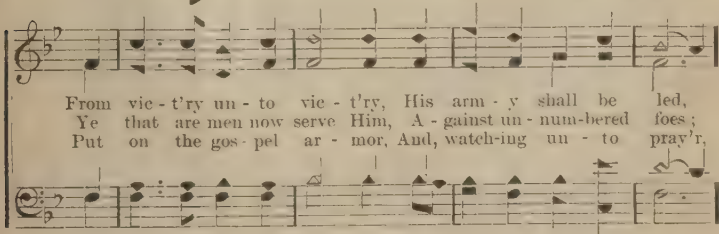
G. J. WEBB.



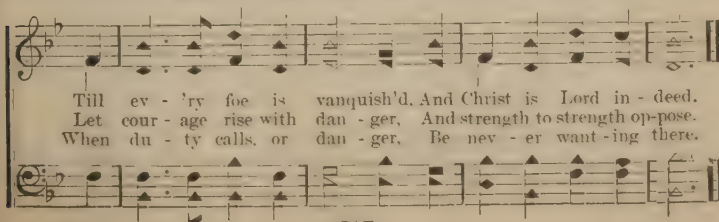
1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you, You dare not stand a - lone.



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His arm - y shall be led,
Ye that are men now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to pray'r,



Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
When du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.

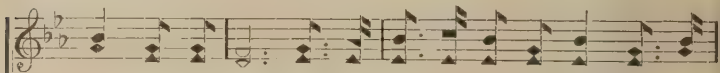
No. 198. THE HOME THAT'S FAR AWAY.

Mc. D. W.

Mc. D. WEAMS.



1. My dear Sav - iour has gone to pre-pare That blest home of sweet
2. Soon I'll cross o'er the dark mys - tic stream, To that land of great
3. In those mansions there's room for us all, Who will trust on the



rest in the sky; Soon He'll gath - er in His own Where no
treas - ures un - told, There I'll rest for - ev - er - more, With my
Lord great and small, Sin - ner, come to Je - sus now, Will you



more we'll walk alone, For we'll dwell there throughout eter - ni - ty.
Saviour gone before, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y built of gold.
now not make your vow, And we'll dwell there throughout eternity.



CHORUS.



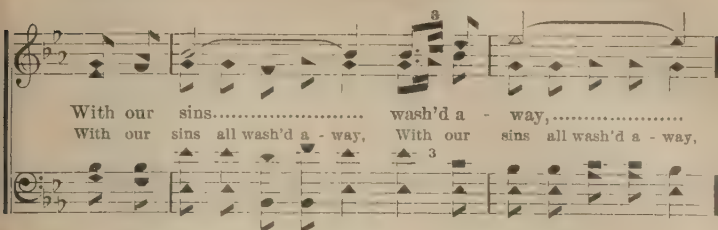
There's a home..... far a - way.....
There's a home that's far a - way, There's a home that's far a - way,



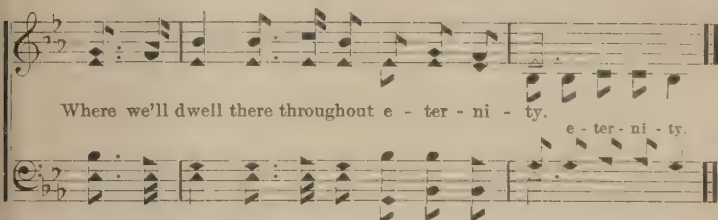
Where we'll gath - - - er some sweet day,.....
Where we'll gath - er, where we'll gath - er some sweet day, some sweet day,



THE HOME THAT'S FAR AWAY.—Concluded.



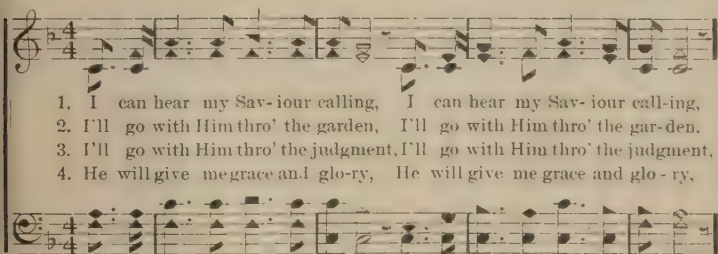
With our sins..... wash'd a - way,.....
 With our sins all wash'd a - way, With our sins all wash'd a - way,



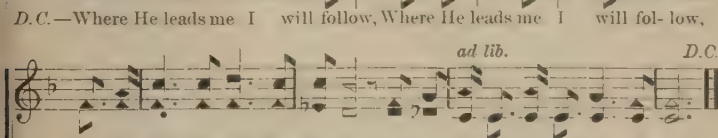
Where we'll dwell there throughout e - ter - ni - ty. e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 199. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

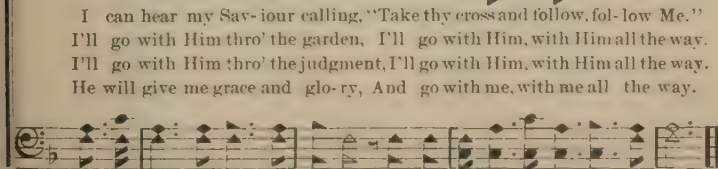
Arr.



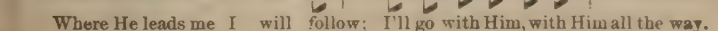
1. I can hear my Sav-iour calling, I can hear my Sav-iour calling,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den.
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,



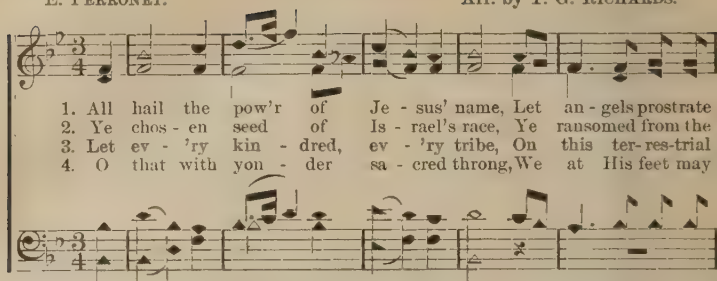
D.C.—Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will fol- low,



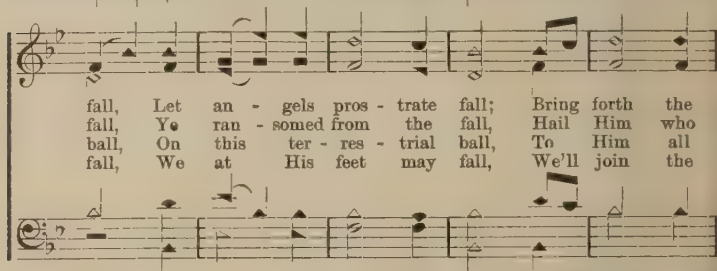
ad lib. *D.C.*
 I can hear my Sav-iour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol- low Me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



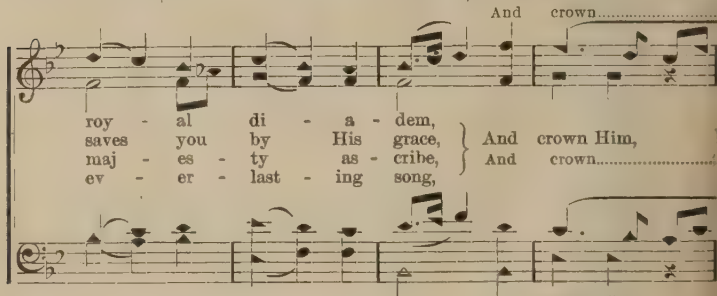
Where He leads me I will follow; I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.



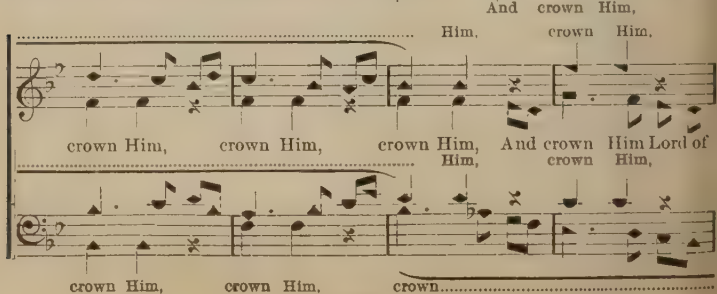
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may



fall, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the
 fall, Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail Him who
 ball, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all
 fall, We at His feet may fall, We'll join the



And crown.....
 roy - al di - a - dem,
 saves you by His grace, } And crown Him,
 maj - es - ty as - cribe, } And crown.....
 ev - er - last - ing song,



And crown Him,
 Him, crown Him,
 crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
 Him, crown Him,
 crown Him, crown Him, crown.....

DIADEM.—Concluded.

crown Him, crown Him,

all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 201. THE HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-ture all a-broad. }
 2. { O hap-py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love. }
 { Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move, }
 3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine, }
 { He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine. }

REFRAIN.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.

FINE.

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest:
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart.
 With Him of every good possessed.
- 5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear,

No. 202. GATHER IN THE CHILDREN.

GEO. P. HOTT.

J. L. MATHEWS.

1. Gath - er in the chil - dren to the Shepherd's fold, Gath - er
 2. Gath - er in the chil - dren, from the fields of sin, Tell them
 3. Let the Mas - ter's say - ing nev - er be for - got, "Suf - fer,

when the sun shines, gath - er in the cold; Tell them Je - sus
 how the Sav - iour seeks their lives to win; Teach them to be
 lit - tle chil - dren, and for - bid them not," For of such the

D.S.—Go and find the
 loves them, that His life He gave, An a - ton - ing ran - som
 gen - tle, pa - tient true and kind, That a - long life's path - way
 king - dom of the Lord must be; Hear the Sav - iour's say - ing
 chil - dren, bring the lambs to Him, Je - sus wants the chil - dren,

FINE. CHORUS.

sin - ful ones to save, } Gath - er in the chil - dren, gath - er in the
 friends they'll ev - er find. }
 Let them come to me. }
 for His up - per fold.

chil - dren, Gath - er in the chil - dren to the Sav - iour's fold,
D.S.

GEO. P. HOTT, A. M.

S. G. SIMMONS.

1. Beau - ti - ful home - land, heav - en - ly man - sions, Ev - er a - dorn thy
 2. Beau - ti - ful home - land, land of my Fa - ther's, Land where the faithful
 3. Homeland of heav - en rich are thy treas - ures, How can I reach thee

hills with de - light; Radiance e - ter - nal, beau - ty su - per - nal, There where the
 ev - er shall dwell, Oft - en I'm long - ing, oft - en I'm sigh - ing, With a heart
 burdened with sin? On - ly thro' Je - sus, mer - ci - ful Sav - iour! Cleanse me and

CHORUS.

Lamb ere giv - eth the light. }
 yearn - ing words can - not tell. } Beau - ti - ful homel - and, beau - ti - ful homel - and,
 make me, per - fect with - in. }

Beau - ti - ful home - land wait - ing for me; Beau - ti - ful homel - and,

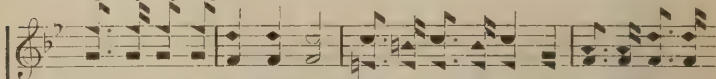
beau - ti - ful home - land, There with the loved ones, ev - er I'd be.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

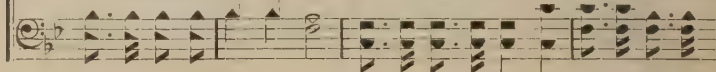
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. We would be light bear-ers un - to lands in darkness, Ma - ny na-tions
2. We would be light bear-ers, shin-ing for the Sav-iour, As to vic-t'ry
3. We would be light bear-ers, brave-ly on-ward far - ing, True as her-alds



know not Je-sus or His love, We would tell the sto-ry how the Lord of
we are marching in His name, Ig - norance will vanish, light will darkness
who are guid-ed from a - bove, Life with light is given, Christ the Light from



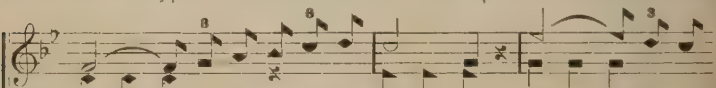
glo - ry Left for them His Fa-ther's heav'nly home a - bove.
ban - ish, As the glo-rious gos - pel mes-sage we pro - claim.
heav - en Bids us bear to all the world this gift of love.



CHORUS.



Bear - ing the message of love..... to the na-tions that
March-ing on, bear - ing love,



wait..... In the gloom and the shad - ow brave - ly we
on we go, shed-ding light, march-ing on,



LIGHT BEARERS.—Concluded.

march on our way,..... Glad-ly tell-ing that Christ died the world to
ev - er on,

win, March - ing to bear them the
We glad - ly bear His mes - sage, March-ing on

won - der - ful message that light..... Shall il - lum - ine their
Bear - ing light, on we go,

dark - ness We..... would be bear - ers of
trough the night, March - ing on,

light,..... Ev - er tell-ing that Christ died to save men from sin.
ev - er on,

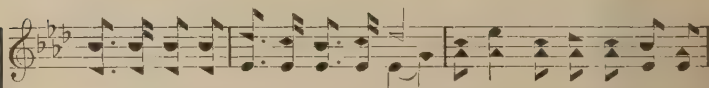
No. 205. PRAISE THE GOD OF HARVEST.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

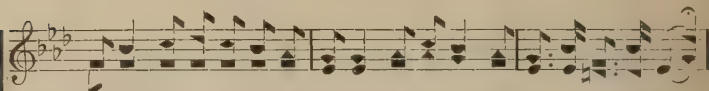
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Come, ye reapers who have labored 'Neath the glowing sun, Sing to-gether
2. Come, and sing a song of gladness, Sing of rip-en'd grain, All ye toil - ers
3. Sing for gladness, praise the wisdom That has wisely planned, He must la - bor



sing for gladness That your work is done, Sing-ing in joy-ful cho-rus,
who have gathered Fruits from hill and plain; Riches in full-est meas-ure,
who would gath-er Fruitage from the land: Ye who have toiled un-tir-ing



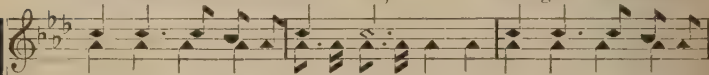
Praise Him who watches o'er us, Praise Him who nurtured the work by you begun.
Vineyard's and field's best treasure, With lavish boun-ty God gives to you a-gain.
Strong in His love inspiring, Praise Him who scatters reward with generous hand.



CHORUS.

Praise Him who rules the har - vest,

Your grate - ful trib-ute



Praise ye now the rul - er of the har-vest, Praise ye Him your



Praise ye Him who rules the har-vest, Praise Him grate - ful

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

PRAISE THE GOD OF HARVEST.—Concluded.

voic - ing,

Praise Him with songs of glad - ness,

grate-ful trib-ute voic - ing, Praise Him, praise Him with your songs of glad-ness,

trib - utes voic - ing, Praise Him with your songs of glad - ness

Ev - er in Him re-joic - ing,

Praise Him who watched the

Ev - er praise Him in His love, re-joic - ing, Praise ye Him who

Ev - er praise Him in His love re-joic - ing, Praise ye Him who

reap - ing,

In love such wealth be-stow - ing,

watched while you were reaping, In rare love such bounteous wealth bestowing,

watched the reap - ing, In rare love such wealth be - stow - ing,

Praise Him who never sleep - ing,

His watch-care is ev-er showing.

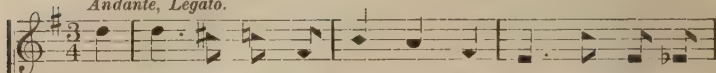
Praise Him that the love which never sleeps, His ten-der care is ev - er showing.

Praise Him that His watch - ful love His ten-der care is ev - er showing.

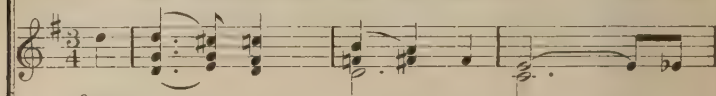
LANTA WILSON SMITH.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

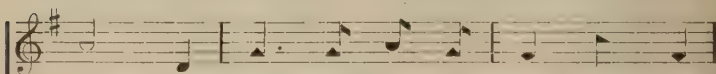
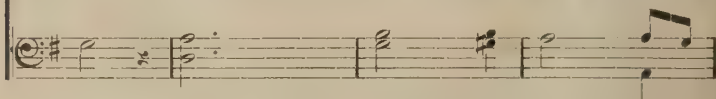
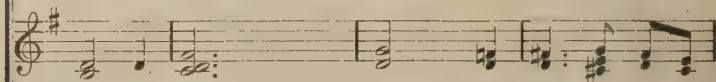
SOLO.

Andante, Legato.

1. I need Thee in the morn - ing, When life is fresh and
2. I need Thee at the noon - tide, When o'er my wind - ing
3. I need Thee when the shad - ows, Creep slow - ly down the

*Organ.*

fair, When sum-mer flow'rs are shed-ding, Rich per - fume in the
 path, The fer - vent heat of noon-day, Bring down the storm-king's
 West, When life, and toil, and pleas-ure, Have lost their cheer-ing

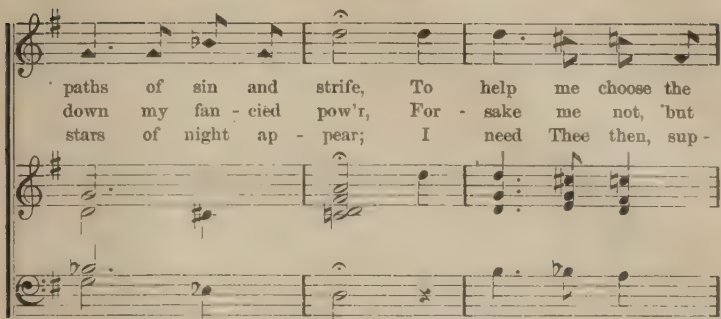


air. I need Thee then to keep me, From
 wrath. When strong and keen temp - ta - tion, Beats
 zest. When through the sol - emn twi - light, The

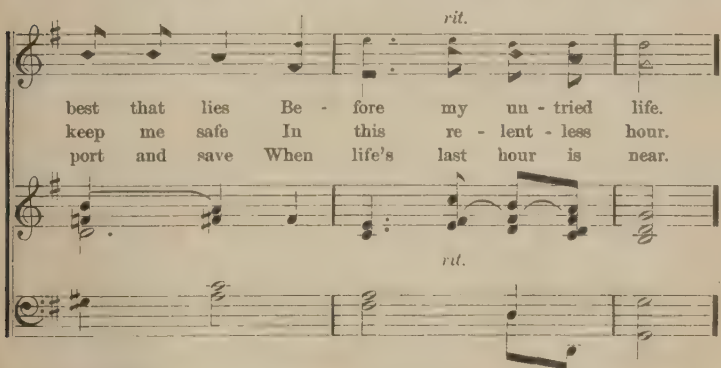


Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

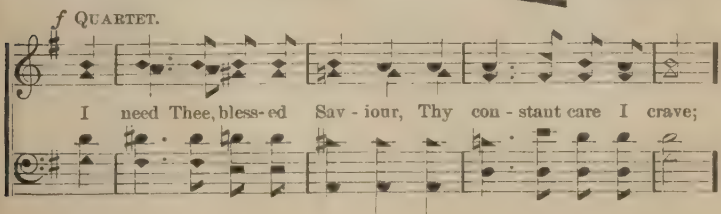
I NEED THEE.—Concluded.



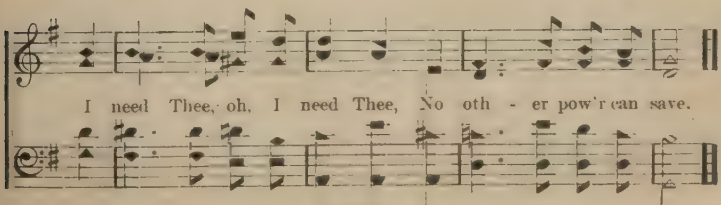
paths of sin and strife, To help me choose the
down my fan - cied pow'r, For - sake me not, but
stars of night ap - pear; I need Thee then, sup -



rit.
best that lies Be - fore my un - tried life.
keep me safe In this re - lent - less hour.
port and save When life's last hour is near.



f **QUARTET.**
I need Thee, bless - ed Sav - iour, Thy con - stant care I crave;



I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, No oth - er pow'r can save.

Larghetto.

Con - sid - er, Con - sid - er, con - sid - er the
Con - sid - er the lil - ies, con - sid - er the lil - ies,

lil - ies of the field,..... Con - sid - er, con -
how they grow, Con - sid - er the lil - ies, con -

sid - er, con - sid - er the lil - ies of the field.
sid - er the lil - ies,

They toil not, they toil not, they toil not, neith - er do they
They toil not, they toil not,

spin, Con - sid - er, con - sid - er, con -
neith - er do they spin, Con - sid - er the lil - ies, con - sid - er the lil - ies,

CONSIDER THE LILIES. —Concluded.

sid - er the lil - ies of the field,..... Con - sid - er, con -
how they grow, Con - sid - er the lil - ies, con -

sid - er, con - sid - er the lil - ies of the field.
sid - er the lil - ies,

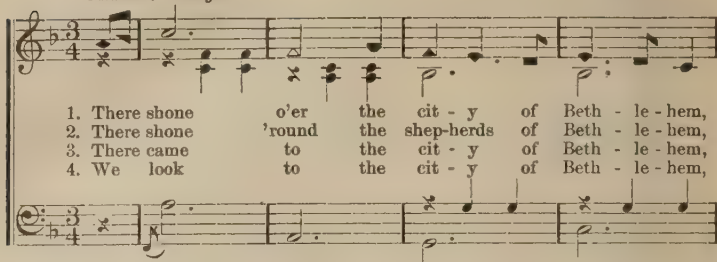
Yet I say un - to you,
And yet I say..... un - to you,..... That e - ven

was not arrayed,
Sol - o - mon in all his glo - ry was not ar - rayed,..... was not ar -

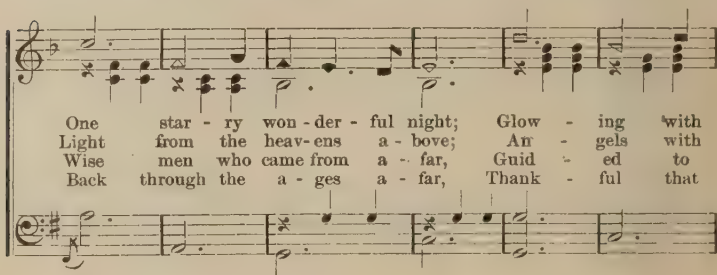
was not ar - rayed,
rayed,..... Like one of these, like one of these.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

UNISON. *Lively.*


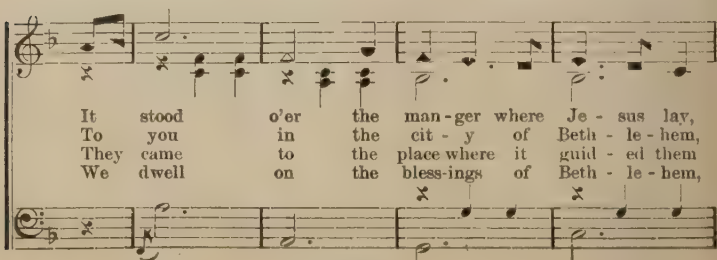
1. There shone o'er the cit - y of Beth - le - hem,
 2. There shone 'round the shep-herds of Beth - le - hem,
 3. There came to the cit - y of Beth - le - hem,
 4. We look to the cit - y of Beth - le - hem,



One star - ry won - der - ful night; Glow - ing with
 Light from the heav - ens a - bove; An - gels with
 Wise men who came from a - far, Guid - ed to
 Back through the a - ges a - far, Thank - ful that

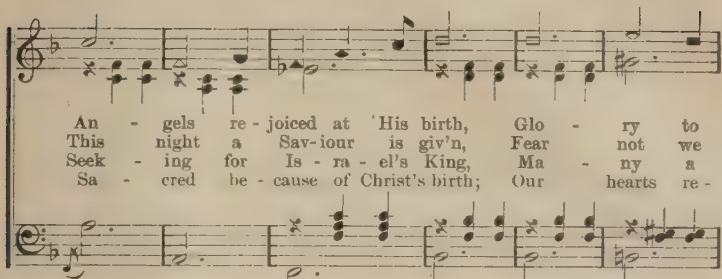


ra - di - ant beau - ty, A star of prom - ise so bright.
 joy were pro - claim - ing, God sends the gift of His love.
 Ju - dah's blest cit - y, Led by that won - der - ful star.
 Je - sus was giv - en, Grate - ful for His guid - ing star.

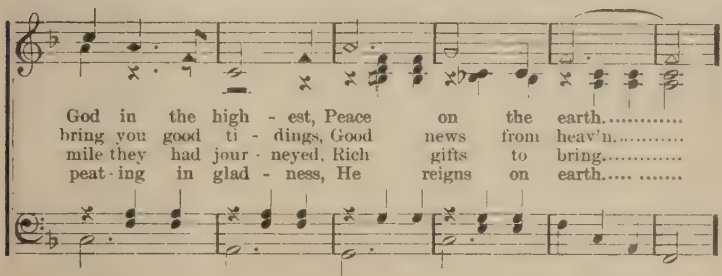


It stood o'er the man - ger where Je - sus lay,
 To you in the cit - y of Beth - le - hem,
 They came to the place where it guid - ed them
 We dwell on the bless - ings of Beth - le - hem,

STAR OF GLORY.—Concluded.

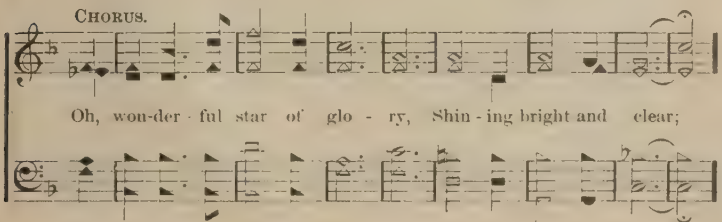


An - gels re - joiced at 'His birth, Glo - ry to
This night a Sav-iour is giv'n, Fear not we
Seek - ing for Is - ra - el's King, Ma - ny a
Sa - cred be - cause of Christ's birth; Our hearts re -

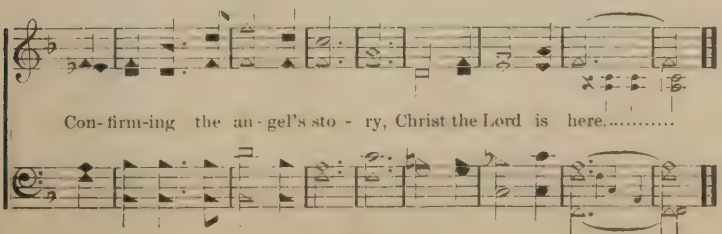


God in the high - est, Peace on the earth.....
bring you good ti - dings, Good news from heav'n.....
mile they had jour - neyed, Rich gifts to bring.....
peat-ing in glad - ness, He reigns on earth.....

CHORUS.



Oh, won - der - ful star of glo - ry, Shin - ing bright and clear;



Con - firm - ing the an - gel's sto - ry, Christ the Lord is here.....

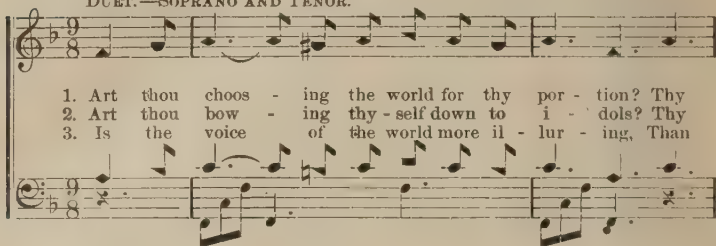
No. 209. WHAT WILT THOU DO WITH JESUS.

Matt. 17: 23.

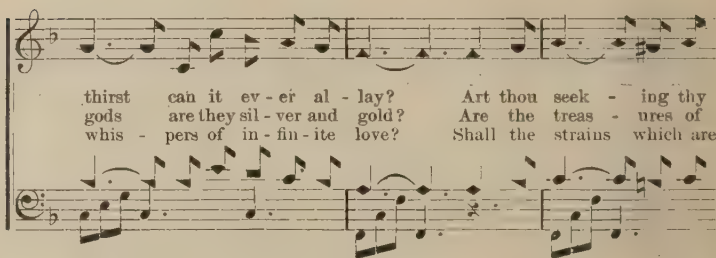
E. C. ELLSWORTH.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

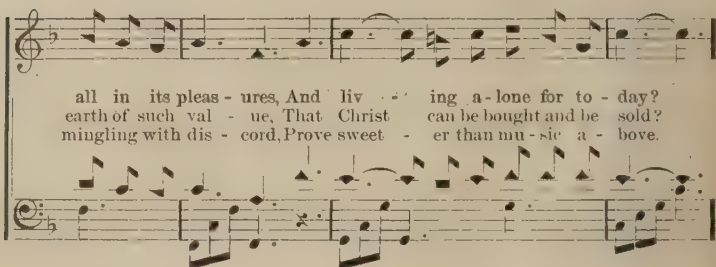
DUET.—SOPRANO AND TENOR.



1. Art thou choos - ing the world for thy por - tion? Thy
 2. Art thou bow - ing thy - self down to i - dols? Thy
 3. Is the voice of the world more il - lur - ing, Than

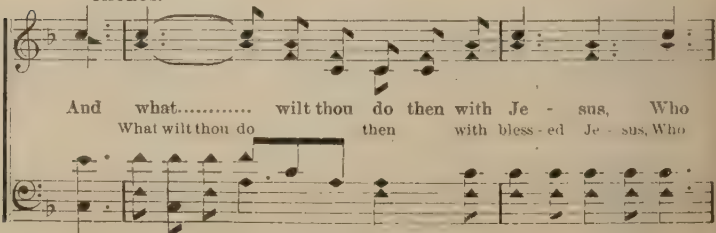


thirst can it ev - er al - lay? Art thou seek - ing thy
 gods are they sil - ver and gold? Are the treas - ures of
 whis - pers of in - fin - ite love? Shall the strains which are



all in its pleas - ures, And liv - ing a - lone for to - day?
 earth of such val - ue, That Christ can be bought and be sold?
 mingling with dis - cord, Prove sweet - er than mu - sic a - bove.

CHORUS.



And what..... wilt thou do then with Je - sus, Who
 What wilt thou do then with bless - ed Je - sus, Who

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

WHAT WILL THOU DO WITH JESUS.—Concluded.

of - ferst thee glo - ries di - vine? In vain..... in thy
offerst thee glo ries, glo-ries divine? In vain in thy hand

hand is a scept - tre, A king - dom and crown may be thine.
is a God-given sceptre, A kingdom and crown may be thine.

No. 210.

THOU ART MY ALL.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Slow and gentle.

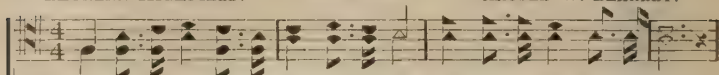
1. I need Thee Christ my all, Life's rugged way to cheer, No e - vil can be-fall,
2. I need Thee Christ my all, To keep me lest I stay, No darkness can ap-pall,
3. I need Thee Christ my all, No love so great as Thine, No sin can me enthral,

If Thou my Lord art near. Keep me, no harm can then be - fall.
If Thou wilt light the way. Keep me, no dark-ness can ap - pall.
If I can claim Thee mine, Keep me, no sin can then en - thrall.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

Male Quartet.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



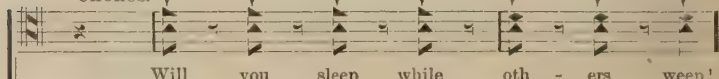
1. There is a foe in this coun-try of ours, Strong-ly entrenched in the land;
2. Sa - tan is watching to lead men a-stray, Snares all a-bout them are spread,
3. Strong as a giant the rum pow-er has grown, Cru - el is its sla-ver - y,
4. Waste not the time and the strength God has giv'n, Take up His work with a will,



Why are you i - dle while Sa - tan devours Souls that for Je-sus should stand.
 Stronger and stronger are growing each day Fet - ters in which they are led.
 Rise in your manhood and res-cue your own, This land be-longs to the free.
 While He is reign-ing a-bove in His heav'n, Men must for men la - bor still.



CHORUS.



Will you sleep while oth - ers weep!



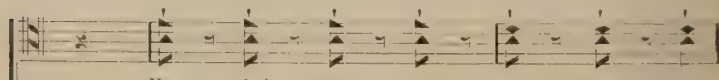
Will you id - ly waste your time in sleep while oth - ers toil and weep!



Will you save men from the tempter's hand!



Will you snatch this land from out the tempt - er's hand!



You the souls of men must keep.



God ex-pects that you will try your best your broth-ers' souls to keep.

SAVE YOUR BROTHER.—Concluded.

rit.....

For their rights you must now bold - ly stand.

ev - er stand.

No. 212.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Quartet for Ladies Voices.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.
Legato con espress.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Rest, now be-loved hap-py and blessed, Safe on the Master's breast, With love
2. Our clinging hands would hold thee fast Here in this world of care, But a
3. Calm be thy sleep, peaceful and deep Untouched by earthly woe, God hath
4. Sleeping to wake when Christ shall break Death's silence with His word, He who

greater than ours He has measured thy hour, And decreed that thou shouldst rest,
far better part Is for thee, loving heart, Heavenly mansions thou shalt share,
giv en thee rest, He provides what is best, Thou art safe with Him we know,
car-eth for thee Still our com-fort will be, We can leave thee with the Lord.

REFRAIN.

rit.....

Good-night, good-night, Sweet be thy peace-ful rest.
Good-night, good-night,

No. 213. THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING.

The "Creation."

JOSEPH HAYDN.

f

The heav-ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God, The won-der of His

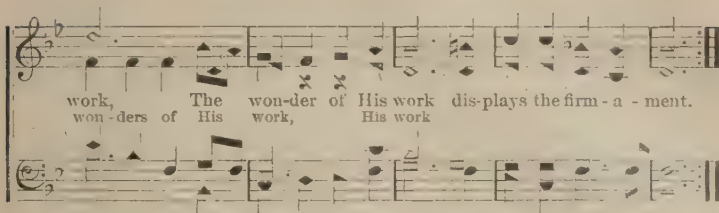
work dis-plays the firm - a - ment. In all the lands re -
In all the

sounds the word, Nev-er un-per-ceiv - ed, ev - er un-der-stood,
lands re-sounds the word,

ev - er, ev - er, ev - er un - der - stood. The heav - ens are

tell - ing the glo - ry of God, The won - der of His
The

THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING. Concluded.

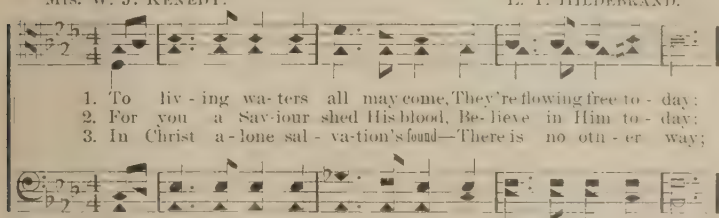


work, The won-der of His work dis-plays the firm-a-ment.
won-ders of His work, His work

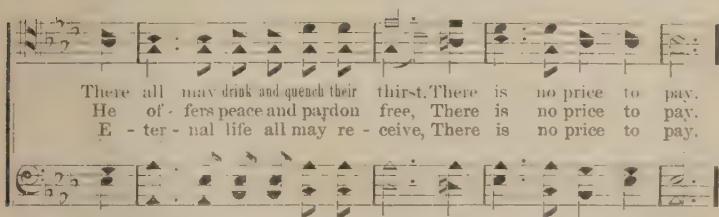
No. 214. NO PRICE TO PAY.

Mrs. W. J. KENEDY.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

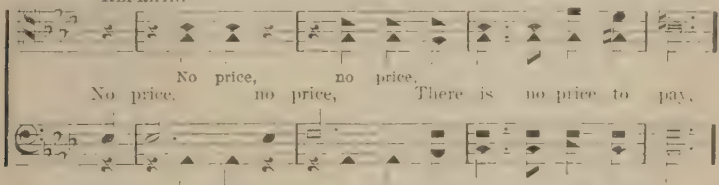


1. To liv-ing wa-ters all may come, They're flow-ing free to-day;
2. For you a Sav-iour shed His blood, Be-lieve in Him to-day;
3. In Christ a-lone sal-va-tion's found—There is no oth-er way;

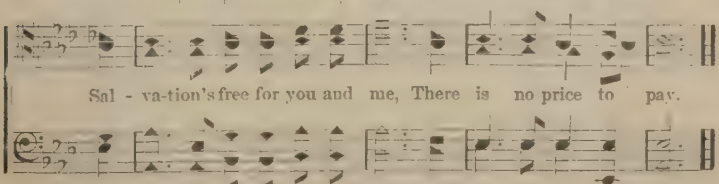


There all may drink and quench their thirst, There is no price to pay.
He of-fers peace and pardon free, There is no price to pay.
E-ter-nal life all may re-ceive, There is no price to pay.

REFRAIN.



No price, No price, no price, There is no price to pay.



Sal-va-tion's free for you and me, There is no price to pay.

Copyright, 1906, by Hildebrand & Oslin.

9th Psalm.

Anthem.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee with my whole heart,

I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee with
I will praise Thee; I will praise Thee,

my whole heart, I will show forth, I will show forth Thy
I will show forth, I will show forth Thy

mar velous, marvelous works, I will show forth. I will
marvelous works, Thy marvelous, marvelous works, I will show forth,

show forth Thy mar velous, mar-vel-ous works.
I will show forth Thy mar-vel-ous works, Thy marvel-ous, mar-vel-ous works.

I WILL PRAISE THEE.—Continued.

I will show forth, I will show forth Thy mar - vel - ous works, I will

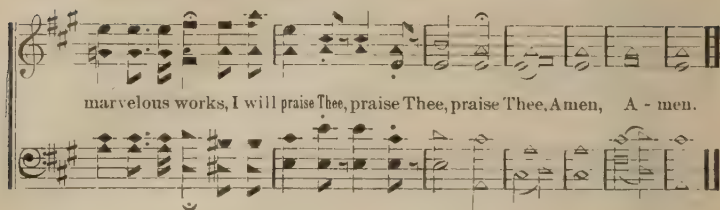
show forth, I will show forth Thy mar - - - vel - ous, mar - vel - ous works, Thy marvel - ous,

mar - vel - ous works, I will praise Thee and show forth Thy marvelous works,

I will praise Thee, praise Thee, praise Thee, I will show forth Thy marvelous works,

Thy marvelous works,..... I will praise Thee and show forth Thy
Thy marvelous works,
Thy works. Thy mar - vel - ous works
Thy works, Thy marvelous works,

I WILL PRAISE THEE.—Concluded.



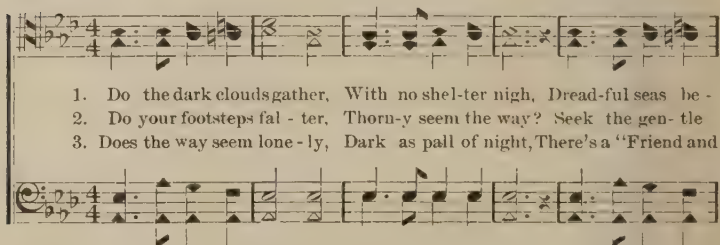
marvelous works, I will praise Thee, praise Thee, praise Thee, Amen, A - men.

No. 216.

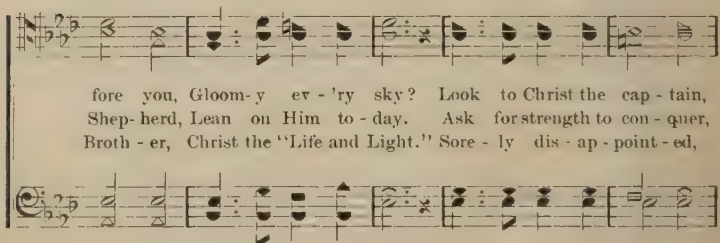
LOOK TO JESUS.

W. H. R.

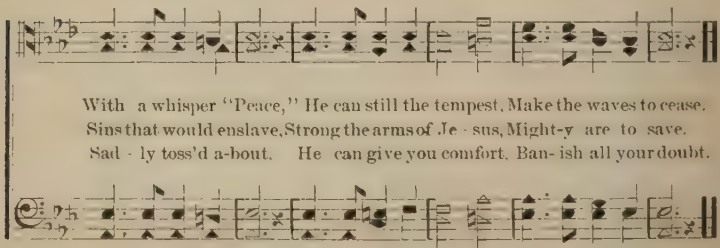
W. H. RUEBUSH.



1. Do the dark clouds gather, With no shel-ter nigh, Dread-ful seas be -
 2. Do your footsteps fal - ter, Thorn-y seem the way? Seek the gen - tle
 3. Does the way seem lone - ly, Dark as pall of night, There's a "Friend and



fore you, Gloom-y ev - 'ry sky? Look to Christ the cap - tain,
 Shep-herd, Lean on Him to - day. Ask for strength to con - quer,
 Broth - er, Christ the "Life and Light." Sore - ly dis - ap - point - ed,



With a whisper "Peace," He can still the tempest, Make the waves to cease.
 Sins that would enslave, Strong the arms of Je - sus, Might-y are to save.
 Sad - ly toss'd a-bout. He can give you comfort, Ban-ish all your doubt.

Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

Anthem.

103d PSALM.

Maestoso.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Bless the Lord! bless the Lord! O my soul: And all that is with-

in me, bless His ho - ly name, Bless the Lord! bless the Lord! O my

soul; And all that is with-in me, bless His ho - ly name.

SOLO.

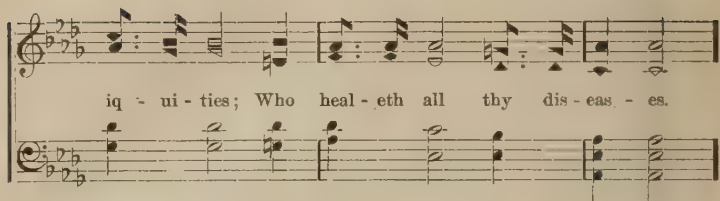
Yea, bless the Lord O, my soul, And for - get not

p

DUET.

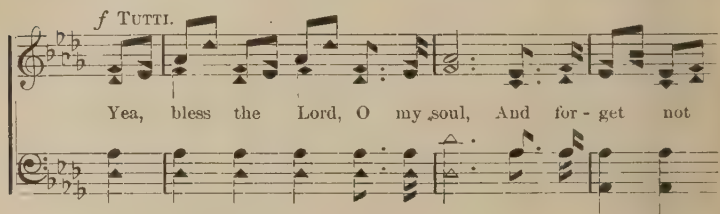
all His ben - e - fits, Who for - giv - eth all thine in -

BLESS THE LORD.—Continued.

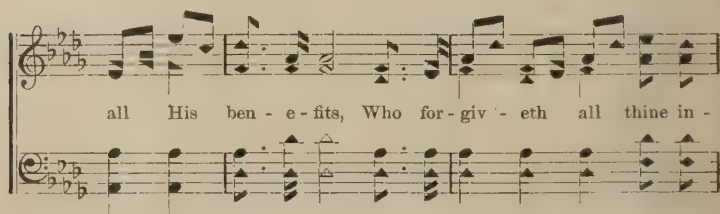


iq - ui - ties; Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es.

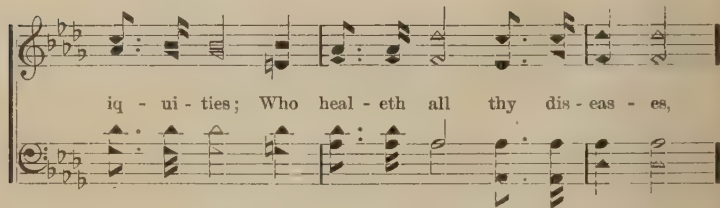
f TUTTI.



Yea, bless the Lord, O my soul, And for - get not

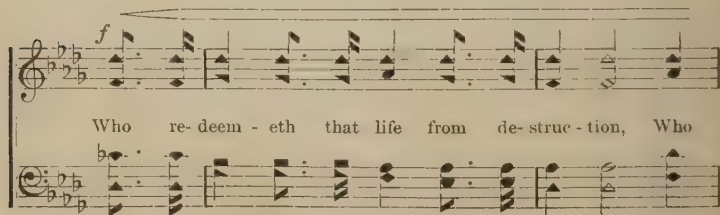


all His ben - e - fits, Who for - giv - eth all thine in -



iq - ui - ties; Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es,

f



Who re - deem - eth that life from de - struc - tion, Who

BLESS THE LORD.—Concluded.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/5 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: crown-eth thee with lov - ing kind - ness, Who re-deem - eth thy

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/5 time, key of B-flat major. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: life from de - struc - tion, Who crown-eth thee with lov - ing

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/5 time, key of B-flat major. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: kind - ness, Who crown-eth thee with lov ing kind - ness, Who

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/5 time, key of B-flat major. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: crowneth thee with lov - ing kind-ness, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing

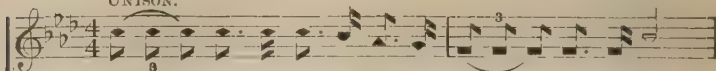
Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/5 time, key of B-flat major. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: kind-ness, And ten - der mer - cies. Bless the Lord, A - men.

No. 218. CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS MARCH SONG.

GEO. P. HOTT.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

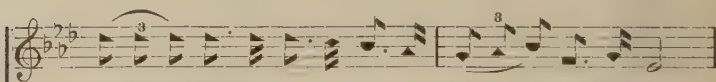
UNISON.



1. Mer - ri - ly Christmas bells shall ring, yes, mer - ri - ly ring to-day,
2. Mer - ri - ly Christmas bells shall ring, yes, mer - ri - ly ring to-day,
3. Mer - ri - ly Christmas bells shall ring, yes, mer - ri - ly ring to-day,



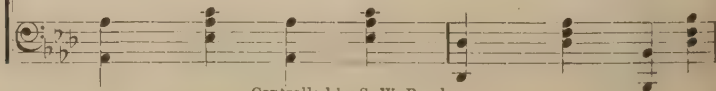
mf Marcato.



Beth-le-hem's song shall ech - o long each beau - ti - ful, glad - some way;
Hap - pi - ly children's voic - es wake the beau - ti - ful Christmas lay;
List - en the song the an - gels bring to glad - den the heav'nly way;

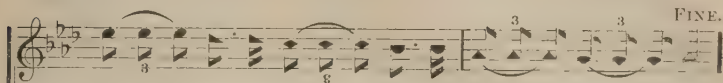


Cheer - i - ly hearts shall welcome now the beau - ti - ful ho - ly morn,
Join - ing the an - gel cho - rus sweet to welcome the Ho - ly One,
"Tell - ing of "peace on earth" in Him, and ev - er "good - will" 'tward men,
D. S. - Cheer - i - ly hearts shall welcome now the beau - ti - ful ho - ly morn,

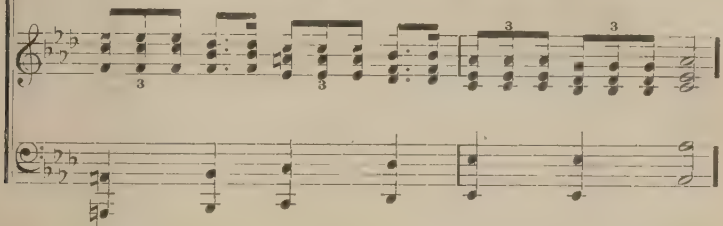


Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

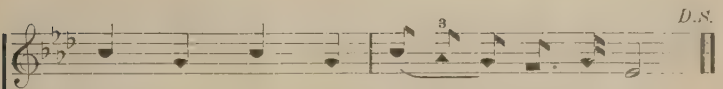
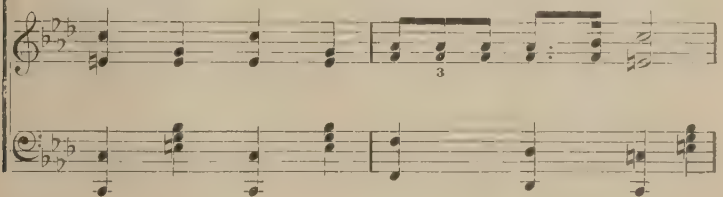
Children's Christmas March Song.—Concluded.



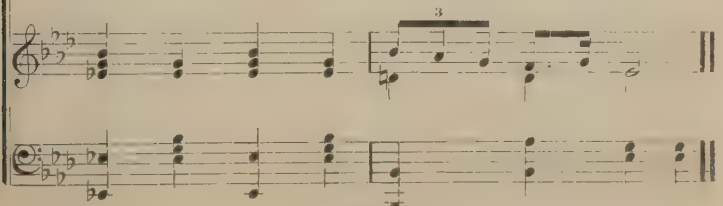
Tell-ing the sto - ry, hail-ing His glo - ry, Je-sus the Sav-iour is born.
 Ev - er our praise in anthems we'll raise, to Je-sus the Sav-iour of men.
 Ech - o His praise, His ho - li-est praise, oh, tell it a - gain and a - gain.
 Tell-ing the sto - ry, hail-ing His glo - ry, Je-sus the Sav-iour is born.



Hail Him, hail Him, High-est ho - san - nas sing,



Crown Him, crown Him, Je - sus the heav'n - ly King:



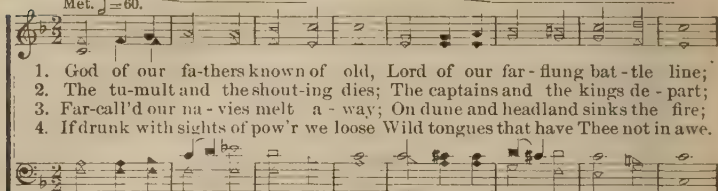
No. 219. GOD OF OUR FATHERS, KNOWN OF OLD.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

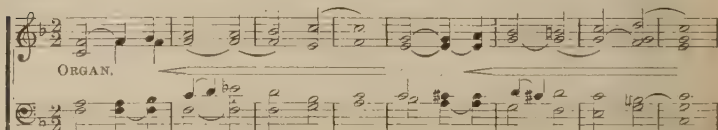
National Hymn.

H. R. PALMER.

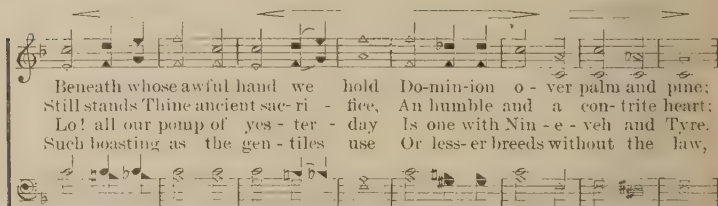
Met. $\text{♩} = 60$.



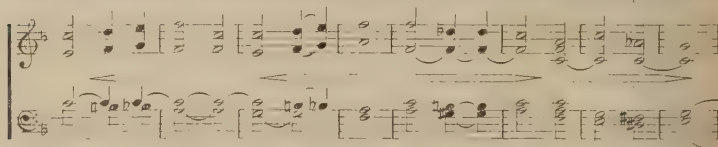
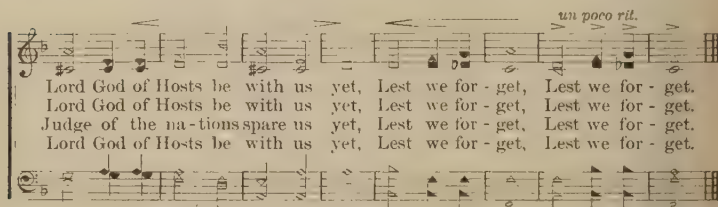
1. God of our fa-thers known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line;
 2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies; The captains and the kings de-part;
 3. Far-call'd our na-vies melt a-way; On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 4. If drunk with sights of pow'r we loose Wild tongues that have Thee not in awe.



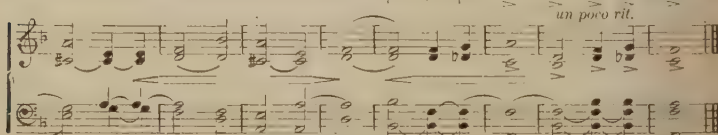
ORGAN.



Beneath whose awful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine;
 Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An humble and a con-trite heart;
 Lo! all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre.
 Such boasting as the gen-tiles use Or less-er breeds without the law,

Lord God of Hosts be with us yet, Lest we for-get, Lest we for-get.
 Lord God of Hosts be with us yet, Lest we for-get, Lest we for-get.
 Judge of the na-tions spare us yet, Lest we for-get, Lest we for-get.
 Lord God of Hosts be with us yet, Lest we for-get, Lest we for-get.



Copyright, 1888, by H. R. Palmer.

BONAR.

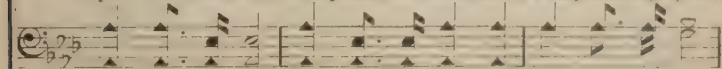
W. H. RUEBUSH.



1. When I a-wake in that sweet morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawning
2. When I shall meet with those I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him Who for me died, with



night ne'er re- turns And with whose glo - ry day ev - er burns,
 long, long removed, And find how faith - ful Thou then hast prov'd.
 eye no more dim, And praise Him with Heav'n's deep swelling hymn,



CHORUS.



I shall be sat - is - tied. i shall be sat - is - tied,



I..... shall be sat - is - tied, When I a - wake in Thy



like - ness at last, I shall be sat - is - tied.

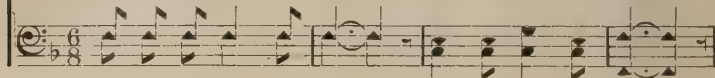


W. H. R.

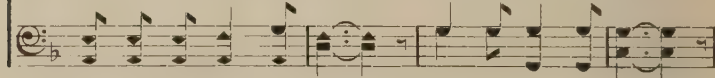
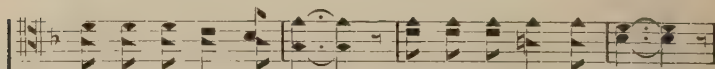
W. H. RUEBUSH.



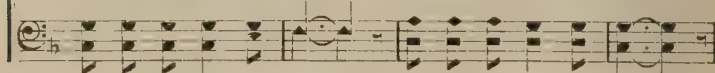
1. Ma - ny the tem - pest toss'd, On the sea of life,
 2. Bat-tling a-against the tide, Ma - ny man - ly form,
 3. Out o'er the storm - y wave, Flash your bea - con bright,




Ma - ny the ves - sel lost, Midst the cares and strife,
 Ma - ny a moth - ers pride, Strug-gles in the storm.
 Seek - ing some soul to save, Lead some soul a - right.

Bil - lows are dash - ing high, Dan - ger is ev - er nigh,
 The fierce, the rag - ing sea, He who still'd Gal - i - lee,
 From the dread breakers roar, Guide them a - gain to shore,




Res - cue them ere they die, Count not the cost.
 Their ref - uge sure will be, If they con - fide.
 Cru - el the thorns Christ bore, That they might live.



MARTHA SHEPHARD LIPPINCOTT.

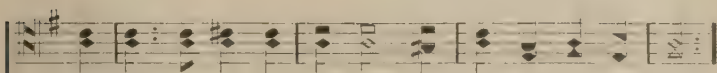
W. H. RUEBUSH.



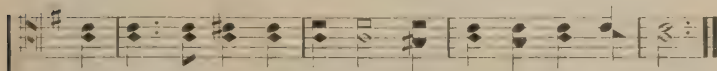
1. Thy prom - is - es, dear Sav-iour, Bring sun-shine in - to life,
2. Thy prom - is - es, dear Sav-iour, Such rich re-wards will hold,
3. Thy prom - is - es, dear Sav-iour, Teach us that we can find



And send our souls re - joic - ing, To flee from e - vil strife.
 For all who will be faith - ful And keep with - in Thy fold.
 Life's sun - shine all a - round us, When we are good and kind,



Thy prom - is - es will lead us To seek life's high - est aim,
 Thy prom - is - es will ev - er Keep hope with - in our hearts,
 Thy prom - is - es so oft - en Have com - fort - ed our hearts;



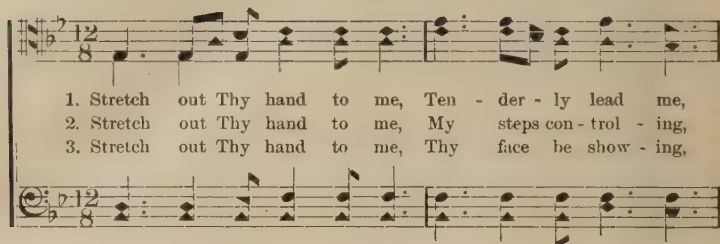
To fol - low in Thy foot-steps, And praise Thy ho - ly name.
 Al-though the light from heav - en, Some-times, from us, de - parts.
 We know our Sav-iour nev - er From faith - ful souls, de - parts.



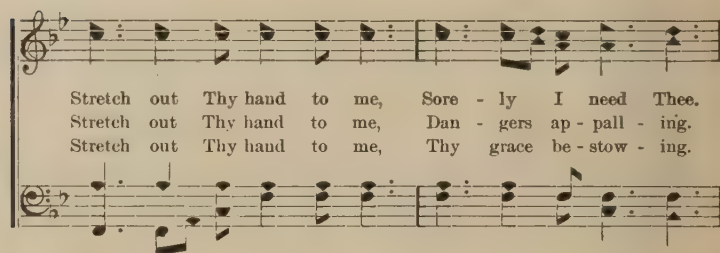
No 223. STRETCH OUT THY HAND.

W. H. R.

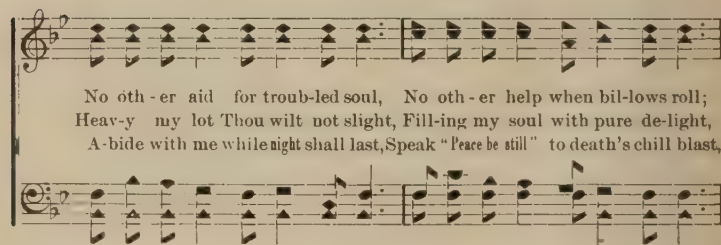
W. H. RUEBUSH.



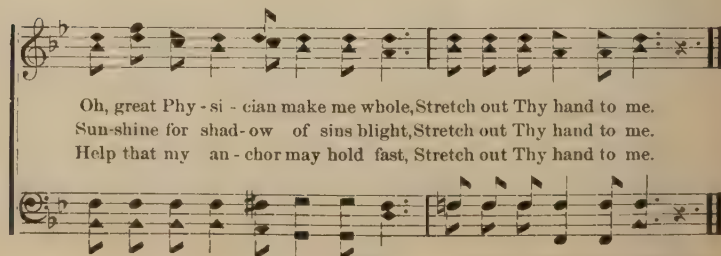
1. Stretch out Thy hand to me, Ten - der - ly lead me,
 2. Stretch out Thy hand to me, My steps con - trol - ing,
 3. Stretch out Thy hand to me, Thy face be show - ing,



Stretch out Thy hand to me, Sore - ly I need Thee.
 Stretch out Thy hand to me, Dan - gers ap - pall - ing.
 Stretch out Thy hand to me, Thy grace be - stow - ing.



No oth - er aid for troub-led soul, No oth - er help when bil-lows roll;
 Heav-y my lot Thou wilt not slight, Fill-ing my soul with pure de-light,
 A-bide with me while night shall last, Speak "Peace be still" to death's chill blast,



Oh, great Phy - si - cian make me whole, Stretch out Thy hand to me.
 Sun-shine for shad - ow of sins blight, Stretch out Thy hand to me.
 Help that my an - chor may hold fast, Stretch out Thy hand to me.

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